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THE NEW MINISTRY.

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did never think I should live until I were married."  
SHAKESPEARE.

ALL questions and all differences, public or private, during the last month, have been merged in the grand political question—Are the principles upon which the new Government has been formed defensible, and is that Government likely to continue? We think that the Government *is* likely to continue; and, without laying claim to a much greater share of foresight than belongs to ordinary people, we may afford to say that the arrangements which have lately taken place have done any thing rather than surprise us. The "impossibility" of a coalition between any two political parties would scarcely ever strike *us* as a very decided bar to their immediate junction and alliance. Indeed, we should rather be inclined, generally, as soon as we began to hear that such a connexion was "unnatural" and "unprecedented," to conclude that it was known to be resolved upon. But, besides the ready and ordinarily available manner of effecting political alliances—the sacrificing "principle" to "place"—a means of reconciling differences perhaps more objectionable as unjustifiable in the parties using it, than as likely to be astonishing to thinking people at large—there was another course by which an alliance was capable of being agreed upon between Mr. Canning and the Whig members who have lately gone over to his support, which was no way degrading to either party as men of honour, and highly creditable to both as practical politicians and men of business;—the Whigs might agree to sacrifice—not "principle to place," but angry recollections and party feelings to "principle;" and this is the course which, we think—upon cool examination—it will be found that they have adopted.

The abandonment of a "declaration," however—even although 'it be an unwise one—is not a deed which can be performed with perfect impunity; and, indeed, at first starting, it commonly exposes the malefactor to almost as much attack and ridicule as the desertion of a principle could do.

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And, unquestionably, it is a state of things extremely laughable, and a good fair illustration of the true value of political and party tirade and invective, to see Mr. Canning now supported, and lauded to the skies, by men who, for years past, have been almost nightly engaged in personal hostility with himself, and constantly inveterately opposed to the government with which he was identified. It is not only a fair subject for joke, but a sound lesson of the very cautious reliance which ought to be placed upon the declarations of men who speak and argue for a particular object, when we find the ministerial benches of the House of Commons filled as they are filled at present. When we find that Mr. Tierney, who swore that he "never would take office, unless subject to the grant of Parliamentary Reform," joining the government of Mr. Canning, who avows that, as long as he lives, that measure "shall have his opposition." When Mr. Brougham, who has a great deal more to answer for in the way of "pledge" even than Mr. Tierney, takes his seat behind that right honourable gentleman as First Lord of the Treasury, whom, as Foreign Secretary, he accused of "truckling for office," in such furious and unqualified terms, as induced the right honourable gentleman to retort, in other terms, better suited perhaps to his own warm and rather hasty temper, than to the gravity and decorum of the place in which he sat. And, again, when Sir Francis Burdett, who walked out of the House of Commons but a few years since, when the question of "Catholic claims" came on, because the "touching that question," unless ministers were prepared to "make a cabinet question of it," was no better than "a farce," now supports an administration which refuses to bring on the Catholic Question in any shape at present, and by which the fact that it is not meant at any time to be brought on, as a "cabinet question," is declared. All these retirements from, or disrememberances of, political "declaration" and "profession" expose those concerned in them, no doubt, to a certain quantity of obloquy in the first instance, and form a fair subject enough, under any circumstances, for quips and jests—except, perhaps, that it is not a very new one. But the difference between the abandonment of "words" and of "things" is one which we must not allow ourselves to lose sight of; and one, indeed, which we cannot very easily lose sight of, because it is quickly indicated in the result. The compromise of either, when it takes place, is equally sure to be laughed at; but the difference is that, where the waiver applies only to the first, with the momentary ridicule, the punishment inflicted ceases. Every man, although he laughs at the dilemma of the party, would think a serious accusation founded upon it a more laughable matter still; and is perfectly sensible of the difference that exists between the abandonment of party oaths of hatred and hostility, which were never worth intrinsically twopence, and the neglect or desertion of those practical and fundamental principles of general policy which the individual concerned had professed, and which it would be impossible for him, without degrading his personal character, and forfeiting the confidence of his country, to depart from.

Because—

"Qui n'aime Cotin n'estime point son roi,  
Et n'a, selon Cotin ni Dieu, ni roi, ni loi!"

Who is there, not interested in the misrepresentation of such a question that is not aware that the war between two parties in the House of Com.



mons is—not a war “for love or money”—but for both!—war for the right—war for the wrong—war for any thing, or for nothing—but still “war to the knife!”—and always—war!

The creed of the member out of office lies in a nut-shell: “So long as the right honourable gentleman, Mr. A., and his friends, shall continue to sit on the Treasury-bench, so long will I, who sit upon the opposite one—so help me God, and the B. party—oppose every proposition that they bring forward!—unless it happens to be one so absolutely material to the safety and interests of the country, that I dare not, for my life and character, back out of supporting it.”—“I have two causes—sound and excellent—of Opposition:—I love my country’s good; and I want to displace the right honourable gentleman who is now at the head of his Majesty’s government”——“So long as he occupies that place, and enjoys the emoluments of it, I hate him—and every thing about him—from the buckle of his perriwig down to his shoe-tie!”——“Sitting where he does, on the right hand of the Speaker, what can he be—I ask the House—but a sycophant, a despot, a satrap, and a servile?”——“I see assumption and ambition even in the tone in which he blows his nose! He looks two ways at once—equivocation and double meaning—every time he puts on his spectacles! Let the House ask itself, when it sees him dip his finger and thumb into his snuff-box, how much oftener his whole hand is dipped into the public purse? How he ever pours out a glass of claret at a cabinet dinner amazes me, without seeing the spirit of ‘wronged and bleeding Ireland’ rising to put an empty whiskey-bottle into his hand! He never sucks an orange before he rises to make a ‘statement,’ but I think how his ‘minions’ are, ‘day after day,’ squeezing out the vitals, and property, and interests of the country! And every thump that he strikes, in the course of his two hours’ no-meaning speeches upon the ‘box’ of the House of Commons, or on the table—is a new blow given to the rights and to the ‘constitutional liberties’ of the people!”

This is the intent and spirit of two-thirds of that which is spoken in Parliamentary warfare. Violence, exaggerated profession, and ultra Utopian doctrine have been, since political memory, the admitted rights and properties of an “Opposition.” Practical men receive all that they say, with a deduction of sixty parts in the hundred, and a very cautious examination of the remainder. Perhaps an Opposition which took, upon the average, one tithe by its motions of that which it went for, would be successful beyond its own comprehension. But we should be disposed to go farther than this. The scope and limitation which we are describing here, we think, is by no means exclusively assumed by the parties in Opposition. The declarations which are now quoted—as so many pledges which they have deserted, and which they were bound to redeem—out of the mouths of the Whig party, were uttered in the heat of controversy—in the fury, very often, of personal hostility and debate—in long and laboured “speeches,” which were made at least as much for victory over the opponent, as for the truth and fairness of the question; and—that which is still more—made by men, who were aiming to dazzle as much as to convince; who were contending for the prize of wit—of eloquence—of intellectual superiority—far more than for the particular “bill” or “resolution” before the House—excited and urged on by the presence and plaudits of the first assembly in Europe—perhaps the first in all the world! And we believe we might lay it down as a truth not to be controverted, that there scarcely

ever was a "crack" oration—a two hours' speech, full of eloquence and brilliancy—made upon any side of the House of Commons, or upon any subject not purely and essentially, and in detail, one of commerce and "business!"—from the passionate and unrebuked appeals to the House of the honourable haronet, the member for Westminster—whose addresses of late years are so hasty and incoherent, that even the occasional streams of real eloquence and beauty which burst forth in them would scarcely secure their being listened to, were it not for the high constitutional English spirit with which they are imbued—and that the argument, rambling and disconnected as it is, has always the charm of being obviously fresh and unpremeditated;—from these wild and rash, but never rude or discourteous, cavalry *reconnoissances* of the member for Westminster, to the fierce, storm-menacing, mischief-raising, attacks of the learned member for Winchelsea!—whose war-cry, like the arms of the single soldier who captured his enemies by "surrounding" them, seems to threaten his antagonists always from forty points of the compass at once!—whose charge comes on with the sweeping rush of a cloud of light-armed Arabs, or a whole nation of tomahawk-armed American Indians—startling, overwhelming, irregular, and remorseless—careless of safety—incessantly various of weapon as of position—unsparing, unintermitting—from the morning, when the sword is first drawn, to the evening, when the scabbard is looked for (which was thrown away)—and always in attack!—whose fire seems to come upon the House, not by broadsides or discharges of platoons—not as the work of one man's will, or the dealing of one man's hand—but as the irregular exertion and independent imagination of twenty men at once—making the whole area of the House of Commons, as it were, one great field of battle, in which a two-edged sword is whirling round, dealing great gashes right and left—not to speak of a left hand betimes at work with a dagger, or throwing up rockets, shells, grenades, petards—no matter what—but always something of danger; and dealing all so carelessly or desperately, that allies had need to look sharp with shield and helmet, or they (as well as enemies) may chance of some mischief in the mellay!—and, again, from these extraordinary, almost semi-barbarous, displays of strength of Mr. Brougham—the splendour of which, combined with the eccentricity, renders them perhaps the *most* interesting that are to be witnessed in the House of Commons—to the more scholastic and courtly exhibitions of civilized gladiatorship of Mr. Canning!—whose style and temperament, though equally bold, and even more violent, than that of his honourable and learned late opponent and present colleague, has less, outwardly, of bitterness and seeming delight in misanthropic irony than that of the member for Winchelsea in it!—and who sets out in the battle always—not like a partisan, or a Croat or Pandour leader—but as a British general,—who has his self-command entire, and all his arrangements made, to a hair, before he enters the field!—his reserve posted—his power duly marshalled and distributed—his artillery in front, to meet the enemy's charge—his cavalry ready, to take advantage of their first moment of disorder—and then sounds trumpet to "advance!" as though he felt the eyes of Europe were upon him!—From the harangues of the first of these orators—who never thinks or cares what it is he says; to those of the second—whom opposition, the mere spirit of controversy and contradiction, will lead to say almost any thing; and, again, to those of the third, who is betrayed (where he does fail) by the excitation and triumph attendant upon success, and whose

imprudent friends may always do him more mischief by their cheers and encouragement, than his open foes will by the hardest and heaviest blows they can deal against him;—throughout the whole career of these three statesmen, from the first to the last, we should doubt if ever a very long and very striking parliamentary speech had been delivered by either which did not contain many statements which the speaker never could abide by:—many things which he would be very glad (the moment his speech was over) to retract—some which he must eventually—having no choice at all about it—abandon; and not unfrequently some, which, having uttered, he cannot retract, but which remain on record, to do mischief, both to himself and to the cause which he has supported.

This is the *real* state of discussion in the great legislative assembly of Great Britain. But, in the midst of all this mass of daily menace and profession, which means almost nothing, and which flies out, partly provoked by party spirit, partly by personal hostility or pique, but very often by the mere spirit of controversy, subject to which a speaker in Parliament must deliver himself,—in the midst of all this, there is still a declared and understood disposition always and opinion about every leading man on every side, with reference to practical questions and general principles of policy, from which no set of men can swerve without the loss of personal credit and political reputation. And the question is—Have those leaders or members of the Whig party, who have lately coalesced with Mr. Canning's administration, abandoned or swerved from any such general principles or practical opinions? We think that they have not.

The only point to which the country will look, and the only point really worth looking to, is this—Does that junction which has taken place between the Whigs and Mr. Canning tend to advance those general principles of policy which the Whigs have been in the habit of advocating; or is its tendency to stifle and retard them? It is impossible to answer this question, except by saying that such a junction does tend most materially to advance those principles—some of them, at least, if not the whole; and that it was the only visible arrangement by which they could be advanced, or even kept from retrograding. Upon the face of the affair, indeed, it seems almost absurd to suppose any doubt can exist as to such a question. Is a government, composed of Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, Mr. Huskisson, and Lord Plunkett—supported by Mr. Brougham, Mr. Tierney, and Sir Francis Burdett (even supposing the two first of these gentlemen not to take office)—sustained and accredited by Lord Althorp, Lord Milton, Lord Nugent, Mr. Hobhouse, Sir John Newport, and Sir James Mackintosh—almost every individual of influence belonging to the Whig party in the House of Commons—not to speak of its support (which is pretty nearly, however, undoubted) from the same party in the House of Lords:—is such a government more likely to carry, for example, the question of “Catholic Emancipation,” than a ministry led by the late Lord Chancellor, Mr. Peel, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Goulburn—persons, tooth and nail,—by every pledge that words or acts can give—even to the very resignation of office in preference to enduring it—opposed to such a measure? We repeat, that it seems almost like absurdity to put such a question. The argument of Sir Francis Burdett—of Lord Althorp (whose short speeches in the House of Commons contain more matter than many long ones); the argument of Mr. Brougham—of Lord Nugent—in fact, of the Whigs generally—is unanswerable. “If there was any doubt, on the commencement of the new



arrangements, as to which side the Whigs ought to take, Mr. Peel's own speech, on the first night when the House assembled, must have put an end to it." The confidence in Mr. Canning's "liberal" intentions, which compels you—the Tories—to go out, *must* make it our duty—the Whigs—to come in. Why have you—Mr. Peel and Lord Eldon—according to your own account, resigned? Why, but because you think the very measures certain to be carried under the new government upon which I—Sir Francis Burdett—have built my faith? Why, then, what contemptible apologists would the Whigs be for legislators! what claim could they ever set up again to the character even of sane and reasonable men, far less of statesmen! if, for the sake of a form, a manner, a ceremony, a degree—for the sake of the *words* in which they have urged their principles—they were to abandon those *principles* themselves!

To rest the case entirely upon this last point—which is, perhaps, the real one. What asses must men be to say,—“Because we cannot get twenty shillings in the pound for the debt (as we consider it) due to the country, therefore we will give up our claim entirely.”—“We cannot get the whole amount at once; and therefore we will not take fifteen shillings in cash—which is tendered to us—without prejudice to our recovery (whenever we can get them) of the other five.” No! as we cannot get all, we will have nothing. As we cannot get “Parliamentary Reform,” we will give up “Catholic Emancipation.” We will suffer the administration of Mr. Canning to break down, because he does not agree with us quite in every thing; in order to let in that of Lord Eldon, who coincides with us in nothing!

This is precisely the condition in which the Whig members who have joined government were placed; and upon that state of things we are content to take our stand for their entire justification. It is mere nonsense to talk of compelling any set of men, by a reference to *words*—and to words, too, taken in their *literal* signification and interpretation, which is very often the most unfair mode of reading them that can be adopted—to do *acts*, which would stamp them as ideots, or compromise their trust to the community. If we did put forth an exaggerated or impracticable opinion yesterday—why, let it be our offence; we will not act upon it to-day. The question is—not what has any body said—but what should be done now for the general advantage. The Whig party, not being able to get the whole of their measures supported, have embraced an opportunity which seems to promise the carrying of the most pressing of them; and the new government refuses to deal with the cause which it particularly desires to promote in that manner which would be quite certain to ensure its destruction;—this is the whole story of the “abandonment of pledge and principle.”

The new administration is not, it is said, to make Catholic Emancipation a cabinet question. Why, grant the fact:—the other parties (as Lord Althorpe very truly observes) *did* make it a cabinet question—“the wrong way.” The new ministers are not disposed to bring on the Catholic Question immediately. Surely not; they must be mad if they were: for they know that the policy of the old ministers, aided by the impatience and absurdity of the Catholics themselves, has made it utterly impossible that the question should be carried immediately. There exists no difference between the opinions which Mr. Canning professed as to the fit mode of treating the Catholic Question three years ago and that which he

gives at the present time. To Mr. Brougham's question in 1825,—“What had a minister to fear [upon the Catholic Question], with that House, those benches [the Opposition] and all England at his back?”—the right hon. gentleman replied by another question,—“What would a minister do with *only* those benches, and *no* England at his back?” Mr. Canning knew, or believed, in 1825, that, in the temper of the country, to carry the claims of the Catholics was impracticable. The Catholic cause stands far worse (in England) now than it did in 1825. In that year, a majority of twenty-seven carried the question through the House of Commons: not a month since, a majority of four in the House of Commons voted against it. The only symptom of reasonableness which we have observed for years on the part of the Catholics of Ireland—and it is a symptom from which we augur very favourably—is,—that they have not run away with the absurd supposition that the mere giving of the Treasury votes into Mr. Canning's disposition, could enable him suddenly to carry the question of their claims, in opposition—we state the fact without hesitation—to the feelings of the country.

—Even a minister must work by “wit,” and not by “witchcraft.” “Great men” have “reaching hands;” but those hands cannot be all over a country at once, and at work on five hundred different parts of it at the same moment. The new government, whatever its wishes and dispositions may be, must have time to feel its way. A very moderately competent architect, every man knows, can build a church or a palace, if we give him time; but, if we discharge every architect who declines to build our church between sunrise and sunset, we run the hazard never to get it built at all. There must be time for the progress even of “corruption.” There must be time for the stream of patronage (which has hitherto run all one way) to change its course; and for bishoprics and silk gowns to float down rather to the friends of Catholic Emancipation, than to the known opponents of that measure. Still more, of necessity, there must be time for the power that dispenses these favours to gain consistency—an opinion in the public mind of its duration: Wise men are cautious even of the patronage of a power, that did but come in yesterday—and may go out to-morrow. Time must elapse before sincere and steady opponents can be convinced, or neutralized, or removed. Some little time even before opinions which have been adverse can decently be changed. Perhaps even a whole year or two, before every tax-gatherer and petty placeman in the country—rather more than one out of every ten persons—and every clerk in office (without exception)—will feel himself as naturally becoming an advocate of Catholic Emancipation,—and with just as much understanding of the value or merits of the question—as he is now opposed to it. At least, this fact is most transparent and certain—Any impatience evinced on the part of the Catholic body now, can have no other effect than that of, at least, deferring the accomplishment of their hopes indefinitely—perhaps of destroying them for ever. Because, whatever their chance of success may be—good or bad—under the present ministers, that is the *only* chance they have. If the existing ministers do not exert themselves strenuously and zealously, with heart and voice, to carry their question, then they will be deeply and treacherously wronged, and their affected advocates will be disgraced; but they have no iota of ground—at least as yet—for suspecting the intentions of the existing ministers; and they *know* the opinions of their opponents.

Then, apart from that which seemed, a fortnight ago, the possible folly of the Catholics of Ireland—who might, by an act of desperate folly, have been led to draw their friends along with them into the pit, instead of giving time to the latter to draw them out of it—apart from this peril (which has gone by), of the stability of the New Ministry we should find it difficult to entertain a doubt.

For, unless we were to take in a Whig ministry entirely, — which would not be much more pleasing to the parties now in opposition than the existing arrangement,—where, if we dissolve the existing Administration, is the country to look for another?

It can scarcely be supposed that Lord Eldon, and Mr. Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Westmoreland, would ever consent to hold office with the present First Lord of the Treasury again. Their going out, as it seems to us, has done nothing but honour to their public principle and their private firmness. And the manner of it—for as to the motive there can be no question—no doubt they would have sustained their policy, and remained in office, if they could have done so, and it would be very new to impute any blame to them for such a desire—the manner of their secession has been most unfairly and scandalously misrepresented. As regards the late Lord Chancellor in particular, the secession of that noble lord has served to shew, that—however desirous he may have been esteemed to hold his place—that desire did not weigh with him one moment, when his political honour and consistency seemed to demand that he should resign it. But, still, for the high Tory party to come back *with* Mr. Canning is hardly possible, and would be hardly creditable; and of the high Tory party, without his assistance, it would scarcely be possible to form an administration which should satisfy the country. Mr. Canning is the best minister of *business* that the political circles of the day can furnish. We do justice to the talents of Lord Eldon, but he is a disciple of a school of politics that has gone by; and—that which is hardly less to the purpose—his lordship could hardly remain a great while longer available for public duties. The Duke of Wellington, we believe, has been most unfairly judged of—we are sure that he has been most unfairly spoken of—touching both his personal character and his claims upon the country. The affected depreciation which has appeared in some quarters of the noble duke's talents, we hold to be absurd; the obloquy that has been attempted to be cast upon his feelings and motives in his late secession, is mean and ungenerous. We think that he has a title—if ever any man had, or could have one—to speak, and in direct terms, of the services that he has rendered to this country;—but we do not think he could have filled the place of Lord Liverpool. In fact, the duke himself, we suspect, if we had the means of knowing his feelings, will be pretty nearly of this opinion; and we rely most confidently that he will never allow his opposition to go one point beyond that which he believes to be for the public advantage. It has been asked, by those who are hostile to the new administration,—“Could Mr. Canning, if a war should arise, after what has happened, expect the Duke of Wellington to accept employment?” We feel certain, not only that Mr. Canning, or any other minister for the time being, might expect this—but we are sure that he would not be disappointed. The Duke of Wellington will not fail to recollect, that, if he has some share of political and personal attack to complain of, yet still, in the main, ample and liberal justice has been done him by the country. Honours, and wealth, and offices have descended upon him, not in greater profusion than



his services merited, but still in very large and copious abundance. He has not, certainly, been personally popular with the country; but he will remember that a character decidedly military is never well calculated to be a favourite with the English people. They are better prepared always to do justice to its claims than to be in love with it. But, in his case, that justice has been most freely accorded. No grants or remunerations, whether in the way of pecuniary reward or rank, have been viewed with more pleasure, or with a readier sense of their fitness, by the people of England, than those which, from time to time, have been bestowed upon the Duke of Wellington.

But—to return to our argument—passing his grace the Duke of Wellington and the late Lord Chancellor, there is no one left on the high Tory side to do any thing with as a minister but Mr. Peel; and Mr. Peel, although he is a valuable man in the House of Commons, yet still he is not—say in experience alone—at all Mr. Canning's equal; and, moreover, his views and opinions upon some subjects have a touch of the fault belonging to those of Lord Eldon: they are of a school of policy that is (in our opinion) upon the wane. Lord Liverpool, the late Lord Chancellor, the late Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Sidmouth—these were a party of politicians formed to make a ministry of themselves. The Marquis of Londonderry's trust was in steel; in every emergency he was ready always to advise “strong measures;”—Lord Liverpool could reason upon them plausibly and ingeniously;—the Lord Chancellor, as a lawyer, would justify them; and the Duke of Wellington, at the head of the troops, would carry them into execution; and Lord Sidmouth—could write to the magistrates. No knot of men could have been better fitted than these, to uphold (as long as it could be upheld) a system of policy which the growing information of the age was every day more and more rapidly going on to undermine. But their scheme went to pieces as soon as their union was broken. The first blow it received was from the death of the Marquis of Londonderry: there was no man of equal tact and similar principle could be found to fill up his place.

In fact, the very circumstances which, in our view, render the existing ministry so unquestionably strong, go of themselves to make the formation of any other almost impossible. The present administration—between those who compose it and those who act with it—embraces almost all the leading talent of the country; and, under such circumstances, it becomes difficult to perceive how even passion and disappointment can lead any set of men to question its stability. The “Opposition” is nothing; and hardly can be any thing, because it cannot be united. The parties *out* are a few very stern and scrupulous Whigs, and a body of ultra-Tories—men who may not be able to coalesce with the government, but who can still less have any thought to agree with one another. Lord Grey says distinctly, that the Whigs *cannot* oppose. He says, “I am not, by any means, at all points satisfied with the ministry; but that I should act with the ‘Opposition’” (meaning the Tory party) “is impossible. I differ upon some questions, and on some very important ones, of policy, from Mr. Canning; but, from Lord Eldon, I am, on every point, ‘far as the poles asunder!’” In fact, the mere course of the debates in the House since Parliament has assembled, sufficiently shews what must be the event. The strength of the seceding party was tried, and found to be a reed in the beginning and it has been growing weaker and weaker every day. There were

four men whose voices commanded attention in the House of Commons the instant that they rose—Mr. Canning, Mr. Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Tierney. All these men are now upon the ministerial benches: five-sixths of the second-rate talent of the House support them; and they are opposed, literally—the debates will shew it—by Mr. Dawson and Sir Thomas Lethbridge! Mr. Dawson is an acute, clever man, as a third-rate politician. Sir Thomas Lethbridge is a gentleman in his appearance and manners, and a man of the most unquestioned personal firmness and honour. But Mr. Brougham gets up, after their fiercest efforts—makes a speech rather for his amusement than troubling himself with the question—and laughs the whole phalanx—such “Opposition” leaders, and their supporters—out of the field.

This is the position of the high Tory party—which is not only a sufficiently embarrassing one, but one which is by no means likely to improve; because they are not merely weak in talent, and, as we believe, in numerical strength; but their hands are, in a great measure, tied—and they will discover this—by their recent different situations. The topic of “past declarations” will be found, we suspect, to form a far more serious obstacle in the way of the Opposition than it can be made (at least at present) in the way of ministers. The Catholic question, which they would give a hundred thousand pounds to bring on, they cannot bring on—because the object of their touching it would be too transparent. They would give their salvation to have the question tried; but they cannot bring it on merely in order to oppose it. So, again, the new ministry, like every ministry that ever existed, will have a certain number of jobs and shabby transactions to perform; but these otherwise golden occasions will do very little for the present Opposition; for all the first jobs to be done—the current and unfinished ones—will be those in which they themselves, not six weeks since, were personally engaged. And, still again, upon all the ordinary routine points that form the hope of an Opposition—the money questions, retrenchment, reduction of military force, colonies, taxes, embassies, pensions, sinecure places, and rewards—one eternal bar presents itself to the operations of the ultra-Tories; for, how can they open their mouths upon such subjects, without having their own justification of the very acts that they are impugning quoted against them; and thrust down their throats, amid the laughter of the very Treasury votes that formed their own majorities? And yet these are the people that are proposing to found themselves upon “recorded declarations!”

For these reasons, it is, therefore—among a variety of others, which it would detain our readers too long in this place to describe—that we fully believe that the Coalition ministry (with all its sins upon its head) will stand its ground; and that it must be upon the future conduct of the parties who compose it, and not upon their past declarations, that the Opposition must find cause to attack it, before it can be attacked with any prospect of success or of advantage. Our own opinion is, moreover, that the public has reason to be well pleased in supporting this state of things; because, while we give full credit to the seceding party for their spirit and sincerity, we do believe that the principles professed by their successors are more consonant to the wishes of enlightened people in this country, and more decidedly those which the increased information of the country, and the altered and improving state of Europe, generally, demand. Unfortunately, to any departure from a system of policy which was highly advantageous

once, but which, we think, has now ceased to be so, the party that has gone out of power was fixedly and determinately opposed. What the new Ministry will do remains to be proved; but we have their professions, at least, in favour of the course which we think beneficial; and we repeat, that it is not their refusal to rush prematurely and precipitately into that course, which shall lead us hastily to question their sincerity. The ministry is entitled to time; and with time, we trust, it will be disposed to realize its pledges. That it will be able to do so, we hope; because one of those pledges—the carrying of the Catholic Question—we feel to be of the most vital importance to the interests and safety of this country. That the ministry will have a fair trial and a candid one—looking to the disposition which has been evinced by the independent members of the House of Commons generally—we do not doubt; and, certainly, if an administration, so constituted and supported, were to fall—(except by its own misconduct)—we should scarcely know what government could ever have a safe reliance. And that the “Opposition” will fall to nothing, we as fully believe; because an Opposition *cannot* stand, unless supported by the country; and it is upon a few passing prejudices of the people only—not at all upon those sound principles which are making progress among them—that the high Tory party has its hold. For the rest, we have rather to regret that, in some of the discussions which have recently taken place in Parliament upon this subject, a tone of more hostility has been occasionally adopted than either the state of affairs, candidly viewed, demanded, or the rules of civilized or courteous warfare should permit. Sir H. Hardinge’s reference to the old quarrel between Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning, was not worthy of that officer’s general frank and manly character; nor was the monosyllable “Yes,” addressed by Mr. Canning, on the other hand, to Mr. Dawson, in the House of Commons, such an answer as a man of Mr. Canning’s mind, and sitting in his place, ought to have given to a gentleman who asked questions on the part of the Opposition. There are rules of forbearance and good breeding applicable to discussions, whether in or out of Parliament, which it is painful to see men of intellect and station allowing themselves to violate.\*

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\* Since these sheets were at press, some changes have taken place in the arrangements of the administration; but as they are only of a nature which affirms the opinion which we have delivered, we feel it unnecessary, at greater length, to advert to them.



## AD SCULPTOREM CELIAM EXPRIMERE CONANTEM.

FORBEAR, forbear! 'tis idly done;

Why task in vain thy baffled art—

Why madly dream to chiselled stone

The charms of Celia to impart?

Can bright expression's kindling strife—

Sentient of love, and hope, and joy—

Warm the damp clay with trembling life,

Or fill the marble's rayless eye?

On man thy art be freely shewn;—

Bid *his* stern brow, without control,

Reveal, with thought's severer frown,

The awful secrets of his soul.

There strive to print the lofty look,

The freeborn glance of eagle pride;

The deep resolve when Brutus strook,

The patriot frown when Cato died.

Or bid, in mute and fixed distress,

The princely mourner weep for aye;

Or, stretched in infant loveliness,

The storm-struck lily droop and die.

But let soft tints each grace disclose,

That kindly melts, or fondly warms—

When bright the blushing canvass glows

With Woman's ripe and perfect charms.

O'er bust, or block, or statued stone,

What lover's heart e'er fondly burned?

Clasped the cold bosom to his own,

And seemed to feel its throb returned?

But mark the youth with gaze intent,

As o'er his *pictured* fair he bends,

And to that brow so sweetly brent

A thousand showering kisses lends!

Go—view the quivering listlessness,

The feebly-wandering, heart-sick eyes—

The fading flush—which all express

A Dido's parting agonies!

Or turn to Milan's matchless prize,

Where pity, pride, and love contend!

Lo! where the wretched Hagar flies,

Without a home—without a friend!

In silence heard—the wife's command—

Though her flushed cheeks the taunt confess—

She clasps her Ishmael's gentle hand,

And seeks the kinder wilderness!

Betrayed, heart-broken, lost, and scorned,

With lowliest mien she wends her way;

Her streaming eyes on Abraham turned,

Yet weep their fond reproach away.

To scenes like these, thy happiest art,

Unequal found, must stoop its pride!

Struck by the bold attempt we start,

But gaze unmoved, and turn aside.

## THE PRAISES OF TOBACCO.

" The pipe that is so lily white,  
In which so many take delight,  
It breaks with a touch—  
Man's life is but such :  
Think of this when you take Tobacco.

" The Indian weed doth quickly burn—  
So doth man's strength to weakness turn ;  
The fire of youth extinguished quite,  
Comes age, like embers dry and white :  
Think of this when you take Tobacco."  
*Old Song.*

" LONG life to Sir Walter Raleigh, though he be dead ; and success to King James's counterblast, though it be overblown"—says some wit, who I have forgotten ; and had the royal declaimer known what fearful odds he had to encounter, probably he would not have ventured on an attack in which he was sure of being defeated. The unknown author of the two immortal couplets heading this article has done more, in recommendation of the fragrant Indian herb, than the regal eloquence and learning would have effected in its disparagement, even within the compass of a folio volume. The poet, whoever he be, is truly poetical ; he is also a moralist—a true smoker—who is always meditating over his pipe : indeed, the last of these stanzas is quoted by Sir W. Scott ; he has put it into the mouth of Justice Inglewood, whose character it very well suits. I think a pipe may, indeed, in some measure, be an interpreter of the thoughts which are passing in the mind of another. For, mark the smoker—how deep he is in meditation ! Notice the difference in the puffs he continually sends forth ! Now they issue slowly and regularly, indicating that some laborious train of thought is going on ! And mark that voluminous puff!—he has settled the point to his fancy, and is clearing his brains for an attack upon another section of his cogitations, whatever they may be. Notice those irregular puffs, accompanied by an unsettled expression of countenance!—he is tossing his ideas backward and forward on the seas of doubt. But see that somewhat impatient puff!—he has discovered a fundamental error in the process of his reasoning, and has dismissed it altogether. But enough of this : my pipe, which I now hold in my mouth, has set me rhyming against my nature.

## TO THE LILY AND MY PIPE.

## I.

Thou regal pride of Flora's power,  
With which she decks the July bower,  
When summer suns their radiance pour  
O'er drooping nature!—

## II.

I love thee!—though thou canst not give  
The joys I from my Pipe receive ;  
Thou canst not, if thou wouldst, retrieve,  
Thy withering beauties.

## III.

When rising winds and drenching rain  
Descend upon the thirsty plain,  
And thy bright halls of silver stain  
With golden pollen ;—

## IV.

We mourn thy death—we mourn thy fall !  
 For summer flowers, and glories all,  
 Must pass away at winter's call,  
 Though we lament them.

## V.

But not so thou, my fragrant Pipe !  
 For I can have thee in my gripe,  
 When fields are green and fruits are ripe—  
 Thou art always handy !

## VI.

When dreary meads are wrapped in snows,  
 Thou warm'st my mouth, and cheer'st my nose ;  
 A lasting sweet—a winter rose,  
 I deem thee truly !

## VII.

Be with me every morn and night,  
 My constant solace and delight ;  
 And with thy help I will endite  
 Thy ceaseless praises.

I do not know when I enjoy a pipe of tobacco most—whether it be on a winter's evening, by a blazing fire, surrounded by a knot of friends, busily engaged in discussing literary topics, and settling amongst ourselves the merits of this poet or that writer. I think we should not make a bad company for starting a new review. Suppose we call it the "*Celestial Review*,"—for all its *dicta* would be issued from the clouds. With what pleasure have I, at the beginning of every month, received the new number of the *Monthly* ! With what eagerness do I, accompanied by my pipe, peruse alternately your "*Village Sketches*," and the epistles of your "*Gentleman in Town* !" I think I must be the "*Gentleman in the Country*,"—for I regularly smoke over his lucubrations, and live in the country. How should I like to seat myself in the chimney-corner of Hester Hewitt's establishment, and discuss a jug of her home-brewed and a pipe ! I have sat in many a hostel as remote and rustic as her's, and watched the departing rays of the setting sun, as it glanced and flickered through the thick foliage of the laburnums and lilacs which surrounded the garden, and piercing through the green curtain of geraniums and myrtles which filled the window-seat, and half-darkened the casement, illuminated the polished oak tables and sanded floor ; whilst the glaring colours of the pictures stuck against the wall—generally descriptive of the Life of Joseph, the Prodigal Son, &c.—shone with redoubled brightness. There have I sat, meditating and smoking, until the last rays of the sun and the last puff of my pipe were expended together ; and, as the clouds of evening gathered around without, and the noisy martins, under the eaves of the thatched roof, are going to sleep, so do I, in the clouds of my own rising, compose myself to a comfortable nap, and dream of woods and meadows, streams and deep lanes, screened from the heat by high and overreaching dog-roses and flowering hawthorns—until I am awakened by the entrance of my landlady to inquire "what the gentleman will have for supper ?"

Thus have I spent many an evening, cribbed from a life devoted to the study of an arduous profession ; and thus do I hope to spend many more.



Hayley wrote a poem on the triumphs of "Temper:" the triumphs of "Tobacco" would be a much better subject. I wonder no poet has attempted it: I suppose because no one found himself equal to the task. Phillips, the immortal bard of the "Splendid Shilling," seems to be the only poetical eulogiser of the Indian herb, of which he was a devoted admirer.

Suppose I sketch an outline for a poem on this sublime subject, leaving it to any one who can to fill it up. In the first place, let us begin with the "celestial machines," as Pope obligingly calls the gods, in his preface to the Iliad (for all things are full of Jove). Jupiter, viewing with compassion the miserable state of the lower classes all over the world, determines to effect something for their alleviation. Accordingly, he summons his heavenly conclave, and addresses them in a very neat and appropriate speech, commanding their assistance in the very important matter about to be debated, and requesting every deity to give his or her opinion of what means will most effectually promote his charitable purpose. Old Plutus first rises, and proposes to enrich and delight the commonalty by a "Guide to Wealth," in the shape of "Poor Richard's Almanack." This is opposed by Pallas, who observes that wealth is but a very secondary consideration in regard to happiness, and that wisdom is the principal thing. She accordingly submits, that the poor should be enlightened and rendered happy by means of mechanics' institutions and societies for the education of the poor.

Let Venus ordain Valentine's Day to come once a month. Bacchus wishes to build wine-vaults and erect breweries all over the world, and make the people drunk for nothing. Esculapius proposes to augment the sum of worldly happiness, by teaching the poor to physic themselves; and, accordingly, produces "Buchan's Domestic Medicine" from under his cloak, of which he says a very large edition is ready for the press. He also takes the opportunity to observe, that he has expatiated very largely under the heads "colic" and "pain in the bowels,"—which two disorders he expected would become very prevalent, now Bacchus's sour drink would be as plentiful as dirty water. Apollo wished to make folks merry by music and dancing, and by distributing Pan's pipes and tambourines into all countries. Ceres produces plans for erecting cottages and gardens, declaring it was of the most vital importance, in regard to the happiness of mankind, that each person should grow his own cabbage, potatoes, and onions; whilst Death's gloomy King thinks the most certain way of rendering men happy would be by destroying them altogether, and so putting an end to their misery. Let the subject be debated *pro* and *con*, until the vaults of heaven resound to the voices of all talkers and no hearers. Then let Jupiter close the discussion by throwing down his sceptre, and summing up the various speeches in this style. He observes, if he assents to the proposal of Plutus, the people would become too rich to be happy; if to that of Pallas, too wise; if to that of Venus, too idle. With respect to the proposal of Bacchus, it did not claim one minute's attention; and by obliging Esculapius, he should ruin all the doctors, which he was unwilling to do. If Apollo's scheme prevailed, all the birds would be frightened away; and shoes, which were high enough before, become extravagantly dear. With regard to the plans of comely Ceres, they would make a world of beggars. [Here the king of gods alludes to Ireland.] He also assures him of the winding-sheet, that, although he considered his as much the

most reasonable proposal, he did not wish to depopulate the world. He had a scheme of his own, which he had no doubt they would assent to: if they would not, he would compel them. [Here let it thunder in the poem]. He then produces a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and calling to Hebe, desires her to bring pipes, and, lighting one himself, fills heaven's high arch with its fragrant fumes. He then sends Mercury to distribute the fragrant plant all over the world. And let the poem close with hymns of thanksgiving to Jove, from all the inhabitants, for his inestimable gift.

O.

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LOVE'S FIRST LESSON.

[From the French.]

COLIN, though scarcely turned fifteen,  
Has fallen in love with Rose;  
And Rose, though younger still, has been  
Robbed of her heart's repose:  
Two such young lovers ne'er were seen  
As Colin and as Rose.

Strange fires, which Colin cannot smother,  
Within his bosom move;  
Rose looks on Colin as a brother,  
Or something far above:  
Colin and Rose love one another,  
But dare not *say* they love.

Unconsciously, lone still retreats  
They seek at evening's close;  
And Colin's heart within him beats,  
And so does her's in Rose:  
He hears not when his pet-lamb bleats,  
Nor she her own dove knows.

With timorous step he ventures nigh,  
And then sighs tenderly;  
And, listening to his heart-drawn sigh,  
More deeply still sighs she:  
"What ails you, Colin?" is her cry;  
"What ails you, Rose?" asks he.

"Rose, my poor heart of feelings new  
And wond'rous still doth drink;"—  
"And in mine, Colin, strange thoughts, too,  
Float to the very brink:"—  
"Colin, I think that I love you;"—  
"Rose, I love you, I think."

Then did they on each other turn  
Eyes beaming like a star;  
And, by their dewy light, discern  
Their hearts' long-hidden scar:  
Of all the lessons Love must learn,  
The first's the sweetest far!

H. N.

## TERRA INCOGNITA:

No. II.

THE Amazonian island, now known as Australia (Austral-Asia, contracted and euphonated), was called by its Dutch discoverer New Holland. It extends from the eleventh to the thirty-ninth degree of south latitude, and from the 113th to the 154th degree of east longitude; but, till about twenty-eight years ago, it was believed to extend four and a half degrees further south, including Van Diemen's Land, which, by the discovery of Bass's Straits, proved to be distinct from the greater island, or main land.

On the report of Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks, our government determined to form a penal settlement on the east coast of New Holland; and, taking formal possession of about three-fifths of the whole island (including Van Diemen's Land), named their part of it New South Wales; and, in the year 1787, sent thither a number of transports with convicts, under the command of Captain Phillip, who accompanied his charge in the *Sirius* sloop of war. Botany Bay, which is in latitude thirty-three and a half degrees, had been explored, and so named, by the great navigator, and the no less great naturalist, and was the destined haven of the transport fleet. Captain Phillip, however, on arriving there, was not satisfied with the site proposed; and, proceeding thence to explore Broken Bay, he stopped on the way to examine an inlet about half way between the two, that Captain Cook had noticed and named Port Jackson. His satisfaction equalled his surprise on discovering it to be the magnificent harbour it is; and, in the exercise of sound discretion, he chose the shores of Sydney Cove (which I have described as being within Port Jackson, and about eight miles from its mouth) to be the site of his capital, instead of those of Botany Bay, which are now as wild and almost as tenantless as they were in 1788.

Ten or twelve miles north of "the heads" (of Port Jackson), Broken Bay receives the waters of the Hawkesbury, which rising about forty miles south of Sydney, and not more than eight or ten miles from the sea, at first a shallow limpid stream, is called the Cow-pasture river. Meandering in a north-west direction, till it is between thirty and forty miles from the coast, it becomes navigable for boats, changes the name Cow-pasture for Nepean, and then, pursuing nearly a direct north course till it reaches Richmond, it there feels the tide, and, assuming its greatest consequence, flows on, with the name of Hawkesbury, through the most fertile land in the colony for about twenty miles, north-easting as it goes; and then the water becoming salt, the banks become barren, and it winds along almost due east, till it reaches the coast in Broken Bay. Several tributary streams and creeks join the Hawkesbury in its semi-lunar course.

That portion of the country, then, which is so nearly insulated by the Hawkesbury and the sea is the county of Cumberland—south of it is that of Camden—north (of Broken Bay and the river) is that of Northumberland—and on the west, the blue mountains, which rise out of the Hawkesbury and Nepean, border the county of Westmoreland.

It was not till the year 1804 that Van Diemen's Land was colonized—six years after the fact of its insularity had been ascertained. Differing in soil and climate, and consequently in productions from the mother colony



in New South Wales, Tasmania\* has improved at no slower rate; and, as evidence of the consequence it has acquired, may be stated the fact of its having been lately established into an independent government.

The grossest ignorance appears to have prevailed, and indeed to prevail, in this country of the merits of the two colonies, and even of their separate existence. Many, otherwise well-informed people, have a confused notion of a place to which convicts are sent; and to it they apply indiscriminately the names Botany Bay, *South Wales*, and Van Diemen's Land. If you speak of Sydney in New South Wales,—“Ha! that is in Botany Bay, is it not?—very fine climate that of Van Diemen's Land, I believe!” Men who would be ashamed to acknowledge themselves ignorant of *rouge et noir* or *écarté*, unblushingly talk of the colonial dependencies of their own country as a waiting-woman might of the Kamskatchan territories of the Emperor of Russia, or an Italian police-clerk of the cities of England,† I have actually met with individuals about to emigrate to one of the two colonies, who had clubbed the productions of both for the one they were going to—and were expecting to find the fine wools and rich fruits of New South Wales in the colder clime of Van Diemen's Land. Indeed, it is not very long since the London newspapers quoted the very high prices at which some of the best wool from the former colony was sold in London, as of wool from Van Diemen's Land. I may adduce another and more recent instance of the mistakes the newspapers fall into at times about these colonies. The Sydney papers received by a late arrival speak of the difficulty of getting bills on England, and state the intention of some merchants to send, as a remittance, a quantity of Mauritius sugar which they had on hand—believing that they should lose less by so doing than by giving the high premiums demanded for bills, even when they were to be had. Now, for some time past, they have begun to cultivate the sugar-cane a few degrees north of Sydney; but, as yet, if with success, not in any quantity. However, although the fact was clearly stated, I read with surprise in one of the first London newspapers, that *such was the extent to which sugar was cultivated in New South Wales, that two ships were about to sail from Sydney for England laden with that article, the produce of the colony!* I quote from recollection—but it was to that effect.

One of Governor Macquarrie's greatest faults was the comparative neglect with which he treated many of the free colonists, and those who were employed under government before his arrival—doling out to them pitiful grants of land, which were, at the time, hardly worth the fees for surveying,—whilst to have been transported was almost a passport to his favour. Characterless adventurers, too, were sure of handsome grants and numberless indulgencies. Many masters (captains!) of convict and other ships have had one, two, or three thousand acres given them; and then, not

\* Jealous of the fine name *Australia*, the Van Diemen's-landers bethought them that *Tasman*, the name of the Dutch navigator who first surveyed their coasts, might be manufactured into *Tasmania*; and now they have “the *Tasmanian*” newspaper published in “*Tasmania*,” to rival the *Sydney Gazette*, which professes to be published (not like its contemporary, the *Australian*, in Sydney, but) in *Australia*!

† At some place in Italy, I forget where exactly, on crossing a frontier, the police-clerk found fault that in my passport I was described as an Englishman only; and said, that it was necessary for him to know the city or town I belonged to. “For example,” said he, “we always write Bolognese, Ferrarese, Romano—as the case may be.” I replied that we were not distinguished in that manner: that I was an Englishman, was enough. No, forsooth! he must have more: for, said he, “I know there are cities in England—*per esempio*—London, Gibraltar, and Malta!” Of course, I could not but admit such a plain fact, and desired him to set me down in his book *Gibilterrese*!

being permitted to sell outright, have made leases for 999 years, pocketed whatever they could get for their farms in that manner, and were seen no more! Individually, I do not know whether I should be obliged to his Excellency or not; for, if he had made my father such a grant as he had a right to expect, or had, long after, given me what any young man similarly circumstanced, but then arriving from England, would have had, it is most likely that I should have been "sitting under my own vine, and under my own fig-tree," or hunting kangaroos, at the antipodes, instead of bachelorizing in chambers, and hunting fortune, in London.

It was about two years after our arrival in the colony that my father was to have his farm measured. In the vicinity in which he had chosen it, several other persons had taken theirs, and among them our friend Mr. H—— of Parramatta; and as he had already occupied his—a hut being built, and stockyards made—it was constituted head-quarters. I proceeded in advance with one of that gentleman's sons, who was about five years older than me, and I was not more than between ten and eleven. It was my first bush-ranging excursion, and I enjoyed it highly. Our destination was about twenty-two miles from Parramatta, near the head of the south creek, which, branching off from the Hawkesbury near Windsor, stretches across the country nearly parallel to it, and is lost in a chain of ponds, very near the Cow-pastures.

Dense forests covered the ground in every direction—hills and vallies were alike wooded. What the pine-forests of Norway, or those of north America, may be, I know not; but of this I am confident—that the immense variety and magnificence of the native forests of New South Wales cannot be surpassed. On the banks of rivers, and on the richest soils, generally, the graceful and luxuriant cedar preponderates; about the creeks, and in the best of what is termed forest-land, the leafy and wide-spreading apple-tree grows in the greatest profusion, but intermingled with clumps of black and green wattle, which exude the finest medicinal gums; on arid, stony, and barren soils the many-coated tea-tree shoots abroad its grey and wiry-leaved branches. These characteristic trees are, for the most part, low and broad—like, and not generally larger than, the English oak; but with them, and among them, grow the majestic iron bark—hard as ebony, and flexible as whalebone—tall as "the mast of some great ammiral;" the stringy bark of equal size and of greater use, affording to the native its fibrous coat for his rude canoe, and ruder hut—and, to the civilized artizan, its solid trunk, which he may work to any purpose. With these, again, are the blue and red gums, and the mahogany-tree, of no less magnitude, and with deciduous bark; forest and swampy oaks, smaller in size, but not much less aspiring than their bulkier neighbours:—all these are long in the trunk, running from fifty to a hundred feet without a branch, and then throwing out leafy masses, which almost prevent the sun's rays from reaching the earth; but not to leave a meagre mass of trunks, like Brobdiagnian umbrella-sticks. Smaller and more ramified trees—such as the apple-tree that I spoke of, and the wild cherry-tree, and others, down to the smallest shrubs—are commingled; and the ground below is covered with strong grasses or with ferns, stunted or luxuriant, according to the quality of the soil: I have met with them so high that a man could hardly see over them! Of course, of the larger species of timber, in every place, some one predominates; some like better the top of a hill, some its sides, and some the valley, and some delight in the level plain.

It is seldom that eight or ten miles can be travelled without meeting

with an overgrown mass called a brush : sometimes the brushes are within two, three, or four miles of each other. Ten, fifteen, or twenty square miles (though frequently much less than the lowest), will be completely grown over with a countless multitude of iron or stringy bark saplings, which run up to an immense height, but never grow large in the trunk. Among them stand representations of almost every tree the forests afford : the shrubbier sorts, of meagre growth ; and from the ground springs a great variety of vines, which weave the trees into an impenetrable mass—impenetrable by man or beast, except the kangaroo, which in the brush finds safe covert from the hunter : the small brushes—which, perhaps, cover only a small valley, or the side of a hill—are distinguished as scrubs : in them the large forest kangaroo makes his home—the smaller varieties range the jungled brush.

From the application of names that belong to trees on this side of the world to those of New South Wales, it may be supposed that they are the same ; but, so far from that being the case, I believe the fact to be, that not a tree or shrub indigenous to Australia is to be found in the northern hemisphere—embracing part of the theory of an intelligent friend (E. A. Kendall, Esq.) on the subject more generally, inasmuch as it corresponds with the result of my own observations.

The cedar of New South Wales is so called because its *wood* approximates in appearance the cedar of Europe ; the apple-tree bears no fruit, and it is more like many trees than that whose name it usurps, though its distant resemblance is the only reason for calling it so, yet its size—being certainly not less than, and much more like to—the English oak, better would have warranted the application of that name to it. The mahogany is any thing but mahogany, and the oaks are any thing but oak—suffice it for this latter, that what in New South Wales is called forest-oak, is in England known as Botany Bay beef-wood ! The tea-tree may or may not be like the tea-tree of China—but I know very well that its leaves are not tea. The iron and stringy barks, and blue and red gums, are more correctly named, and involve no contradictions.

The cortex of the iron bark is of a very dark brown colour, in uneven and unequal ridges outside, set on an inner coat, which is close, hard, and short-grained, and, by its texture altogether, well warrants the name it bears : the timber is fibrous in the extreme, and almost imperishable, and will prove invaluable for naval purposes, as a ball might pass through a plank of it without throwing a splinter ;—the greatest objection to it is, perhaps, its great specific gravity : for bends, lower-masts, and the most trusted beams, no timber can surpass it. The stringy bark is a mass of fibres, which may be stripped off the whole length of the trunk—a looser coating of a dark bistre-colour gives it a rough shaggy appearance on the outside : the timber is used for flooring boards, and in scantlings generally ; but, except for the former purpose, it yields to the blue gum, which affords the finest timber in the colony, and, with the cedar, which, being lighter and softer, may be used for finishings, is sufficient of itself for every purpose of architecture, civil and military : it may be cut of the largest size, and of the greatest lengths that can possibly be required. I have seen the uncoppered bottoms of vessels that had been built of it as sound, after fifteen years' wear, as if they had not been built more than six months. The red gum is useless, except for fuel—for which purpose it is preferred to any other timber in the Australian forests. These trees are so called from the gummy or resinous mass that forms their core, and is, in the one species, of a blue



or rather purple tint—and, in the other, is red : their barks are very similar, and not unlike that of the ash ; but, like (I think I may say) *all* the indigenous trees of New South Wales, their leaves are not deciduous—but every autumn the gums shed a cuticular covering, that rattles and crackles in falling, and covers the ground like the leaves in a European park at the same season : that rind possesses the tanning principle in a considerable degree.

But to return to my story. It was, if I remember rightly, about the vernal equinox when I went first to Cabramatta (the head of the creek) ; and it was there I first slept under a roof of stringy bark, and on a bedstead of the same material. The rising ground on the left bank of the creek, for about a furlong square, had been cleared of timber, or rather the timber had been felled, and was partly burnt off. Sheep and cattle-yards had been made on the side of the hill, with close logs for the former, the better to guard against native dogs—and with a three-railed fence for the latter ; and just above was a hut, with matted and mud-plastered sides, and bark roof, comprising two rooms, which were surrounded with births, like the cabin of a ship, made by driving forked stakes into the earthen floor, on which were placed bearers, covered with sheets of stringy bark, forming a strong, sound, and wholesome bedstead. The outer room had a fire-place with a chimney, all made of wood, and it served for kitchen and sleeping-room for the shepherds, &c. ; and the inner room, generally occupied by the overseer, was vacated for our use and for that of the expected visitors. Our arrival was the signal for the death of a lamb—a quarter of which, with fresh earth-baked cakes, soon smoked on the board. Then down we lay—two boys, whose united ages did not make twenty-seven—in the midst of men who had been exiled from their country for their crimes, as free from danger as from fear, and slept till the rising sun called my companion to the duties his father had marked out for him—and me to try my maiden prowess against parrots, cockatoos, or any other birds that might happen to range within reach of my murderous aim—though I fancy that I returned to breakfast that day guiltless of the death of any. Unfortunate at fowling, I resigned the piece to my friend, and tried my hand at fishing in the dark waters of the creek, whence I hauled a bouncing perch, which, with the wild ducks my companion brought home, furnished us with a sumptuous feast at dinner.

In obedience to his father's instructions, my friend arranged to start on the second morning after our arrival at Cabramatta, to explore the country on the banks of the Cow-pasture river, where they were to have a grant of land, in exchange for a farm they had in another part of the country, and which the government required for its own purposes. Accordingly, we started—he and I—with three convict servants, and a horse to carry provisions ; and, after about two hours' march, we reached *Narrang Cobbedee*—a peninsular nook, containing just the quantity required, and of which, indeed, they had previous information. Winding almost round it, the river, which I then saw for the first time, formed a natural boundary, and insured, by its vicinity to every part, the good quality of the ground. A gentle acclivity on the isthmus offered an excellent site for the buildings and farm establishment, commanding a view of the whole area, and being out of the reach of floods.

I have since seen that hill covered with flocks and herds, and the valley before it yellow with ripened corn—when the stately gums had given place to green maize, and the wild and leafy apple-tree to the more useful peach,

when a commodious farm-house crowned the summit, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of a prosperous English farm. However, then we had to seek further, to see if any thing still more eligible might offer itself. The land beyond the river was reserved on account of the wild cattle, which ranged uncontrolled over thousands of acres of beautiful country; now they are all destroyed, and the land has been, I believe, located to settlers.

A very short time after the first landing at Sydney in 1788, by some accident, two bulls and four cows (all the horned cattle then in the country, except one cow) were lost, and it was thought that the natives had driven them off. Whether that were the case or not, was never determined; but, some years after, it was found that they had penetrated inland, and, crossing this river, settled beyond it, and had increased prodigiously. Still it is a moot-point, whether the government had a right of property in the cattle thus found; none could prove them descended from those which had strayed; and there were *wiseacres* who thought that it had as much right to prohibit the hunting of kangaroos as of the wild cattle: both were *feræ naturæ*.

After having pursued the course of the river for some time, we crossed it, and struck inland to see if we could find a forest kangaroo to take back with us the next day, as we were to sleep that night in the woods. Between a creek and a scrub, on a piece of beautiful open country, we descried two fine ones grazing. We immediately drew towards the scrub to cut off their retreat, and then, throwing off, they took the direction of the creek, and two of the dogs (we had three with us) followed them in grand style. At the moment of alarm, however, one of the kangaroos dropped from her false belly, or pouch, a fine young one that was just of age to wean. The little creature sat on its haunches, looking at us with astonishment, as its parents bounded off: one of the men made a spring to catch it—but the third dog was before-hand with him, and had it by the neck before he could reach it. We rescued the little animal, and were glad to find it unhurt. Unfortunately, as none of us were mounted, we could not follow the chase; for the kangaroos leaped across the creek, and left us no chance of taking either of them;—so, calling off the dogs, we contented ourselves with the one taken alive. Such is the readiness with which these animals are tamed, that, on our return to Cabramatta, and on the second or third day after that on which it was caught, the little thing ran off from the house whilst all hands were busy at breakfast—but being observed, one of the men was sent after it; and, instead of making its escape to the woods, it no sooner saw him than it ran towards him, and allowed itself to be taken up in his arms without any effort: it fed out of our hands like a lamb, and grew fast. Ten days or a fortnight afterwards, it was taken to Parramatta, where it died in the course of a few months, in consequence of eating something that disagreed with it.

As the evening was fast closing in, when our brief chase was over, we sought a convenient place to pass the night in, and fortunately found, in a small valley, by a pond of water, a deserted native camp, which we soon broke up, and with the materials formed a hut large enough to shelter us from the dews of the night. The huts the natives make when overtaken by wet weather, are formed of a single piece of stringy bark, about six feet in length, and perhaps two feet wide. This is bent in the middle, and the two ends being brought to the ground, and fastened with little stakes, an isosceles triangle is made, into which one individual coils himself. With six or eight of these huts, we made a semi-circular one, open in front, and

there made a good fire of dry limbs of trees, which we had not to seek far. The fire we got by burning priming on a piece of wadding.

I was too much of a boy not to enjoy all this highly; but, after we had taken our supper, and the party were all asleep but myself and one of the men, who had the first watch, and sat quietly smoking his pipe at one end of the fire, I could hear troops of native dogs (a species of wolf) howling dismally as they prowled the neighbouring scrub—and the wild cattle in the distance, not lowing, but roaring through the woods; the hooting of the owl, and the twittering ghost-like shriek of the opossum;—all these things, with the novelty of the situation, excited me to such a degree that I cried, and heartily wished for morning. I thought, too, of our poor little kangaroo, so rudely weaned, and imprisoned in a coarse sack, instead of being nestled at its parent's breast.

As I remember it now, our group made a fine painter's subject—a rude hut, in the midst of a thick forest, open in front to a fire, made of the limbs of trees, and occupying the foreground, behind which, in the centre of the hut, was my companion, a handsome sun-burnt youth of sixteen, wrapped in a boat-cloak, reclining on his arm, bareheaded, and sleeping soundly; close to him I lay in a somewhat similar attitude, but wide awake, listening anxiously to every sound, and fancying all sorts of horrors, as I looked on the black masses of foliage before us, on the edges of which, a red flickering light fell from our fire;—two of the men lay in one end of the hut with their feet to the fire, and their heads elevated by a log of wood which served them for a bolster, and the third, as I have said, sat on the ground smoking his pipe, or walked backwards and forwards before the hut; all three had been convicted of some notorious crimes, and probably they had all been under sentence of death; by my friend lay his fowling-piece, and a musket stood within reach of the man who kept watch, and the dogs were stretched at length on the ground before the fire, or sat couched (as greyhounds do), looking at the fire, and pricking up their ears at the rustling of the trees, or the leap of the fish in the neighbouring pond, though they heeded not (after the first half-hour) the howling of their canine brotherhood, nor the broken-winded bellowings of a conquered bull, a beast that had assaulted us in the course of the afternoon, savage from recent defeat, and only went off on receiving a charge of slugs, which the man who was carrying the musket fired at him; the next morning we saw him again, but another twenty-four hours would have made him food for the dogs.

The native dog of New South Wales is, I believe, indigenous; yet its dissimilarity to any other animal found in the island would argue, that it must have been left there by some of the early navigators, though I am not aware that it does, or does not, resemble any of the species in the northern hemisphere, whence, in that case, it was most likely taken. I have seen them as large as a good mastiff—they are shaggy haired, and of the colour of a wolf; they do not bark, but their nocturnal howlings are dismal; and, from the sound, they appear to be gregarious; but I never saw more than one at a time. I never knew an instance of their attacking a man, even in self-defence; but in a sheep-fold they make terrible havoc: I have known fifty or sixty sheep to be killed in a night by one dog; and to guard against them, every large proprietor has his flocks folded in a cluster at night, and employs a man to keep watch. Young calves have been killed, and the poultry yard robbed by the same thievish vermin. The natives, though fond of dogs, being now almost always accompanied



by a troop of yelping curs, of European breed, do not appear to have ever sought the companionship of the wolfish beasts that infest their forests; and attempts that have been made at taming, by rearing them from puppies, have only proved, that they want all the noble qualities of the dog, and possess not the daring prowess of the wolf.

Our men regularly relieved each other through the night (than which I do not remember a longer), and if I happened to doze from excessive fatigue, the words they would exchange, whilst rousing each other, would startle me to inquire how time went. At length the morning dawned, and the wild beasts (not lions, tigers, and the like, for there are none) and birds of night skulked in silence, and I feel asleep. They did not arouse me till the camp kettle was singing to breakfast, and a more beautiful morning never shone from the heavens than that on which I awoke, with air as pure as ever man breathed, on my lungs, to see the sun rising from behind a long range of hills in the distance, and lighting a primeval scene of such chaste and natural beauty, as can never be met with in the old world. The Alps and Appenines I have traversed—have seen the vine-clad hills of France—the chestnut forests, the trellised plains, and the irised cascades of Italy—the volcanic majesty, and the teeming vallies of Sicily—and the park scenes of my beautiful native land; but have never seen anything that supasses in beauty the scene that met my eyes, when I awoke, in a glen of the forest, on the cow-pastures of New South Wales.

According to custom, in such cases, our horse had been hobbled and turned loose to feed; he had not wandered so far during the night, but that one of the men found and brought him back in the course of half-an-hour. Our baggage was soon mounted, and we started to complete our survey of the country on the other side of the river. As we ascended the hill that bounded the valley in which we had slept, we saw a small lot of the wild cattle coming at a brisk trot along its summit, to descend, by the track we were on, to the pond to drink. They were in a line, and ran so blindly, that they had approached to within a few yards of us before they saw us—in a few seconds they were out of sight!—the second in the file noticed us before the leader, and pointed his attention to the stranger group, by a tremendous butt on the haunch—instantaneously they turned and went off at full gallop, in the same order in which they had advanced;—they were seven fine young bulls.

The next thing that attracted our attention was a family of kangaroos, grazing on a plain before us; one of them was the largest animal of the kind I ever saw. Unfortunately there was a brush close behind them, into which they made good their retreat, before the dogs could come up, and they, too, lay wide when we discovered them.

The kangaroo dog is a fine, strong, and swift animal—a cross, I should think, between the stag-hound and greyhound. It is not so large as the former, nor so small as the latter, and seems to partake of both, in shape and qualities. At fair running it is too fleet for the game to give much sport; but in a country so much wooded, the latter has too many chances of finding covert for a slower dog to be preferred. When the kangaroo is hard pressed, it will take to the water if a pond be in its course, and the dogs never dare follow without a fair chance of being drowned, as it then stands at bay, and striking up with its hind legs at the throat of the dog, hooks the sharp and strong middle toe into the skin on the chest, and rips it off, or pulls him under water. If overtaken on land, the kangaroo will fight desperately in the same way; indeed, I do not remember ever to

have seen a dog that had killed a kangaroo, but its chest was seamed all over; the wounds are generally all received in the first engagement, for, after a dog has bought his experience at so high a price as a good kangaroo makes him pay, he will fight more warily; I have seen a young dog with the skin of his chest hanging down over his fore legs like an apron. In the early times of the settlement, when it was not allowed to slaughter cattle and sheep, the kangaroo was killed for its carcass, and, in later times, it has been murdered for its hide by men who made a trade of it; that is done, I believe, to the present day in Van Diemen's Land, but in New South Wales they are not sufficiently plentiful to make it answer, so that, perhaps, the greatest number killed now is for sport; many, however, are shot; yet they cannot last long; and as soon as the country gets a little more open, it will be necessary to introduce deer and hares, or there will be no game at all. I refer more particularly to the county of Cumberland, which contains the real population of the colony. There are a few red deer now in the country, near Sydney, but they are claimed as private property.

Among sportsmen, the fore-quarters and entrails of the kangaroo are the perquisites of the dogs; the loins, haunches, and tail, are eaten; as the kangaroo never secretes fat, its flesh is rather too lean to roast, but for a pasty it is excellent; the tail is fully equal to ox-tail for making soup.

While I am on the subject, I may add, that, besides the kangaroo, there is no other indigenous animal fit for hunting. The number of birds, too, worth shooting is very small—the emu may be either shot or coursed, but it is seldom found east of the blue mountains now;—wild pigeons may be had; they are very fond of the apple tree, and may be more frequently found in it than in any other; these, with teal, and wild ducks, which are found in large quantities on the lagunes, near the Hawkesbury, comprise almost all the edible game the country affords, except snipes, which are tolerably plentiful. Young cockatoos are as good as young rooks, but are much harder to get at, the old birds build so confoundedly high. The bays and rivers, connected with the sea, are well stocked with a great variety of fish, not generally known here, but the ponds and creeks, inland, boast of hardly anything but perch (frequently, however, very fine) and eels.

The banks of the Cowpasture river are high, and very steep; in some parts the whole bed is occupied by water to the depth of eight or ten feet, and there the current is slow; the ponds thus formed are frequently clogged up with branches and trunks of trees, which have fallen in from time to time, and sometimes one will be of sufficient length to reach from bank to bank, and form a perfect bridge; through the greatest part, however, the river does not occupy more than one half the width between the banks, and is seldom deeper than to a horse's knees; the same obstructions, of course, are occasioned by the falling of trees, as in the deeper parts. The banks of the river are composed of light rich loam and sand, and are covered with a sort of wild fetch, that has a very disagreeable smell, but of which horses are very fond—brambles, nettles, vines, and a variety of underwood are interspersed, and form an almost impenetrable thicket for some distance on both sides. During the spring and autumnal rains, the river in that part, as well as lower down, overflows its banks, and tends to fructify the soil within its reach; the banks themselves are so rich, that I have known water-melon-seeds to be merely put into the ground on them, with the finger, without any previous preparation, and

left to run riot, as nature might direct, and in the proper season to produce the most delicious fruit. The water-melon cannot be appreciated in this country; but in the climates that produce it nothing can be more grateful; I have eaten water-melons in Italy from the ice-tub, but not with the same *gusto* as when I have plucked them fresh and cool from the vine, in the Indian corn fields in New South Wales. Just as I now walk into a pastry-cook's, in June and July, to eat ices, I there, in December and January, adjourned to the garden, or to a field of Indian corn, (among which they are frequently planted) when it waved above my head almost to the exclusion of the sun's rays, and, sitting down on a dry stump, discussed a water-melon larger than my head. Rock and musk melons also grow to perfection there, but their firm pulp is not so grateful to the parched palate, as the crisp and melting mass of the water-melon, that flows down the throat in an edible stream.

The cant among people here, is to disparage the climate of this country, and cry up that of France and Italy. In New South Wales, where the climate parallels the finest in Europe, the poor expatriated souls cry out for the less fervid sun, and moister atmosphere, of England; love of the country they may never see again, and filial affection for their *further-land*, effectually stifle all attempts at comparison in that or anything else, except to the advantage of "*home*."

I have experienced enough of almost every variety of climate, to know that every one has its proportioned advantages and disadvantages; and that if a parallel were drawn, an unprejudiced man would be at a loss which to choose. Having mentioned the term *home*, as used in an emphatic sense, it may not be amiss to say, that hardly any other is ever used throughout the colony for England, than that;—such an one has been *home*, or is going *home*. The children born in the country use the same term; indeed it is universal; and, in its strongest sense, *home* always means *England*.

On our return to Cabramatta, we found that the gathering had taken place, and that the deputy surveyor-general, who was of the party, had appointed the next day for measuring. As the distances to be traversed were not great, and the weather was very fine, I was thought man enough to accompany the expedition; but woeful for me was the mistake! I vowed before the day was over, that I would not follow the surveyor again, for the largest farm the governor could give. A dispute arose between my father and the gentleman whose farm was to come next to his, about a hill, which should have it; by running the chain straight from the creek, and parallel to the high road (or what was intended to be the high road) it came within my father's boundary, and by running a semi-circumferential line, it fell to the lot of his neighbour. The case was too clear to remain long undecided; however, the delay it occasioned was a respite for me, (we had already measured one farm, three miles off), and as they debated the point, I lay down on the grass, on the summit of the subject of dispute, and admired the beauty of the scenery about me.

It was a noble forest. Almost every variety of the finest timber the country produces stood interspersed; a good sprinkling of the wild apple-tree marked the quality of the ground, and the shrubby cherry-tree, the fruit of which grows at one end of, instead of around, the stone, added to the picturesque effect. The level ground that came between the hill and the creek, was covered with the verdant oak, which grows there still, though the forest above has fallen under the blows of the woodman's axe,



and the fire has consumed it. It was our evening amusement afterwards, when we went to the farm at holiday time, to make fires at the roots of the stateliest trees, and with hatchets to wound their trunks, that our auxiliary might the better worm its way; and great was our joy when a creaking noise gave warning that our exertions were about to be rewarded, and loud were our huzzas when a tree fell, which it would with a thundering crash that might be heard for miles.

There is an art in felling timber when the intent is to destroy as much as possible—greater, perhaps, than when the intention is to throw a tree down without injuring it or any other. A skilful feller singles out the largest and heaviest tree to assist him in his operations; he notices the inclination it may have to fall one way rather than another, but if it be not more than half its diameter out of the perpendicular, he can make it fall which way he pleases, and so exactly, that he will take a number of others in a line with it, and cutting them half through on the side from the master tree, he at length cuts that one somewhat more than half-way through on the side he wishes it to fall, and then with a small notch on the back it falls headlong, and strikes down in its course those which have been prepared, and at which it has been directed. As the only object is to get the trees off the ground, and as cutting low would materially add to the labour of felling, without any benefit resulting, they are cut at about four feet from the surface, or breast high, so that the stumps remain for years after the ground has been converted into corn-fields, gardens, and orchards, and are only removed in the event of the proprietor becoming rich enough (the stumps still remain on my father's farms) and particular enough, to have them burnt out. When the trees have been felled, they are cross-cut into convenient lengths, and the logs are rolled together in heaps and ignited. Such bonfires never were made at the burning of heretics, or for the commemoration of a victory, as I have seen in the wilds of Australia. I can hardly imagine what must be the sensations of a stranger, travelling there for the first time by night, and coming suddenly upon an opening of two or three hundred acres, in the forest by which his road has been flanked, covered with hills of fire—not flame; for the wood being green does not blaze, but consumes with a white heat. A lurid glare falls on every thing around him; and if it be summer, the heat of the air is increased almost to suffocation. The rustling of the long grass that he hears is not occasioned by wind, but by the lizards and guanas, rushing from the ruin of their homes. It is not an endless black cord drawn across the path that he sees, but deadly serpents, hurrying from the nests that are made too hot for them. The fish feel the heat in the neighbouring creek—but the plashing is not made by them; the retreating shoals of reptiles take to the water, and go hissing through it like so many salamanders. These things came to me in detail, and not in the gross: I had been a party to minor exhibitions of the kind, before I had occasion to travel much by night in the new parts of the country.

I remember an industrious fellow, a government servant to Mr. H—, who kept three or four different operations going at the same time. His duty was to break up with the hoe a certain quantity of new ground every day; but he contrived, while he was doing that, to fell, cut up, and burn off timber, for which he was paid by the acre: his government work he could do, perhaps, in seven or eight hours—but, by stopping every half hour, and tending the fires he had at work, felling, &c., in twelve hours he could do his exacted task, and earn the wages of a free man besides. By

proper management, he could make fire eat into the trunk of a tree, and throw it down in a very short time. When down, he placed dry sticks on fire, in notches at certain distances, and so fairly cut the trunk into lengths. After his day's work was done, just for amusement, he rolled the logs into heaps, by the help of handspikes, and putting fire to them, kept it alive night and day till they were all consumed.

There is a great variety of snakes in New South Wales; the largest of which, the black snake, seldom exceeds nine or ten feet in length, and indeed is not often so long as that. All are deadly poisonous; but it is not often that accidents occur from them—and when they do, it is generally to the poor men who are employed at felling and burning off, and to the carters of wood into the towns for fuel. Sometimes, indeed, a snake has quietly emerged from a log of wood after it had been laid on a kitchen fire; and they have been found comfortably coiled up in a bed; but still accidents from them are infrequent.

When the dispute about the hill was decided, off went the surveyor as fast as he could run; and off we all went after him. Strangely it puzzled me to know how it was that a little fat man could run so much faster than anybody else. Few men were better known throughout the colony than Jemmy M——; but he is almost forgotten now;—for the generation of those who had their farms measured by him is passing fast away, and another has already sprung up of those who know not Jemmy. The places, though they change as fast as the scenes of a pantomime, do not change so fast as the persons who occupy them. I hardly remember one of any standing in the colony, whose head is not among the clods of the valley. Old Macgregor, the sexton at Sydney, whose name I at one time thought synonymous with that of his office, is fixed at last where I have so often seen him. The old man who tolled the bell on the green before the church at Parramatta, has been indebted to another for sounding his knell: from the gravedigger to the governor, all are changed. My earliest friends and playfellows—where are they? Some are already patriarchs, and some are gone down to the silent tomb. He who first taught me the sports of the Australian forest—with whom I have wandered through them by night and by day—who was to me as an elder brother, and with whom I took sweet counsel—with whom, indeed, I made the bush-ranging excursion referred to in these pages—a blight fell on his youth; and he is now, in the prime of life, with a broken constitution;—he, who could “turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,” is now too weak to bestride even a lady's palfrey!

I have never attended a farm-measuring since: that day so completely tired me, that I afterwards avoided every occasion of the kind. Even the measuring of my own “Sabine farm” (though very many years after), was not a sufficient temptation to me “*renovare dolorem*.”

W———G.

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## A LECTURE ON GIANTS.

*Monsieur Louis.*

THERE is something very singular in gaping at a man of extraordinary size or height—comparing his various dimensions—and treating him, in fact, like an animal whom you would very calmly measure from “the tip of the snout to the insertion of the tail.”

This thought would intrude itself when we went to see that most respectable figure, Monsieur Louis, seven feet and a half in height, with stoutness in proportion—a man, beneath whose extended arm a creature of six feet might walk comfortably. We were, in the emphatic language of Scripture, as “grasshoppers in his sight.” He received us with all the affability of his countrymen—being a native of happy France, where all are gay and *debonair*, without November’s dulnesses and most inscrutable fogs. “There’s a fist!” said the great and noble animal, propelling one which might have done justice to the glove of Entellus, and exulting in the bodily superiority in which he seemed to revel with fearful confidence. But as remarkable an appearance of this phenomenon as can be imagined, is when he emerges from an adjoining room. “Monsieur Louis will wait upon you directly,” says an obliging attendant; and forthwith, while you are fixing in your mind the spot on the door-post which his head may probably reach—slow, stately, and delving low beneath the lintel, advances the towering head, and rears itself, one would almost write, *jusqu’au ciel!* It is truly a *chose à voir et à vanter*, and, if properly appreciated, will lead to many useful considerations. This is said thus meditatively, because some people will be asking odd and irrelevant questions of these great personages, subject to a risk of being suddenly ejected from the room—which is reported to have happened under the directions of poor giant O’Bryan, of seven or eight feet memory. How a surgeon must rejoice in the idea of cutting up a vast hill of flesh, such as these *colossi* carry about with them! But we are straying from M. Louis, the wonder of Lorraine. It is most remarkable, that neither of his parents were elevated by Nature above the ordinary standard—his father being somewhere about five feet ten inches—his mother only five feet. Yet this son of theirs was not the only giant of the family; for the eldest brother, who died in the great frost at Moscow, measured six feet ten inches; and there was yet another—a giantess—who rose to six feet two—a very sufficient Brobdignag lady, when petticoats are considered! The curious may like to be made acquainted with the weight of the magnificent giant above mentioned, and with some of his proportions. The former came to twenty-one stone and seven pounds; from the ground to his hip were four feet eight inches; from the end of his fore-finger to the end of his elbow (taking it, according to the cubit measure, inwards), two feet one inch; the length of his foot was fourteen inches; from the end of his fore-finger to the top of his hand, ten inches; from the ground to his knee, two feet four inches. The distinguishing superiority of this high personage is most visibly observed in his symmetry; for, respecting men of common stature, it is a just remark, where one overtops his fellow a few inches, that he has a great column to support—Nature having exhausted herself in the creation of shanks, conformably with her favourite principle of making her children equal in the middle of their bodies. The usually fine proportions, however, which strike the eye on beholding M. Louis, together with a certain soldier-like



carriage which he possesses, no doubt induced a very considerable Personage to pay the handsome compliment, that "he was the tallest and finest man he had ever seen."

But now that the writer of this has mounted the high horse, it is hardly fair to leave the subject without discoursing of other giants; for there have been yet bigger men very many centuries ago. And so, without saying any thing of the Swiss giantess—or of the new Lincolnshire giant—or of the Swedish prodigy, who figured many years ago near the Green Man, at Charing Cross—or of the Saxon, his contemporary—what may be said of those bulky individuals, of whom the Scripture historian has spoken?—"There were giants in the earth in those days;"—

"Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise;"—

of those sons of Anak, whose mien was so commanding as to create the well-known proverb—"Tall as the Anakims." Our nursery-ales, many of which are derived from the purest truth, banter us not when they speak of the giants. There was, indeed, once a land and valley of these great people—not to mention the Patagonians of this day.

Ammon and Bashan were the countries where the biggest seem to have dwelt; and Og, the king of the latter place, is said to have been the last. What sort of a man he was, may be judged by his occupying a bedstead of iron, fifteen feet long, and nearly seven broad: he was the last even "of the remnant," and was probably fifteen or sixteen feet high.

Goliath and his kindred, whose names occur next in history as monsters of prodigious size, were far beneath the ancient giants. Goliath measured about eleven feet, and had a coat of mail which weighed upwards of one hundred pounds—and a spear, the head of which exceeded twenty.

Sir Walter Raleigh thought, that the most ancient Rephaims, or people of vast height, were far beyond those whom Moses remembered in his days—that is, during his life; and Virgil—who, in common with other poets, has mixed up much truth with richly-embellished fictions—describes his Cyclops with all the vividness of the most probable traditions. These were brethren of the lofty Etna, posting their high heads unto the heavens—like the towering wood of Jove, or the grove of Diana. One of them, Polyphemus, having had his eye put out with a large spit of Æneas's crew, stalked after their boat, with most unconscionable strides, into the middle of the sea, which, nevertheless, did not even touch his side. Eye he never had but one; and, having lost that, he could do no more than follow the sound of the oars. Finding, however, that the bark outsailed him, and that he would be utterly unable to take up the rogues' vessel who had deprived him of his sight, and throw them against the shore, he set up a tremendous roar—so that the waves, the ocean, and the earth rung with it, and the great mountain itself bellowed again with the noise. This was about the year of the world 2284, when divers huge persons are said, on all hands, to have been in existence.

Now, as to the qualities of people that are bigger than others, are they generally good or evil? The author of an old book, called *The Giant-omachia*, who denies that such people as giants ever lived, told the world when he wrote, that the reason of the term "giant" was, because there arose great oppressors in those ages, who were, therefore, likened to immense monsters. But how could the idea of a monster get abroad, unless somebody had seen one? And Raleigh—poor Sir Walter—that sensible, able, learned, unfortunate man, Raleigh—declares, that much

more likely was it that people were oppressors because they were giants, than that they should be deemed giants because they were cruel. This, however, is saying but very little for the excellencies of character attributable to the mighty; and it is allowed, in fact, that the old ones of all were very bad people. But come we to more modern times, and you really shall find your giant a remarkably civil man, to say the least—much to his credit, too—especially if all the rude boys of the village run after and hoot at him. Now, though to speak of the living is not the most polished act in the world, pray let it be said, that M. Louis is as courteous, obliging, and well-behaved a man as any little English grasshopper would like to see. It is really quite amusing sometimes to observe the placability and self-comfort of large men. On a stage-coach, now, this may be seen. You may notice a little dapper, dwarfish fellow giving himself prodigious airs, and rustling about the conveyance in a hundred ways; and, no doubt, without meaning it, he will touch, as roughly as his capacity will permit, some grave, huge barbarian (not in an obnoxious sense) on the side of him. The man of might will sit quiet as a lamb—not regarding in the slightest an action which might do great credit to an insect, or some small animal. Giant O'Bryan was a very polite, well-conducted giant, as far as one can learn from report; and, upon the whole, although seven or eight feet are not quite so much as fifteen or twenty, there is a sufficient difference between eight, and five feet two, three, or four inches, to make a great fellow highly pleased with himself—aye, and cruel, too—but that he has the good sense to adopt the manners and customs of his more enlightened age.

Perhaps some of the critics in giantships may not be particularly pleased that the Patagonians are not mentioned; but they must know that, in the first place, it is not respectful to speak of living characters; and, in the next, that there are two or three stories abroad already about these same Patagonians.

Most likely some of our voyaging authors saw persons not much above six feet, when they expected a tribe *cælo capita alta ferentes*;\* and others—Byron, for instance—might have popped upon some pleasant-looking party of seven feet at a time, when he was indulging no idea of man beyond English pygmies; and when, moreover, he was perhaps shrunk much into himself for want of something to eat.

But you will say—*desine plura precor*—we have had enough of giants; what can be said of dwarfs?

“The lesse the subject, greater is the wit,  
That undertaking for to treat on it,  
Makes almost nothing something.”

Of Nature's “rarest gems in smallest cabinets,” this paper cannot be allowed to speak—for it must now be closed. In parting, however, let us indulge a gentle recollection of good Will Evans and poor little Jefferie Hudson: the first was King Charles the First's porter, and only seven feet and a half high; the other was his dwarf, of three feet nine inches, and owed his introduction at court to the delicacies of a cold baked pie, in which he was served up. This compendious little Sir had many squabbles with Master Will Evans, and was one day drawn forth out of the said big man's pocket at a masque—*pour faire rire*. Yet, goaded and pickled by

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\* “Bearing their high heads to heaven.”

every body as he was, he had a spiteful spirit belonging to him, which proved fatal to a certain Mr. Crofts. This young spark, who might have been bred up in the racy pleasures of impaling spiders, or pinning flies, perceiving an animal just fitted for his sport, fell in with the general baiting which poor Jefferie was so wont to suffer. But he hunted his game too hard; for, Hudson having challenged him, he came to the field with a squirt; and that exasperated little Ulysses so much, that he contrived to be hoisted on a horse, with a pistol, and his adversary having done the same, the aggressor was shot dead at the first fire. Little Lord Minimus was in the habit of stalking about, in rich silks and satins, with two tall men to wait upon him, and so drew upon his dwarfship the dangerous honour of being celebrated by the wits of the day. "The Jeffreidos; or, a Battle between the Corpusculum\* and a Turkey-Cock," was sent forth by Sir William Davenant; and, "A New Year's Gift, presented by Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, his Majesty's Servant," was among the incenses which were offered him. This last is dedicated to Evans, and begins—

"Will, be not angry; this small booke is read  
In praise of one no bigger than thy head."

The address is entirely in praise of smallnesses:—

"You have seene, Sir," it says, "the commodity of little, and discommodity of great in others; take notice of them in yourselfe: Had you beene bigge and great, ten to one you had never proved a courtier; 'twas onely your littlenesse preferred you."

It consoles the little man with proverbs:—

"Too much of one thing is good for nothing."

"A little of every thing is excellent in all things."

"All things are not as they seeme."

"Have you not heard of men that stumble at strawes, and leap over blockes."

"*Amore meum, et nihil meum,*" &c.

The Lady Parvula closes by wishing the "most perfect abridgment of Nature many merry new-yeares."—

And so you, whoever may please to read this, and whenever—*quocunque et quandocunque* (the Latins more neatly have it)—I wish you a merry season.†

\* Little body.

† There has not been one-tenth part of the giants mentioned here, which people of different countries and times have written about. Goropius, the Dutch physician, who thought that Adam talked Flemish, says that he saw a girl ten feet high; and when bones have been found in fields, there have not been wanting *virtuosi* whose sedulous measurements have whipped up the respective heights to twenty, twenty-five, and even thirty feet. Why are we to be incredulous about our own magnificent species, when the world are content to believe—and very properly, no doubt—the grand stories of the *Icthyosauri*, *Plesiosauri*, and *Megatheria*?



## THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRUNKENNESS.\*

"There are more killed by the Vintners than are saved by the Physicians."  
*Spanish Proverb.*

NEXT to the Phenomena of Insanity, which, if there were not a sort of instinctive consciousness in men's minds that their examination is attended with a certain degree of danger, would long since have found abundance of commentators, beyond the mere medical writers who have considered them professionally, the peculiarities and symptoms attendant upon the minor mental malady of Drunkenness, have often seemed to us to form one of the most interesting subjects of study with which a speculative mind could occupy itself. Whether we look to the causes by which this destructive habit is brought on; to the extraordinary circumstances which attend its indulgence; to its effect, in a moral or physical point of view, upon its victim; or to the manner or possibility of its cure; the inquiry is still one of the highest curiosity; and one in which, unfortunately, there are few persons who have not, directly or remotely, a strong personal interest. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the subject should, at various times, have occupied the consideration of highly eminent men, both literary and scientific; and we think no apology necessary for bringing before our readers a very short pamphlet, published at Glasgow, which has come rather accidentally under our notice, but which appears to us to form the best essay upon Drunkenness which has been produced for a considerable number of years. The author (Mr. Macnish) states, in a very brief advertisement, that his pamphlet was written as an inaugural treatise, to be presented to the Members of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow—candidates for admission into that body being required to print their observations, on some subject connected with medicine or surgery, previous to their election. Its appearance before the public is said to have proceeded "upon the suggestion of the publisher," who conceived that it might be adapted to the perusal of a wider circle than that for which it was originally intended. We are, upon this point, of the publisher's opinion, and willingly (although Mr. Macnish is entirely unknown to us) lend our assistance to carry his suggestion into effect.

The author sets out by touching generally upon the "causes of drunkenness;" and divides drunkards, in the first place, into three great classes—those who are constitutionally such from choice; those who become so from gradual habit or example; and those who are made such from the pressure of misfortune, or—as Mr. Macnish entitles them—the "drunkards of necessity."

The first class—the drunkards from choice—are the sort of persons who seem to have

"An innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament—of coarse, unintellectual minds—and of low and animal propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre, and a flow of animal spirits, which other people are without. They delight in the roar and riot of drinking clubs; and with them all the miseries [and probably the greater part of the pleasures] "of life may be referred to the bottle."

In an ensuing chapter the author observes, that "the naval service furnishes a great many instances of toppers of this description;" and—without the slightest offence to the navy—he is perfectly in the right.

\* The Anatomy of Drunkenness; by Robert Macnish. M'Phun, Glasgow.

The fact is, that the drunkards of this class—the “constitutional”—are not, constitutionally, drunkards *alone*, but men whose general round of animal propensities have either been left unreformed by education, or submit to its restrictions imperfectly only, and with difficulty. In most families, above a certain rank in life, where there are many sons, the *riotous* one—long before he has begun to think of “drinking”—is destined for the Navy. Such agents are capable of being controlled, and, from their powerful energy, become auxiliaries of the highest value where they are controlled; but they must be coerced with a discipline more stern and inflexible than that which society allows to be employed against its subjects in general. The abundance of this character, it is among our British soldiers and sailors, that—even while, perhaps, it renders their physical availability greater than that of any other fighting force in Europe—makes the means of enforcing strict and peremptory submission to command, indispensable in our naval and military services. It was with perfect truth observed, by Sir Hussey Vivian, in a late debate in the House of Commons, upon the abolition of corporal punishment in the army—that the soldier, who was the first, when in quarters, to get drunk and break over the barrack-wall, was also likely, upon an assault, to be first in the trenches of the enemy. Military writers, and speakers upon military discipline or operations, are apt enough to treat the soldier as a machine; but they forget to consider the rather necessary circumstance—that he should be a fighting one. Taking men—as we take them for soldiers—at hazard—the ferocious and combative spirit of the bull-dog, and the docility of the spaniel, are not found united in the same individual.

The second class of drinkers are the drunkards from misfortune :—

“The drunkard by necessity was never meant by nature to be dissipated. He is perhaps a person of amiable dispositions, whom misfortune has overtaken, and who, instead of bearing up manfully against it, endeavours to drown his sorrows in liquor. It is an excess of sensibility, a partial mental weakness, an absolute misery of the heart, which drives him on. Drunkenness, with him, is a consequence of misfortune; it is a solitary dissipation preying upon him in silence. Such a man frequently dies broken-hearted, even before his excesses have had time to destroy him by their own unassisted agency.”

The third, and most numerous class, are the drunkards from example and habit :—

“Some become drunkards from excess of indulgence in youth. There are parents who have a common custom of treating their children to wine, punch, and other intoxicating liquors. This, in reality, is regularly bringing them up in an apprenticeship to drunkenness. Others are taught the vice by frequenting drinking clubs and masonic lodges. These are the genuine academies of tippling. Two-thirds of the drunkards we meet with, have been there initiated in that love of intemperance and boisterous irregularity which distinguish their future lives. Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards, and, in truth, most of them are so, more or less, especially if they have naturally much jovialty or warmth of temperament. A fine voice to such men is a fatal accomplishment.”

The lower classes are said to be peculiarly addicted to liquor. The truth is that intoxication is, or has been, the cheapest and readiest gratification, always within their reach. Until within these few years there was hardly an instance in which a Bolton or Macclesfield weaver could read; and many thousands—the number is fortunately decreasing every day—are in that situation at present. Such a man had not, like the artisan of London, half-a-dozen different cheap spectacles, or theatres, to entertain himself at, after his work was over; and the public-house was his

only place of refuge. The mere adoption of any course which enables the lower orders to divert themselves, within doors, in some other way than by drinking—the enabling them to read (no matter to what purpose, or on what subjects) will every day tend more and more to wean them from the habit of intoxication.

“Ebriety prevails to an alarming degree among the lower orders of society. It exists more in towns than in the country, and more among mechanics than husbandmen. Most of the misery to be observed among the working classes springs from this source. No persons are more addicted to the habit, and all its attendant vices, than the pampered servants of the great. Innkeepers, musicians, actors, and men who lead a rambling and eccentric life, are exposed to a similar hazard. Husbands sometimes teach their wives to be drunkards by indulging them in toddy, and such fluids, every time they themselves sit down to their libations.”

All people who congregate much, and who travel much, are drinkers. A man who lives at houses of public entertainment *must* call for—and *pay* for—liquor. With such, its consumption can hardly be esteemed a matter of choice.

“Women frequently acquire the vice by drinking porter and ale while nursing. These stimulants are usually recommended to them, from well meant but mistaken motives, by their female attendants. Many fine young women are ruined by this detestable practice. Their persons become gross, their milk unhealthy, and a foundation is too often laid for future indulgence in liquor.

“The frequent use of cordials, such as *noyau*, *shrub*, *kirsch-waser*, *curaçoa*, and *anissette*, sometimes leads to the practice. The active principle of these liqueurs is neither more nor less than ardent spirits.”

This observation, though unsavoury in its character, is not the less deserving attention. The cases to which it applies are little heard of, because there is an interest, where they occur, in their concealment; but they cannot be too cautiously guarded against; for the ruin which attends them, where they do arise, is overwhelming.

Upon the question that “men of genius are often unfortunately addicted to drunkenness,” we should be induced rather to differ from our author, and to substitute the charge that they *were* so. The men whom we know as men of high talent in the present day are almost invariably sober men. The fact is, fashion alone has an immense power in a matter of this kind. Thirty years ago, a man could hardly go much into what is called “good company,” without drinking hard. Ill habits were acquired in early life, and especially at College, from the same cause. While such men as Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and a still greater personage—whom it would be irreverent now to remind of youthful follies—were understood to make it rather a point of emulation which should swallow the greatest quantity of liquor, and indulge in the strongest potations—to be a fine gentleman was to drink—a slight mis-statement of the circumstances made lads read—not that “to be a fine gentleman was to drink”—but that “to drink was to be a fine gentleman;” and the habit of drinking became one which every young man of rank, at his setting out in life, felt it his duty to acquire. The case is otherwise now.

The author, however, fairly says, in concluding this part of his subject—

“We need not endeavour to trace farther the remote causes of drunkenness. A drunkard is rarely able to recall the particular circumstances which made him so. The vice creeps upon him insensibly, and he is involved in its fetters before he is aware. It is enough that we know the proximate cause, and also the certain con-



sequences. One thing is certain, that a man who addicts himself to intemperance can never be said to be sound in mind or body. The former is in a state of partial insanity, while the effects of the liquor remain; and the latter is always more or less diseased in its actions."

The following description of the process of getting drunk is written with great truth and spirit:—

"The consequences of drunkenness are dreadful, but the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly ecstatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind, and Elysium, with all its glories, descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker.

"What are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with a placid satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems, to himself, to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the finest mist, passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance, and appear double. A gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded, and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born, as it were, within him.

"Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world. He thinks no more of misery: it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This is the acme of the fit—the ecstasy is now perfect. As yet the sensorium is in tolerable order: it is only shaken, but the capability of thinking with accuracy still remains. About this time, the drunkard pours out all the secrets of his soul. His qualities, good or bad, come forth without reserve; and now, if at any time, the human heart may be seen into. In a short period, he is seized with a most inordinate propensity to talk nonsense, though he is perfectly conscious of doing so. He also commits many foolish things, knowing them to be foolish. The power of volition, that faculty which keeps the will subordinate to the judgment, seems totally weakened. The most delightful time seems to be that immediately before becoming very talkative. When this takes place, a man turns ridiculous, and his mirth, though more boisterous, is not so exquisite. At first, the intoxication partakes of sentiment, but, latterly, it becomes merely animal.

"After this the scene thickens. The drunkard's imagination gets disordered with the most grotesque conceptions. Instead of moderating his drink, he pours it down more rapidly than ever: glass follows glass with reckless energy. His head becomes perfectly giddy. The candles burn blue, or green, or yellow; and where there are perhaps only three on the table, he sees a dozen. According to his temperament, he is amorous, or musical, or quarrelsome. Many possess a most extraordinary wit; and a great flow of spirits is a general attendant. In the latter stages, the speech is thick, and the use of the tongue in a great measure lost. His mouth is half open, and idiotic in the expression; while his eyes are glazed, wavering, and watery. He is apt to fancy that he has often offended some one of the company, and is ridiculously profuse with his apologies. Frequently he mistakes one person for another, and imagines that some of those before him are individuals who are, in reality, absent or even dead. The muscular powers are, all along, much affected: this, indeed, happens before any great change takes place in the mind, and goes on progressively increasing. He can no longer walk with steadiness, but totters from side to side. The limbs become powerless, and inadequate to sustain his weight. He is, however, not always sensible of any deficiency in this respect: and, while exciting mirth by his eccentric motions, imagines that he walks with the most perfect steadiness. In attempting to run, he conceives that he passes over the ground with astonishing rapidity. The last stage of drunkenness is total insensibility. The man tumbles perhaps beneath the table, and is carried away in a state of stupor to his couch. In this condition he is said to be *dead drunk*."

The above is the entertainment;—now comes the reckoning:

"When the drunkard is put to bed, let us suppose that his faculties are not totally absorbed in apoplectic stupor; let us suppose that he still possesses consciousness and feeling, though these are both disordered; then begins "the tug of war;" then comes the misery which is doomed to succeed his previous raptures. No sooner is his head laid upon the pillow than it is seized with the strangest throbbing. His heart beats quick and hard against the ribs. A noise like the distant fall of a cascade, or rushing of a river, is heard in his ears. Sough—sough—sough, goes the sound. His senses now become more drowned and stupified. A dim recollection of his carousals, like a shadowy and indistinct dream, passes before the mind. He still hears, as in echo, the cries and laughter of his companions. Wild fantastic fancies accumulate thickly around the brain. His giddiness is greater than ever; and he feels as if in a ship tossed upon a heaving sea. At last he drops insensibly into a profound slumber."

Mr. Macnish notices the fact that the giddiness of intoxication is always greater in darkness than in the light, but professes himself unable to declare the reason. We take it that, in general, the mind is less steady in its bearings, and less firm, in darkness than in the light.

"In the morning he awakes in a high fever. The whole body is parched; the palms of the hands, in particular, are like leather. His head is often violently painful. He feels excessive thirst; while his tongue is white, dry, and stiff. The whole inside of the mouth is likewise hot and constricted, and the throat often sore. Then look at his eyes—how sickly, dull, and languid. The fire, which first lighted them up the evening before, is all gone. A stupor, like that of the last stage of drunkenness, still clings about them, and they are affected by the light. The complexion sustains as great a change: it is no longer flushed with gaiety and excitation, but pale and wayworn, indicating a profound mental and bodily exhaustion. There is probably sickness, and the appetite is totally gone. Even yet the delirium of intoxication has not left him, for his head still rings, his heart still throbs violently; and if he attempt getting up, he stumbles with giddiness. The mind also is sadly depressed, and the proceedings of the previous night are painfully remembered. He is sorry for his conduct, promises solemnly never again so to commit himself, and calls impatiently for something to quench his thirst. Such are the usual phenomena of a fit of drunkenness."

The varieties of temper and conduct of drunkards are curiously pointed out:—

"Some drunkards retain their senses after the physical powers are quite exhausted. Others, even when the mind is wrought to a pitch leading to the most absurd actions, preserve a degree of cunning and observation which enables them to elude the tricks which their companions are preparing to play upon them. In such cases they display great address, and take the first opportunity of retaliating; or, if such does not occur, of slipping out of the room unobserved and getting away. Some, while the whole mind seems locked up in the stupor of forgetfulness, hear all that is going on. No one should ever presume on the intoxicated state of another to talk of him detractingly in his presence. While apparently deprived of all sensation, he may be an attentive listener; and whatever is said, though unheeded at the moment, is not forgotten afterwards, but treasured carefully up in the memory. Much discord and ill-will frequently arise from such imprudence.

"The generality of people are apt to talk of their private affairs when intoxicated. They then reveal the most deeply hidden secrets to their companions. Others have their minds so happily constituted that nothing escapes them. They are, even in their most unguarded moments, secret and close as the grave.

"The natural disposition may be better discovered in drunkenness than at any other time. In modern society, life is all a disguise. Every man walks in masquerade, and his most intimate friend very often does not know his real character. Many wear smiles constantly upon their cheeks whose hearts are unprincipled and treacherous. Many with violent tempers have all the external calm and softness of charity itself. Some speak always with sympathy, who, at soul, are full of gall and bitterness. Intoxication tears off the veil, and sets each in its true light,

whatever that may be. The combative man will quarrel, the sensualist will love, the detractor will abuse his neighbour. I have known exceptions, but they are few in number. At one time they seemed more numerous, but closer observation convinced me that most of those whom I thought drunkenness had labelled, inherited, at bottom, the genuine dispositions which it brought forth."

We do not entirely agree with Mr. Macnish upon this point. His principle that "in wine there is truth," has age to entitle it to respect; but we cannot admit that a man's "natural disposition" discovers itself in drunkenness; because, modified as our habits are in civilized society, by restraint and education, it becomes difficult to say often what *is* a man's natural, or what is his acquired, disposition; and, perhaps, the distinction is unimportant. As far as we can judge, we should say, that—naturally—there will not be a great deal of variety in the characters of men: they are savages, and have all, pretty nearly in the same degree, the passions and the vices of savages. "Naturally," we take it, man seldom sees more than one object of good—the immediate gratification of his desire; and this object circumstances may lead two different men to pursue in different ways; but, still, they do pursue it.

The first great lesson which education teaches a man—and the fact of which he has little idea in his natural state—is, that his present desire may be foregone for his future advantage. This is perhaps the grand lesson to which all civilization tends, and the inculcation of which it is sufficiently difficult to accomplish. Naturally, we apprehend there can be little doubt that every man has an inclination to possess himself of the house, the wife, the pocket-handkerchief of his neighbour. Small children, left in groupes together, instinctively take the sugar-plums, toys, &c., which are the property of each other. Man—naturally—is, under all circumstances (those occasional exceptions from which no principle is free, of course, admitted) tyrannous and cruel. The individual who finds his bodily strength superior to that of those about him will indulge his bad passions openly, and by quarrel and combat. He who feels that, in this sort of contest, he shall be worsted, changes his mode of warfare, and will have recourse to fraud. But each still pursues the same object, and by means equally—in the view of civilized society—objectionable or unworthy.

In fact, we may go farther than this. Man's wants apart, it cannot be doubted that there is about him, naturally, an appetite for cruelty and insult. An infant *strikes* as instinctively as it swallows. Observe a flock of sheep, driven through the streets of town: not a boy approaches but will go out of his way to hunt and maltreat them. A horse fallen and dying; an Italian child selling images, or shewing a marmot; any object which may be attacked, and put to pain with impunity, is sure to be seen surrounded with tormentors. This is not at all confined to the merely vulgar and uneducated: all *lads* are disposed to ferocity; and the urchins of Westminster or Eton require as severe a control—or perhaps more severe—than the boys of a lower degree, to restrain their temper; because they have a touch of the pride and insolence which arises out of the observance paid to their superior rank, without as yet any sense of that deference to public opinion, which forms some restraint upon their uncles or fathers.

Therefore, although, in society, "life," as Mr. Macnish says, may be "all a disguise," yet, the disguise, being universal—and worn from first to last—seems, in fact, to us to become (as far as we have practically any thing to do with the matter) the *reality*. We doubt very much whether it be a fair



inference to believe that a man, who is quarrelsome when he is drunk, is therefore what we should call "a quarrelsome man."

In another place, Mr. Macnish himself observes, that intoxication frequently produces all the effects of "temporary insanity;" and to this opinion—*i. e.* that it rather distorts the operations of the mind, than merely liberates them from the check of policy or judgment—we should be rather disposed to accede. Many men are always very religiously disposed when they are drunk (and at that time only); but it would be too much to infer that these persons had "naturally" any peculiar disposition to piety. For the comfort of those who may lapse into misdeeds when they are intoxicated, we repeat our opinion, that, supposing them then to exhibit their "natural" dispositions, we take natural disposition to be a matter of but little consequence. If a man's ordinary life be unexceptionable—whether that advantage arises from his restraining his temper, or otherwise, matters little. The fault that he commits, is not (in our view) the *having* bad dispositions, but the *exhibiting* them, and suffering them to offend his fellows: the fault is that *he is drunk*. Ten thousand soldiers, after carrying a town by assault, rob, burn, and massacre without mercy. There is no peculiarity in the dispositions ("naturally") of all these men; but the restraints—legal and moral—which have commonly operated upon them, for the time, are held to be removed. Some few there are who are distinguished, in these emergencies, by humanity and forbearance: these are those probably upon whom religious feeling and education has made such an impression as to correct savage and natural propensity more fully than in the rest. Some others, on the other hand, inured for a time to such habits of licence, cannot be restrained by fear, or a sense of fitness, from pursuing them where they cease to be permitted. But the examples, both ways, are few: the great mass are plunderers and man-killers where they are permitted to be so, and they return reasonably well to their ordinary habits and civil duties, when that permission ceases.

Experience, too, we should say, constantly shews us that men—as far as their natural dispositions can possibly be judged of—are thrown out of those dispositions when they are in a state of ebriety. Mr. Macnish says—

"There are persons who are exceedingly profuse, and fond of giving away their money, watches, rings, &c. to the company. This peculiarity will never, I believe, be found in a miser: avarice is a passion strong under every circumstance. Drinking does not loosen the grasp of the covetous man, or open his heart. He is for ever the same."

We disagree with Mr. Macnish as to this fact. Almost every man will have seen instances of persons—the most niggardly in their habits, and even sordidly unjust in their dealings—who make bargains with great liberality, or lend their money freely when they are drunk. Who shall determine what is the "natural" disposition of a man like this? whether his sudden and evanescent generosity be a temporary madness, or his avarice a passion acquired?

And again, upon the "natural disposition to drink," ascribed by Mr. Macnish to a certain class of persons in his opening—and repeated in several parts of his book—as in the case of the

"*Sanguineous Drunkard*.—The sanguine temperament seems to feel most intensely the excitement of the bottle. Persons of this stamp have usually a ruddy complexion, thick neck, small head, and strong muscular fibre. Their intellect is in general *mediocre*, for great bodily strength and corresponding mental powers

are rarely united together. In such people, the animal propensities prevail over the moral and intellectual ones. They are prone to combativeness and sensuality; are either very good-natured or extremely quarrelsome. All their passions are keen: they will fight for their friends, or with them, as occasion requires. They are talkative from the beginning, and, during confirmed intoxication, perfectly obstreperous. It is men of this class who are the heroes of all drunken companies, the patrons of masonic lodges, the presidents and getters-up of jovial meetings. With them, eating and drinking are the grand ends of human life. Look at their eyes, how they sparkle at the sight of wine, and how their lips smack and their teeth water in the neighbourhood of a good dinner: they would scent out a banquet in Siberia. When intoxicated, their passions are highly excited: the energies of a hundred minds then seem concentrated into one focus. Their mirth, their anger, their love, their folly, are all equally intense and unquenchable. Such men cannot conceal their feelings. In drunkenness, the veil is removed from them, and their characters stand revealed, as in a glass, to the eye of the beholder. The Roderic Random of Smollett had much of this temperament, blended, however, with more intellect than usually belongs to it."

We doubt here again the "natural" disposition to drink—which, we should say—as far as nature went—men in the same societies, and in the same climates, would have, pretty nearly all in the same degree—excepting those few who, from constitution, had their *stomachs* constantly affected by the liquor. Almost all savages are great drunkards, where they have the means; and the Turks, who are forbidden to use wine, have found out an indemnity in tobacco and opium. The difference between those persons who drink *habitually*, and those who *do not* drink, in a civilized community, seems to us to depend not much upon any *constitutional* disposition or indisposition for liquor—but rather in the inducements which the party in question may have to indulge, or forbear the practice. Thus, among the drunkards of habit, great numbers of persons drink inveterately; because a habit which, originally, did not prejudice them—take the case of soldiers—has grown into a habit too strong to be resisted. But, still, drinking as they do, to their own ruin, such persons will be found, in general, as it seems to us, to labour rather under a *general* inability to govern their natural passions, collectively, than under any peculiar constitutional love of liquor. Thus, in the case of women who drink—to which the author afterwards alludes—the women who here abandon themselves to a custom which society detests, will, in general, be found to be those who have held the strict rules of etiquette and decorum something at nought. A woman whose general habits have been those of reserve and guardedness, of industry and cleanliness—and such generally as are dictated by a desire to acquire or maintain high reputation in society—will seldom be found lapsing into the habit of drinking. This fault is seldom the first, and still less frequently comes alone.

The sketches of the melancholy, phlegmatic, and nervous drunkard are all good; but we have only room for one picture: it shall be that of the

"*Surly Drunkard*.—Some men are not excited to mirth by intoxication. On the contrary, it renders them gloomy and discontented. Even those who in the sober state are sufficiently gay, become occasionally thus altered. A great propensity to take offence is a characteristic among persons of this temperament. They are suspicious, and very often mischievous. If at some former period they have had a difference with any of the company, they are sure to revive it, although, probably, it has been long ago cemented on both sides, and even forgotten by the other party. People of this description are very unpleasant companions. They are in general so foul-tongued, quarrelsome, and indecent in conversation, that established clubs of drinkers have made it a practice to exclude them from their society."

The modifications of intoxication, with reference to the peculiar liquor or inebriating agent, are next considered :—

“Intoxication is not only influenced by temperament, but by the nature of the agent which produces it. Thus, ebriety from ardent spirits differs in some particulars from that brought on by opium or malt liquors, such as porter and ale.

“The principal varieties of spirits are rum, brandy, whisky, and gin. It is needless to enter into any detail of the history of these fluids. Brandy kills soonest : it takes most rapidly to the head, and tinges the face to a crimson or livid hue. Rum is probably the next in point of fatality ; and, after that, gin and whisky. The superior diuretic qualities of the two latter, and the less luscious sources from which they are procured, may possibly account for these differences.”

The fact of the peculiar unwholesomeness of brandy is one which has not been generally known. Gin, however,—which Mr. Macnish holds among the least dangerous agents,—is esteemed, by some medical writers, to be highly pernicious, from its tendency to produce dropsy.

Drunkenness from wine is said closely to resemble that from ardent spirits :—

“It is equally airy and volatile, more especially if the light wines, such as champaign, claret, chambertin, or volnay, be drunk. On the former, a person may get tipsy several times of a night. The fixed air evolved from it produces a feeling analogous to ebriety, independent of the spirit it contains. Port, sherry, and madeira are heavier wines, and have a stronger tendency to excite head-ache and fever.”

Malt drinks, however, in the author’s opinion, produce that species of drunkenness which is most speedily fatal :—

“Malt liquors, under which title we include all kinds of porter and ales, produce the worst species of drunkenness ; as, in addition to the intoxicating principle, some noxious ingredients are usually added, for the purpose of preserving them and giving them their bitter. The hop of these fluids is highly narcotic, and brewers often add other substances, to heighten its effect, such as opium, coculus indicus, &c. Malt liquors, therefore, act in two ways upon the body, partly by the alcohol they contain, and partly by the narcotic principle. In addition to this, the fermentation which they undergo is much less perfect than that of spirits or wine. After being swallowed, this process is carried on in the stomach, by which fixed air is copiously liberated, and the digestion of delicate stomachs materially impaired. Cider, spruce, ginger, and table beers, though purposely impregnated with this air for the sake of briskness, produce the same bad effect, even when their briskness has vanished. The cause of all this is the want of due fermentation.

“Persons addicted to malt liquors increase enormously in bulk. They become loaded with fat : their chin gets double or triple, the eye prominent, and the whole face bloated and stupid. Their circulation is clogged, while the pulse feels like a cord, and is full and labouring, but not quick. During sleep the breathing is stertorous. Every thing indicates an excess of blood ; and when a pound or two is taken away, immense relief is obtained. The blood in such cases is more dark and sizzly than in the others. In seven cases out of ten, malt liquor drunkards die of apoplexy or palsy. If they escape this hazard, swelled liver or dropsy carries them off. The abdomen seldom loses its prominency, but the lower extremities get ultimately emaciated. Profuse bleedings frequently ensue from the nose, and save life, by emptying the blood-vessels of the brain.

“The drunkenness in question is peculiarly of British growth. The most noted examples of it are to be found in innkeepers and their wives, recruiting serjeants, guards of stage-coaches, &c.

“The effects of malt liquors on the body, if not so immediately rapid as those of ardent spirits, are more stupifying, more lasting, and less easily removed. The last are particularly prone to produce levity and mirth, but the first have a stunning influence upon the brain, and, in a short time, render dull and sluggish the gayest



disposition. They also produce sickness and vomiting more readily than either spirits or wine."

The various inebriating agents unconnected with alcohol are alluded to, and their effects described. The first is opium:—

"Opium acts differently on different constitutions. While it disposes some to calm, it arouses others to fury. Whatever passion predominates at the time, it increases; whether it be love, or hatred, or revenge, or benevolence. Lord Kames, in his *Sketches of Man*, speaks of the fanatical Faquirs who, when excited by this drug, have been known, with poisoned daggers, to assail and butcher every European whom they could overcome. In the century before last, one of this nation attacked a body of Dutch sailors, and murdered seventeen of them in one minute.

"Some minds are rendered melancholy by opium. Its usual effect, however, is to give rise to lively and happy sensations. The late Duchess of Gordon is said to have used it freely, previous to appearing in great parties, where she wished to shine by the gaiety of her conversation and brilliancy of her wit. A celebrated pleader at the Scotch bar is reported to do the same thing, and always with a happy effect.

"In this country opium is much used, but seldom with the view of producing intoxication. Some, indeed, deny that it can do so, strictly speaking. If by intoxication is meant a state precisely similar to that from over-indulgence in vinous or spirituous liquors, they are undoubtedly right; but drunkenness merits a wider latitude of signification. The ecstasies of opium are much more entrancing than those of wine. There is more poetry in its visions, more mental aggrandisement, more range of imagination. Wine invigorates the animal powers and propensities chiefly, but opium strengthens those peculiar to man, and gives for a period, amounting to hours, a higher tone to the thinking faculties. Then the dreams of the opium-eater—they are the creations of a highly-excited fancy, rich and unspeakably delightful. But when the medicine has been continued too long, or operates on a diseased constitution, these feelings wear away. The sleep is no longer cheered with its former visions of happiness. Frightful dreams usurp their place, and the person becomes the victim of an almost perpetual misery."

The operation of tobacco is extremely different:—

"Tobacco, when used to excess, may produce a species of intoxication. It does not give rise to pleasurable ideas. Its effect is principally upon the body, and differs widely from that of any other inebriating agent. Instead of quickening, it lowers the pulse, and produces a general languor and depression of the whole system. Persons often reel and become giddy, as in liquor, from smoking and chewing, and even from snuffing to excess. Excessive sickness and vomiting are consequences of an over-indulgence in tobacco."

The oil of tobacco, which is used by some dentists to check that horrible pain, the tooth-ache, produces all these sensations in the most violent degree.

The gas called nitrous oxide is also mentioned by Mr. Macnish, but with some caution as to the "theatrical attitudes," "stampings on the ground," and immoderate laughter, in which it causes those who inhale it to indulge. Mr. Macnish seems to think its reported effects, "in many cases, have been brought about by the influence of imagination." We go beyond Mr. Macnish: as far as our own experience has extended, we take the "possession" to be in nine cases out of ten, pure humbug. In the madness of the *loups-garoux*—where persons imagined themselves to be wolves, and were violent and troublesome, accordingly, to their neighbours—we recollect an old French author records, that, after every other course of remedy had failed, the vigorous application of a *broomstick* never failed to restore the afflicted party immediately. We say nothing: but—"a

word to the wise!" If any reader of our's ever should be any where, where a gentleman is laughing himself to death from nitrous oxide, he may recollect this fact.

The *modus operandi* of opium upon the body is different from that of alcohol. The first acts principally by absorption—the latter, principally upon the nerves:—

"Alcohol taken in quantity produces instant stupefaction. It is no sooner swallowed than the person drops down insensible. Here is no time for absorption; the whole energies of the spirit are exerted against the nervous system. The same rapid privation of power never occurs after swallowing opium. There is always an interval, and generally one of some extent, between the swallowing and the stupor which succeeds. Another proof that opium acts in this manner is the circumstance of its being much more speedily fatal than the other, when injected into the blood-vessels. Three or four grains in solution, forced into the carotid artery of a dog, will kill him in a few minutes. Alcohol, used in the same manner, would not bring on death for several hours.

"In addition, it may be stated that a species of drunkenness is produced by inhaling the gas of intoxicating liquors. Those employed in bottling spirits from the cask, feel it frequently with great severity. This proves that there is a close sympathy between the nerves of the nose and lungs, and those of the stomach. From all these circumstances it is pretty evident that intoxication from spirits is produced more by the action of the fluid upon the nerves of the latter organ, than by absorption; an additional proof of which is afforded in the fact, that vomiting does not cure drunkenness, even when had recourse to at an early period; its only effect is to prevent it from getting worse."

Vomiting, however, under all circumstances, is esteemed beneficial after a violent debauch:—

"Generally speaking, there is no remedy for drunkenness equal to vomiting. The sooner the stomach is emptied of its contents the better, and this may, in most cases, be accomplished by drinking freely of tepid water, and tickling the fauces. After this is done, the person should, if his stomach will bear it, swallow some aperient, then go to bed and sleep off his intoxication. Cold applications to the head are likewise useful. In all cases, the head ought to be well elevated, and the neckcloth removed, that there may be no impediment to the circulation. Where there is a total insensibility, where the pulse is slow and full, the pupils dilated, the face flushed, and the breathing stertorous, it becomes a question whether bleeding might be useful. Darwin and Trotter speak discouragingly of the practice. As a general rule I think it is bad: many persons who would have recovered, if left to themselves, have lost their lives by being prematurely bled. In all cases it should be done cautiously, and not for a considerable time. Vomiting and other means should invariably be first had recourse to, and if they fail, and nature is unable of her own power to overcome the stupor, venesection may be tried. In this respect, liquors differ from opium, the insensibility from which is benefited by bleeding.

"There is one variety of drunkenness in which both bleeding and cold are inadmissible. This is when a person is struck down, as it were, by drinking suddenly a great quantity of ardent spirits. Here he is overcome by an instantaneous stupor. His countenance is ghastly and pale, his pulse feeble, and his body cold. While these symptoms continue there is no remedy but vomiting. When, however, they wear off, and are succeeded, as they usually are, by flushing, heat, and general excitement, the case is changed, and must be treated as any other where such symptoms exist.

"There is nothing which has so strong a tendency to dispel the effects of a debauch as hard exercise, especially if the air be cold. Aperients and diaphoretics are also extremely useful for the same purpose."

Where too large a quantity of opium has been swallowed, the course recommended is vomiting, bleeding, and the arousing the party, by every possible means, from sinking into stupor; with—*after* the opium is dis-

charged from the stomach—the free use of vegetable acids; such as lemon, tartaric acid, or common vinegar.

The extent of the extracts which we have already given compels us to pass over the “consequences of drunkenness;” which are described, however, very forcibly by Mr. Macnish, in a distinct chapter—the fifth, we believe—of the pamphlet.

The liver, the stomach, the eyes, the general health of the system, and, almost as commonly, the brain, become affected by this horrible practice.

Liquors (says the writer) have, from the earliest ages, been known to affect the liver:—

“Man is not the only animal so affected. Swine which are fed on the refuse of breweries, have their livers enlarged in the same manner. Their other viscera become also indurated, and their flesh so tough, that, unless killed early, they are unfit to be eaten. Some fowl dealers in London are said to mix gin with the food of the birds, by which means they are fattened and their liver swelled to a great size. The French manage to enlarge this organ in geese, by piercing it shortly after the creatures are fledged.

“Like the liver, the stomach is more subject to chronic than acute inflammation. It is evident that here the indurated state of this viscus can only proceed from a long continued slow action going on within its substance. The disease is extremely insidious, frequently proceeding great lengths before it is discovered. The organ is often thickened to half an inch, or even an inch; and its different tunics so matted together that they cannot be separated. The pyloric orifice becomes, in many cases, contracted. The cardiac may suffer the same disorganization, and so may the œsophagus; but these are less common, and, it must be admitted, more rapidly fatal. When the stomach is much thickened, it may sometimes be felt like a hard ball below the left ribs. At this point there is also a dull uneasy pain, which is augmented upon pressure.”

The affection of the eyes may be either acute or chronic:—

“Almost all drunkards have the latter more or less. Their eyes are red and watery, and the expression of these organs is so peculiar, that the cause can never be mistaken. The eye, and a certain want of firmness about the lips, which are loose, gross, and sensual, betray at once the toper. Drunkenness impairs vision. The delicacy of the retina is probably affected; and it is evident that, from a long continued inflammation, the tunica adnata, which covers the cornea, must lose its original clearness and transparency.

“Most drunkards have a constant tenderness and redness of the nostrils. This, I conceive, arises from the state of the stomach and œsophagus. The same membrane which lines them is prolonged upwards to the nose and mouth, and carries thus far its irritability.”

Again:

“Emaciation is peculiarly characteristic of the spirit-drinker. He wears away, before his time, into the “lean and slippered pantaloons” spoken of by Shakspeare in his “Stages of Human Life.” All drunkards, however, if they live long enough, become emaciated. The eyes get hollow, the cheeks fall in, and wrinkles soon furrow the countenance with the marks of age. The fat is absorbed from every part, and the rounded plumpness which formerly characterized the body, soon wears away. The whole frame gets lank and debilitated. There is a want of due warmth, and the hand is usually covered with a chill clammy perspiration.

“Malt liquor and wine drinkers are, for the most part, corpulent, a circumstance which rarely attends the spirit-drinker, unless he be at the same time a *bon vivant*. In drunkards, the first parts which become emaciated are the lower extremities: they fall away even when the rest of the body is full. This is a bad sign, and a sure proof that the stamina of the constitution are gone.”

Women who drink are constantly subject to hysteric affections:—



"Female drunkards are very subject to hysterical affections. There is a delicacy of fibre in women, and a susceptibility of mind, which make them feel more acutely than the other sex all external influences. Hence their whole system is often violently affected with hysterics and other varieties of nervous weakness. These affections are not always traced to their true cause, which is often neither more nor less than dram-drinking. When a woman's nose becomes crimsoned at the point, her eyes somewhat red, and more watery than before, and her lips fuller, and less firm and intellectual in their expression, we may suspect that something wrong is going on.

"There is nothing more characteristic of a tippler than an indifference to tea, and beverages of a like nature. When a woman exhibits this quality, we may reasonably suspect her of indulging in liquor. If drunkards partake of tea, they usually saturate it largely with ardent spirits. The unadulterated fluid is too weak a stimulus for their unnatural appetites."

Moreover—

"Drunkenness, according to the reports of Bethlehem Hospital, and other similar institutions for the insane, is one of the most common causes of lunacy; and there are few but must have witnessed the wreck of the most powerful minds by this destructive habit."

The methods of curing the habit of drunkenness, which occupy the last chapter in the author's book, and perhaps the most interesting of his subject, we seriously recommend to perusal; but our limits (which we have already strained to the utmost) compel us to pass them over very briefly. The great question in the writer's mind appears to be—should the habit be dropped by degrees, or at once? On this point, Dr. Trotter, in his excellent Essay on Drunkenness, is a favourer of the latter course: he thinks that the habit is a bad one, and the sooner and more completely we get rid of it, the better;—liquors should be given up *instantly*. Mr. Macnish, with much apparent reason, inclines rather to a contrary opinion; and thinks, with Darwin and Spurzheim, that even an unwholesome habit cannot be hastily abandoned, after it has once been confirmed, without danger. Much, as to this point, however, Mr. Macnish would admit, must depend upon circumstances; such as the age and constitution of the patient. Where absolute disease acquired has to be considered, there some slow process, we shall agree, may be necessary; but where there exists the mere habit of excessive drinking to combat—that is to say, where no inconvenience beyond the absence of an accustomed stimulus has to be cured—in all such cases, we should decidedly say, with Dr. Trotter—the thing must be done at once, or not at all.

The mere habit of drinking—where the party, in his sober moments, can see its utter ruinousness—amounts to a species of insanity. It is the strength of the will—not in any moment of passion, but constantly and habitually upon a given subject—defying the power of the understanding. The habit of falsehood, which some individuals are known to have, to a degree of folly and miscalculation;—another morbid disposition—the appetite for theft where there exist none of the ordinary provocatives to such crime;—both these are conditions of the mental system bordering upon insanity. It must be one effort that cures them for ever; they cannot be left off, or abstained from, by degrees. We agree that "the sudden deprivation of the accustomed stimulus," where the habit of intoxication has been inveterate, "may produce dangerous exhaustion." But we doubt the propriety of giving liquor again "in moderate quantities:" we should say, give some *other* stimulus. Give air, exercise, amusement, change of scene, where these can be procured. Where they cannot, give opium—

hemlock—what drug you will; but bar your patient from *the flavour of liquor*. Let him have no hopes—no cravings—for the arrival of the hour at which the “remedy” is to be administered.

The final point treated in Mr. Macnish's book displays his desire—and, in a medical man, it is a fair and a wise one—to provide for all emergencies. He gives the following directions to those who will not be cured of drunkenness, how they may indulge their propensity with the least mischief to themselves:—

“If a man is resolved to continue a drunkard, it may here be proper, though somewhat out of place, to mention in what manner he can do so with least risk to himself. One of the principal rules to be observed, not only by him, but by habitually sober people, is never to take any inebriating liquid, especially spirits, upon an empty stomach. There is no habit more common or more destructive than this: it not only intoxicates readier than when food has been previously taken, but it has a much greater tendency to impair the functions of the digestive organs. In addition, drunkards should shun raw spirits, which more rapidly bring on disease of the stomach, than the same quantity used in a diluted state. The best form in which these fluids can be employed is, I believe, cold punch. This, when well made, is always weak; and the acid with which it is impregnated, has not only a bracing effect upon the stomach, but operates as a diuretic—thereby counteracting in a considerable degree the activity of the spirit itself. The next best form is that of grog; and warm toddy the third. The last, to be good, must be stronger than the two others; and the hot water with which it is made, increases the naturally stimulating qualities of the active ingredient.

“The malt liquor drunkard, unless his taste be irrevocably fixed to the contrary, should, as a general rule, prefer porter to ale—at least to that variety denominated strong ale. Herb ale and purl are pernicious; but the lighter varieties, such as table-beer and home-brewed, when used in moderation, are not only harmless, but occasionally even useful.

“As to the wine-bibber, no directions can be given. The varieties of wine are so numerous, that any correct estimate of their respective powers is impossible; nor, though it were practicable, would it be proper within our narrow limits. It may, however, be laid down as a maxim, that the wines which are most diuretic, and excite least head-ache and fever, are the safest for the constitution.

“Warm and cold bathing will occasionally be useful, according to circumstances. Bitters are not to be recommended, especially if employed under the medium of spirits. Where there is much debility, chalybeates will prove serviceable. A visit to places where there are mineral springs is of use, not only from the waters, but from the agreeable society to be met with at such quarters. The great art in breaking the habit consists in managing the drunkard with kindness and address. This management must of course be modified by the events which present themselves, and which will vary in different cases.”

—With which last extract we must take our leave of the author; assuring him, that we have been much pleased and interested with his pamphlet;—and our readers, that they will derive from its perusal no inconsiderable portion of amusement, as well as of instruction.

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## ON THE PERSONNEL, MATÉRIEL, AND SCIENCE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

At this moment of the extraordinary depression of our country, we apprehend there are few subjects of greater moment than the condition of the navy of the state. On it our security depends; and, however our interests may fluctuate, it behoves us at all times to regard our floating batteries. We conceive, now that the command of it devolves on a Prince of the illustrious House of Brunswick, a fresh impulse may be given to the consideration of its affairs—which, indeed, we are disposed to think it requires. In our examination of this subject, we shall consider the number and character of our seamen—the number and qualities of our ships—the scientific information diffused among its members—and the economy with which it is conducted.

1. The *personnel* of our navy, from the native valour of Englishmen, is far superior to all others; and it is only by gross mismanagement that our fleets can fail of success in the day of trial. The stamina of Englishmen, *at present*, is good; and, without inquiring from what it proceeds, we think we may safely assert, that there is no nation of men so capable of defending themselves as the inhabitants of our isles: whether as soldiers or sailors, they possess those qualities of presence of mind and courage, in the day of battle, that render them, when properly conducted, equal to any men and almost any achievement.

The number of seamen allotted by parliament to the navy at present is 21,000, and the number of marine-soldiers 9,000—thus making a total of 30,000 men. The greatest number employed in the last naval wars was 145,000. Thus we perceive that, should a war suddenly burst upon us, as the American war of 1776 did, we should require above 100,000 men, in addition to what we have, to man the navy. About 50,000 of these ought to be good sailors: the others may be supplied by soldiers and landsmen, if they be headed by good officers. Now the question is—how are these men to be obtained? The number required is sufficient to equip 7,575 merchant ships on an average; for we find that the mean number of merchant ships since the peace, by the parliamentary papers, is 25,000 with 165,000 men. Thus, if they are to be taken from the merchant marine, one-third nearly of its fleet must be left without seamen. While speaking of the extent of our mercantile navy, we do not mean to affirm that the ships in the estimate are all sea-going vessels, and the men mariners; because we know that its calculations have been properly objected to, as including river vessels, lighters, and barges, that do not contain seamen:\* but we are willing to take the utmost limit.

Our next consideration is, how are 50,000 seamen, in case of a naval war, to be obtained? Not by impressment, we hope. Arbitrary abduction of men, whether among the blacks or whites—call it slavery or impressment—is a disgrace to human nature. O, England! how long shall this law stain thy name? The conscription of Napoleon, though a tyrannical measure, was not equal to our *British* impressment. But it is not less cruel and barbarous than it is impolitic and unsafe. When we

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\* From the parliamentary paper, each ship has  $6\frac{6}{10}$  men on an average. Now, as the East-Indiamen and other ships contain from forty to one hundred men each, there must necessarily be included in the estimate many small ships, barges, or boats, having only two, three, or four men in them.



examine into the causes of the mutiny in 1797, which had so nearly ended in the loss of one of the finest manned fleets the world ever saw, by its throwing itself into the hands of the enemy, we perceive a striking proof of bad effect of the ill-treatment of brave and high-spirited men. Happily, the government saw the justice of their demands, and ceded to them. The very commencement of the career of a British sailor, under the law of impressment, is quite sufficient to destroy all patriotism; and then, in the numerous cases in which force cannot control, what is to be expected? Numerous have been the philanthropists, in high station, who have advocated the cause of our ill-treated mariners; and, in our opinion, the success of their cause would be as desirable in a political as in a moral point of view. When we beheld British seamen fighting in the American frigates (and most of their best sailors were British), we beheld one of the lamentable effects of impressment and bad usage.

A question, then, arises—If the navy be not filled up by impressment, how are the men to be obtained? We answer, by enlistment, with sufficient inducement and privileges to recompence them for it, in a manner similar to the army. When recruits voluntarily enter the military service, they do not consider themselves enslaved; nor would sailors object to the royal navy, if much of its disgusting treatment were abolished.

While speaking of the treatment of the sailors, we are happy to say that considerable ameliorations have taken place in it since the mutiny. Undoubtedly many things remain to be remedied; but, speaking in contrast with former periods, the progress of the times has had its effect on the navy. The mitigation of its severe and useless discipline is a pleasing subject of reflection. It ought always to be remembered, that discipline is made for the good of the service, and not the service for the haughty domineering of officers—the contrary idea to which, many superiors appear to have strangely imbibed. The *suaviter in modo*, with the *fortiter in re*, is a good maxim on this subject, in opposition to a capricious and arbitrary tyranny. Flagrant cowardice must, for the sake of example, be punished with death; but the whole existence of a man should not be made miserable because foolish men mistake the subject. Nelson and Collingwood were not advocates for unnecessary torture; nor are men, brave in action, generally capable of cruelty.

Of experienced officers in the royal navy, it must be admitted there is no scarcity. At the conclusion of the war in 1814 and 1815, this was properly regarded, by extensive promotions of the midshipmen and lieutenants: the promotions of the former amounted to about 2,000. The list of the navy enrols the names of about 200 admirals, 700 captains, 900 commanders, and 3,900 lieutenants. A great number of rated midshipmen are also on the lists of the Admiralty. Warrant officers, who are the sergeants and corporals of the navy, have also been retained and provided for liberally.

We may safely say that the staff of the navy is excellent, and that, in the event of another war, they will present a most formidable phalanx of leaders. Foreign authors object to the great number of officers that have been promoted in our navy, as being profusively expensive; but we think that their exertions, during the last war, merited great reward; and the pay of naval officers, who are promoted for their services, is not disproportionate. In the cases in which they obtain rank, solely from favour and not from their services, unquestionably such promotions are injurious

to the service. Many of these evils have taken place; but we now expect happy alterations in this respect.

The sudden discharge of the seamen at the conclusion of the war, and then forcibly seizing them again at the commencement of hostilities, with the most brutal violation of justice in both cases, are the prominent evils that require to be remedied; and we are glad to hear that arrangements are spoken of for that purpose.

Commissions in the navy, unlike those in the army, are not to be purchased; nor are advancements in rank conferred in the navy otherwise than by seniority, after the post of captain. If a man attain to the rank of captain, if he live long enough he must be an admiral. Now all this we believe is good to a certain degree; but, perhaps, it may want some alteration. It is very different in foreign nations; but we think our own plan better than theirs, and it ought not to be deviated from without the strictest scrutiny and the best information. Lord Howe's omission of promoting captains to the rank of admiral in their turn, produced much dissatisfaction; and it is very questionable whether it can be done with propriety.

2. The *matériel* of our navy next comes under our notice:—of which we shall first consider the number and size of the ships. By the last parliamentary papers, the navy consists of 113 ships of the line; 252 frigates, including the sixth-rates; and 134 gun-brigs, cutters, dock-yard craft, transports, &c.; making a total of 502. The abstract of the royal navy in 1805, in Derrick's Memoirs of it, p. 223, shews that it then consisted of 175 ships of the line; 246 frigates, including sixth-rates; 528 gun-brigs, cutters, &c.; thus making a total of 949 vessels. We, therefore, perceive that there are at present sixty-two ships of the line fewer than in 1805, an increase in the frigates of six, and a diminution in the gun-brigs, &c. of 394: thus making a total decrease of 440 ships. We are aware that the size of ships has increased since 1805; but, at all events, the difference of sixty-two ships of the line is a serious one.

This decrease of the navy is the more to be regarded, on account of the augmentation of the French and American navies. The last budget of the French minister presents a sum of about eight millions sterling, devoted to the service of the royal navy, for the present year, which is equivalent in its effects to twelve millions in this country: our own navy has not above one-third of this amount dedicated to its support, if we omit the disproportionate appropriations to the half-pay and pension list. The United States have also a navy of rapid growth: their force cannot be estimated at less than thirty ships of the line, of the ordinary force—as their frigates are of equal force to small line-of-battle ships: their two-deckers carry a hundred guns of the largest calibre, and exceed our largest ships in dimensions.

If the reader should wish a more particular account of our navy, we must refer him to foreign authors; for, unaccountably as it may appear, so little are the nautical sciences cultivated in this country, that we have scarcely a respectable work on the British navy. Dupin's "*Force Navale de la Grande Bretagne*" details all the particulars of our navy; but of this we shall speak more at large in our third head.

In 1780 the French nation had 125 sail of the line, of which Charnock gives the names of 105 that were known to be at sea, or otherwise employed in the war. The Spaniards had, at the same time, seventy-five

sail of the line. We, therefore, think that our own navy, at the present time, is too small to secure with permanency our immense colonies, and to continue the chain of communication with our numerous and distant posts: this remark applies with double force when we look at the resources of America. The incompetent fleet of Lord Sandwich, who succeeded Lord Hawke as premier of the Admiralty in 1770, was the cause of the loss of most of our West-India islands, together with the southern states of North America, in 1779. At that time (August 1779) the French and Spaniards rode triumphant in the Channel, and passed Plymouth, although we had 135 ships of the line.\* At present, according to the Admiralty accounts, we have only 113 ships of the line, although we have double the extent of colonies to protect.

Ships are not to be built in a short time: the timber must be procured from abroad,—for our own forests are exhausted; shipwrights are not always to be procured; and naval stores, in general, especially hemp, can only be had, in great quantities, from the powers in the Baltic, which have often been, and may again be inimical to us.

We now proceed to speak of the sailing qualities of our ships of war, which are of the most shameful description. We quote, as proof of this, if proof be needed of what every body knows, a paragraph from Mr. Knowles's work "*On the Dry Rot*," Preface, p. 4: "Until recently" (alluding to the establishment of the School of Naval Architecture in Portsmouth Dock-yard) "the theoretic construction of ships has not been cultivated, or considered in this country a matter of sufficient importance; and to this may be attributed the practice of copying or imitating the lines of those constructed by foreign nations." We have no good ships of our own construction, except in the cases in which we have copied foreign vessels; and, as we have not copied any of a late date of construction, we are still half a century behind the rest of the maritime world. Indeed, our fears are so great with regard to the sailing qualities of our ships, that if a grand conflagration of them all were to take place, we should hasten to enjoy the spectacle, and rejoice to see our antiquated models replaced.

As this subject is of more importance than is generally conceived, we shall enlarge on it. As proof of the excellence of foreign ships, we need only advert to the fact, that all our frigates are copied from foreign models—thirty-five being taken from the *Hébé*, a French frigate; and twenty-three from the *Piedmontaise*, or French President. If we only refer to the following French and Spanish ships, which were the fastest sailers and best sea-boats in the navy, the most sceptical and prejudiced reader will be convinced that something must be done in this department of naval science:—*San Josef*, of 110 guns; *Gibraltar*, of 84 guns; *Canopus*, of 84 guns, from which we are building eight ships; *Donegal*, 80; *Pompée*, 80; *Genoa*, 74; *Rivoli*, 74; *Impétueux*, 74; *Spartiate*, 74; *Implacable*, now *Duguay Trouin*, 74. In the same manner, numerous other ships might be cited to shew the excellence of foreign vessels. In no one instance have the French copied from an English model. Whenever they have captured any of our ships, they have generally broken them up, as their bad sailing, when attached to their own ships, has placed the whole in danger, by the delay which they have caused—which, indeed,

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\* Vide "*Derrick's Memoirs of the British Navy*," p. 161.



has not unfrequently led to the capture of the whole of their rear division.

So superior are foreign ships to our own, that our captains in the navy universally covet them. Thus we find the gallant admiral, now at the head of the Navy Board, as comptroller, Sir Byam Martin, pursuing his active course principally in the *Fisgard*, which was the French frigate *La Résistance*; and in the *Implacable*, 74, mentioned previously. The former was captured in the river *Fisgard*, in Ireland; and the latter by Sir Richard Strachan, in 1805, forming one of Dumanoir's squadron, which had escaped from the battle of Trafalgar. In these ships Sir Byam Martin exhibited a fine specimen of what may be done by valiant seamen in fast-sailing ships. In the latter, particularly, the *Implacable*, by the velocity of his ship, when fighting in aid of the Swedes, in the Baltic, in 1819, against the Russians, he was enabled to overtake the opposing squadron, intercept and capture two of them, while the remainder of the Anglo-Swedish fleet were far behind. A natural inference from the occurrences of this encounter is, if the whole Anglo-Swedish fleet had been fast sailers, the Russian fleet must have been annihilated. It would be a pleasing task here to dwell on the feats of war performed by Sir John Borlase Warren, in *La Pomone* frigate, captured at the commencement of the revolutionary war. But this we must pass over; as we must also of *L'Egyptienne*, a large French frigate, similar to those of America, carrying thirty 24-pounders on the main-deck, which was taken in 1802; of the *Bonne Citoyenne*, &c. &c. In fact, every victory which reflects honour on our sailors, conveys a stigma on our ship-builders. It was not till the French had pointed out to us the advantage of increasing the dimensions of ships, that our *Caledonia*, of 120 guns, was built, and the sister class of ships. The French ordinance, of 1786, determined on 208 feet of length for their first rates; while our's were only 192 feet long.

The Danish ship *Christian the Seventh*, when commanded by Sir Joseph Yorke, had the first character in our navy as a man of war; and the *Danemark* and *Norge*, ships of war—and *Venus*, Danish frigate—alike shew that every small maritime power excelled us in ship-building. Our surprise is more excited at Denmark excelling us in ship-building than at the French nation, who have often had a fleet as extensive as our own, and have always aspired to dispute the domination of the seas with us; whereas the naval energies of Denmark have been circumscribed by various circumstances, and by its peculiar geographical situation.

But if our astonishment has been excited by an almost dormant maritime power, though of ancient date, like Denmark, excelling us in her ships, what shall we say at finding the infant maritime nation of the United States surpassing us by infinite degrees! If we refer to the last naval war of this country with the United States, we shall perceive that the superior character of only one class of vessels is sufficient to perform prodigies. From the surpassing celerity and windward qualities of their sixty gun frigates, our immense navy was not only eluded, but its very character, in a measure, compromised. In vain did we send out ships of the line to combat with them: there was not an instance of our being able to overtake them. In vain did we send out small squadrons of light ships to subdue them: they failed from the same causes. Blockading was at last resorted to, as the partial preventive to their extensive depredations on our commerce; but, on account of the vast range of coast and numerous

harbours, little was effected by it. Whenever the Americans were so unmindful of the advantages which they had in the sailing of their ships—which always enabled them to choose, as an antagonist, a vessel of inferior force—as voluntarily to join encounter with a ship of equal force, the issue was of a different nature; as may be seen by the Chesapeake accepting the challenge of the Shannon, and by the surprise of the Essex in a bay of South America. The capture of the President frigate by blockade, in which case ships were directed against her *on all points*, cannot be adduced as proof of the inferiority of her sailing qualities. But even in that case we are indebted to the French for the model of the Endymion—the Pomone, which was the chasing ship, and under whose fire she principally suffered; though, subsequently, the Majestic, a seventy-four gun ship, cut down expressly for the occasion, and the rest of the squadron, took part in the capture. Chiefly owing to the qualities of their vessels, did seven or eight American frigates wage war successfully with the British navy, and capture the Guerrière fifty-gun frigate; Java and Macedonia frigates; and the smaller sloops of war, Avon, Peacock, and Frolic; with about twelve hundred larger and smaller ships of the merchants. With great justice do the people of the United States attribute their success in part to their ship-builders; while, on the same score, we deplore the deficiency of ours.

We know that it is the opinion of many inconsiderate persons that the qualities of ships cannot influence the result of a naval war; but we can acquaint them that the most cursory perusal of naval history will convince them of their error. In how many actions, under Hughes, Rodney, Byng, and Barrington, have our gallant sailors missed gaining the victory solely by the *miserable* qualities of their vessels? the sailing of which ships may properly be compared to the floating of a haystack before the wind. Our best naval politicians affirm, that the adoption of coppered bottoms by the French, previous to its introduction into our navy (which, by keeping the bottom clean, improves the sailing), was a principal cause of their success under Suffrein in the East-Indies. Our wars with Hyder Ally, at that time, rendered the co-operation by sea doubly necessary.

3. On the *science* with which the navy is conducted must depend its efficiency in a great degree. There is a very foolish idea on this subject generally adopted—that practice is every thing, and that the study of the subject may, therefore, be neglected. Now, few assertions can be more childish than this; because every act ought to be examined before it is performed. Inferences must be drawn from former experience: these inferences must be compared; and the more account we take of our proceedings, the more correct will be our results. To blunder on without thought, is the worst of all modes. It is true that the greatest fool will learn something in *time*; but, if he had had his senses, he might have learnt a better mode of proceeding. We have before seen that our great practice in ship-building, during our long wars, taught our master shipwrights little, because they were unable, for want of education, to calculate and bring their experience to account: they were “obliged to copy foreign models, from not cultivating the subject,” as Mr. Knowles says. The experience of an educated man in the art is not less than another’s; but he brings his experience to better account. We must refer here to an article on “Naval Architecture and Nautical Economy,” in the last Journal of the Royal Institution: it is a review of a periodical work,

entitled "Essays and Gleanings on Naval Architecture,"\*—to which we refer our readers with great pleasure; and we congratulate the country at large that this important subject is now coming under discussion; for, until the last year, the art of printing can scarcely be said to have been applied, in this country, for the improvement of ship-building. It is true that it has been attempted in a few instances; but, for want of patronage, the authors were soon hushed down by the clamours of envy and ignorance. An affecting instance of this is given by Mr. Knowles, in the preface to his work on the "Preservation of the Navy:"—"While the Dutch possessed and encouraged Witsen; the French, Bouguer, Du Hamel, Clairbois, Borda, and Romme; the Spaniards, Juan; the Germans, Euler; and the Swedes, the celebrated Chapman,—the English neglected the *only work* which they possess on this subject *that can lay any claim to science*,† and suffered its author, whom tradition represents to have been a man of the most amiable manners and correct conduct, to live and die a *working shipwright* in Deptford Yard!" The consequence of the treatment of this poor man was, that the subject became entirely neglected as to its scientific cultivation: his fate was a *beacon* to warn others from the unfortunate pursuit! Hence, *thousands and millions of money* have been thrown away in bad ships—lives have been lost—and we have been depending on foreigners for models!!! All the sympathies of our nature call upon us to aid the improvement of this important art: the safe navigation of the seas—the protection of our lives and families from the foe—and the diminution of our national burdens, by a wise economy in the expenses of the dock-yards, alike urge on us its cultivation.

An important subject next claims our consideration: what national institutions have we for this important art? And here it must, lamentably, be said, that a glaring deficiency exists. We have not even a naval library. Foreign nations have long, as just cited, by the wise encouragement of talent, produced men learned in the art. These philosophers, by ample rewards and inducements, have been devoted to the study of this important art; and other countries, and *our own in particular*, have reaped the benefit of it.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence has been pre-eminent in patronizing the study of naval architecture. As President of the "Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture," in 1794, his Royal Highness evinced great solicitude for its advancement. It is to be regretted that the society failed in its object, by devoting its energies and funds to investigating the laws of the resistance of water.

Another more feasible plan has been suggested by Mr. Major, and approved by the Navy Board: it has received the sanction of many of our first scientific men, and it appears to be founded on a true philosophical basis. For further particulars of this plan, we refer our readers to the "Annals of Philosophy," for November 1825—Mr. Harvey's remarks in the same work for January—and, for further particulars on this interesting subject, to the number of that periodical work for last June. Mr. Major's views of naval architecture are also spoken of in high terms in last "Quarterly Journal of Science." From the peculiar calculations of the plan, it

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\* Published by Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

† A Treatise on Ship-building and Navigation, by Mungo Murray, 1754.



must produce the most valuable *data*; and, as our navy costs twenty millions sterling, we think no pains ought to be spared for its scientific formation.

We have before said, that, for a good account of our navy, we must refer the reader to Dupin's work, Moreau's, &c. &c. Though a Frenchman, Dupin shews himself intimately acquainted with every particular in the constitution of our navy, its construction, and resources. From being admitted, with an unsuspicious liberality, into all our grand public, and even into many of our private establishments, he has described every thing minutely. We have been told by a cotemporary journal, that such display to foreigners is politic, because it must inspire them with awe at our power. It is possible, however, that they may have feared us as much before our resources were explored, as after making those particular developments that enable them to imitate them. Quite an opposite policy exists in France; its naval arsenals are hermetically sealed against foreigners—more especially Englishmen. Dupin never details any thing in his works respecting his own country that may enlighten us; and, though he knows very well we are half a century behind the French in ship-building, he, with much policy, praises our hedge-carpenters' ships, without getting his country to adopt the models of them. We cannot help smiling that Dupin should affect to complain, in his "*Force Navale de la Grande Bretagne*," at a little *brusquerie* he experienced from the under-wardens of Portsmouth Dock Yard. It is not meant by this remark to hold up rudeness to foreigners; on the contrary, we think it highly reprehensible: but we conceive that M. Dupin must have been too much pleased and well occupied in beholding all that he did, to have really taken it so much to heart as he would make us believe. We think, in the face of such assiduous research on the part of the French naval engineers, of which Dupin is one, we ought to promote the like exertions among our English naval engineers—those of the School of Naval Architecture—and not repress their endeavours by every species of indignity and bad treatment. We understand they are only put over the house carpenters, caulkers, and blacksmiths; and that their first scholars are gone to America, where they are handsomely treated for their painful studies and valuable acquisitions, instead of being looked upon, as they are here (as noticed by Dupin), in the quality of *working bipeds*. Dupin has been made Baron of France, although of the class of mechanics: but when shall we be emancipated from gothic prejudices? The arts which contribute so much to the conveniences of life were honourable in ancient Greece: they deified Dædalus, the inventor of the saw. But so much has brute force and haughty prejudices usurped the empire of the mind, that now, when a nation has been supported through the most arduous struggle ever known by her arts and manufactures, the labourer is hardly thought worthy of his hire—totally putting out of the question gratitude and respect. We hope these things will be changed by our new governors.

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## AGRIPPA AND HIS DOG.

THERE are many men of the present day, who write as well, and as much, as Cornelius Agrippa did in the sixteenth century; who manage their affairs as badly, and plunge into as many scrapes and perplexities; who marry three times, and get disgusted with matrimony at the third trial; and, finally, who keep a dog—nay, even a black dog—and yet are thought—no conjurors. But it was the fate of Agrippa, notwithstanding the almost daily indications he gave of a want of even common, not to talk of supernatural, foresight—and the continual failure of his plans, and disappointment of his wishes—to be pursued and hooted at, both by the clergy and laity, the learned as well as the ignorant, as a magician of the most dangerous character. The hatred of the monks was first manifested after his lectures at Dole, in 1509, the subject of which was Reichli *De Verbo Mirifico*. After this, in place of endeavouring to allay the tempest that was raised against him, he had the imprudence to meddle with the matrimonial affairs of St. Anne, and to prove that, in place of three husbands and three children—the quantum of connubial comforts generally allowed her—that exemplary female had had but one husband and one child. He then, doubtless from a fellow-feeling, took up the cause of a woman accused of witchcraft, whose principles the Dominicans (who were at that time the principal directors of the Inquisition) were desirous of putting to the test of fire in an *auto-da-fé*; and concluded the chapter of his clerical offences by disappointing the holy fathers in that pious and most Christian intention. His political crimes were not of a much lighter dye; and, in particular, his refusal to inform the Emperor Constantine's mother what turn affairs would take, by means of his astrological science, had well nigh ruined him *in toto*. His knowledge of alchymy, too, which one might suppose would have been a fortune to any man, only served to endanger his liberty; for the princes of that period would have thought it neither sin nor shame to lay hold of a transmuter of metals, if they could, and force him to spend his life in making gold for their own behoof. His principal literary accusers are Paul Jovius, Thevet, and Martin Del Rio; but many other authors even go out of their way to have a fling at him. "He darkened Burgundy," says Thevet, "in such a manner, with the smoke and mist of his black art, that if he had not fled for it, it is to be feared they would have enlightened him with fire nearer than he desired." And Del Rio tells us plainly, that when he travelled, although the money he paid to his hosts appeared like good and lawful coin, yet, in a few days after his departure, it became pieces of horn, shells, and other worthless substances. These, however, it will be observed by the judicious reader, are mere assertions—they may be true, or they may not; but the strongest cause of suspicion—the most material witness against Agrippa, and whose testimony it will be the object of this essay to narrate—was a black dog. This black dog, it was affirmed, was a familiar spirit, incarnated, by his magical power, in the canine form, and compelled to follow and assist him in all his operations. It is needless to dilate on the important parts performed by dogs—and, more especially, black dogs—in supernatural history; to repeat, for instance, the well known fact, that De Melac, lieutenant-general of the French armies, was constantly victorious when his dog was with him, and as constantly beaten when he had left him behind; or the thousand other stories to the same effect. It will be more to the purpose, if I point out here a very remarkable coincidence, which I have discovered between the

external character and form of the individual of the species possessed by Agrippa, and those of the spirits which are compelled to appear, according to the best writers on magic, when summoned under the sign Mercury—the planet, as I am led to think, which governed the destinies of the very mercurial genius of whom I am discoursing; and, to shew that I have no inclination to twist matters to my own purpose, I will consent to receive the description of the dog from the pen of John Wierus, Agrippa's own servant, who did every thing in his power to prove that he was simply a dog, and nothing more. But let me, in the first place, caution the reader who has not entered deeply into these controversies, not to be too hasty in pinning his opinion to the sleeve of John Wierus. That John enjoyed a better opportunity than most people of ascertaining the truth of the matter, I readily allow; but he had also a more cogent reason for disguising it. He was not merely the domestic of Agrippa, but also his scholar, and studied frequently at the same table with him; and, setting feelings of affection and gratitude aside, had his master been burnt for a wizard, is it not something more than probable that John would have been at least scorched by the fagot? "I was intimately acquainted," says he, "with this black dog, who was of a middle size, and called by the French name of Monsieur. He was a real dog; and his master gave him for a companion, in my presence, a bitch of the same colour, size, and kind, called Mademoiselle." Now let us compare this with the description in the fourth book of the "*Occult Philosophy*," supposed by some, and denied by others, to have been written by Agrippa himself—but, at any rate, the work, undoubtedly, of a master-hand—under the head,

*"Familiar Forms for a Spirit of Mercury."*

"They appear in a body of *middle stature*—cold, liquid, and moist; their motion, *silver-coloured clouds*; for their sign they bring *fear and horror* to him that calls them;" and among the forms enumerated—"a dog."

Here we find it agreed, that the form of Agrippa's companion and that of a spirit of Mercury, the star of his nativity, was a dog—and a middle-sized dog—and a water-dog (for this is proved, on the part of Monsieur, by the manner of his death, as I shall afterwards shew); while, by the words "cold, liquid, and moist," as applied to a dog in the *Occult Philosophy*, we can understand nothing else. As for the motion, or mode of appearance, when called by magical incantations, and the fear and horror they bring for a sign to him that calls them, we shall come to these anon. The colour of the canine apparition not being mentioned, signifies nothing; for those who are in the least acquainted with the art, are aware that a dog-devil must be black. A white dog is quite another thing, as St. Bernard's mother knew, to her great happiness, when she dreamt, immediately before his birth, that she was delivered of one. But, while thus giving the reader to understand my private opinion on the controversy,—*viz.* that Agrippa was in reality a magician, and had, by arts unknown to common men, overstepped the usual bounds of human knowledge and dominion, as they existed in that age,—it is necessary to enter into some explanation of the words I use.

Bodin defines a sorcerer, "*Sorcier est celui qui par moyens diaboliques sciemment s'efforce de parvenir à quelque chose*;"—while Plato tells us that "the art of magic is the art of worshipping God." Magic and sorcery are thus very different things; almost as different as the treatises on



the former science which I have read—those strange commixtures of sacred and human learning—and the villainous speculations of the stupid and savage Bodin. Had Pliny been acquainted with this fact, the thirtieth book of his “Natural History” would never have been allowed to come down to us in its present state. The Persians called their god *Mayê*. But the plain matter-of-fact is, that a magician, according to all intelligent men, is simply one who has already attained, or who is searching for, a higher degree of knowledge than is possessed by the great majority of mankind. A magician is “*divinorum cultor et interpres* ;” and his search is after what he terms, in his own mystical language, “*virtutes in centro centri latentes*.” Their names, throughout the ancient world, varied according to the language and the genius of the different nations who bestowed them. Thus, with the Latins, they were *sapientes*, or wise men ; with the Greeks, philosophers ; with the Egyptians, priests ; with the Hebrews, cabalists ; with the Babylonians, Chaldeans ; and with the Persians, magicians. Whether Agrippa had really attained to any remarkable degree the object of his search, or was as yet only a wayfarer in the journey, it is not my province to inquire ; but, if I may believe even the authors who looked upon his art as unlawful and damnable, and whose neighbourhood to the age in which he flourished gave them every opportunity for investigation, he certainly must have been no novice in the occult science. In human learning, he knew eight languages, as he himself informs us ; he studied the art of war seven years in the Emperor Maximilian’s Italian army ; he was a doctor of law, and a doctor of physic ; and either was, or ought to have been, a doctor of divinity. He was, besides, complete master of the Mirror of Pythagoras ; and knew the entire secret of extracting the spirit gold from its body, in order to convert the baser metals ; he was able, as we are informed by the most credible testimony, to remain alone for weeks in his study, and yet know all the while of every transaction of importance going on, at home or abroad ; and he entertained a black dog, called by the French name of Monsieur, who was believed, by the best-informed people, to be a familiar spirit. It is in vain, however, to look to himself as a witness either *pro* or *con*. Taken as literary productions, his works are only so-so, and his style is somewhat loose and washy ; but then he says expressly that these mystical things must not be written with a pen, nor committed to the fidelity of paper, “*Sed spiritu spiritui paucis sacrisque verbis infunduntur*.” It is difficult, indeed, to understand how the secret could be communicated by words at all ; for the operator in his work, he informs us, is neither matter, nor does it come from heaven nor from hell : “*In nobis, inquam, est ille mirandorum operator—nos habitat, non tartara, sed nec sidera cæli. Spiritus in nobis qui viget, illa facit*.”

These questions, however, were very little agitated among the good people of Louvain, where Agrippa had his abode at the time the black dog took up his testimony. That Agrippa was a magician, and the dog his familiar spirit, was a thing settled and set by ; and where there is no difference of opinion, there can be no argument : and yet, probably owing either to the cowardice or supineness of the clergy, neither the man nor the dog were any more molested than if the devil had been out of the bargain altogether. The people of Metz had taken a very different part some time before—the unhappy philosopher being actually hunted, like a beast of prey, out of that city, which, in consequence, stands stigmatized

to all posterity in his writings, as "*omnium bonarum literarum virtutumque noverca*." His family at Louvain consisted of his wife, Paulina; Louvet, a student of divinity, who boarded with him; John Wierus, his domestic; an old woman, whose name has not come down to us; Monsieur, the black dog; and Mademoiselle, the black bitch. Paulina was his second wife, whom he had newly married: she was young and beautiful, and *enceinte* for the first time—a state which it appears she relished so much, that she brought the philosopher four children in the first three years after their marriage, one at a birth. It is surprising, by the way, that the demon-hunters should not have suspected something amiss here; although it is reasonable to suppose that Agrippa himself might have been more inclined to think his third wife (whom he divorced) a devil. As for John Wierus, he is ready known to the learned; the old woman is not worth talking of; Mademoiselle was simply a female dog, although Moreri affirms that she was a demon as well as the male; but as for Louvet, the boarder, and Monsieur the black dog, we must not dismiss them so easily. Louvet, a young and lively Frenchman, had come from some country village, where his education had been hitherto conducted, to attend the lectures of the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa; and had, soon after, the good fortune to obtain entrance into the philosopher's house as a boarder. I do not know whether his attention had been previously directed to the fashionable studies of the period—alchemy and magic; or whether the very atmosphere of the house, where so potent a master of these arts resided, had been able of itself to produce a thirst in his naturally ardent mind after mysterious and forbidden knowledge; but so it was, that he had not been long domiciled at Louvain, when his buoyancy of spirits entirely forsook him: he avoided the society of the other students, and relinquished the pleasures and exercises peculiar to his age; he shut himself up in his little closet for whole days together, poring over the ponderous tomes of the mystics, and losing himself in their daring and romantic speculations. Like St. Augustine, in his search after knowledge of another kind, "he went out of himself to seek it in all things." Agrippa, in the mean time, was too deeply involved in the intrigues and speculations that occupied so great a portion of his eventful life, to pay much attention to his pupils. At this period, especially, he seemed to be more than usually busy, and spent a greater part of his time in his inner study, his *sanctum sanctorum*,—which no other—not even John Wierus—was allowed to enter. His manner was filled with gloom and reserve—not the studied reserve which implies suspicion of others, and caution against one's-self—but rather a total forgetfulness of the things and persons that surround the soul with their palpable realities, and chain it to the world; he walked through the house and through the streets like a person in a dream, and mingled with his family—and, though seldom, with society—like one with them, but not of them. Louvet gazed on his master with a veneration and curiosity almost boundless. To hear his voice—to be addressed by him even with a common-place inquiry or command—made the blood rush tumultuously to his heart; to touch his clothes as he passed, or his finger when handing him a book, sent a sudden thrill through his frame, which it was impossible to refer either to pleasure or pain. Even Paulina, in consequence of her connexion with this extraordinary man, attracted a portion of his interest, which her youth and beauty would have failed to inspire. She was taller than the generality of women, and of a grave and lofty demeanour; pride sat enthroned on her

high forehead; but it was chastened by a shade of melancholy, almost deep enough to be termed gloom—indicative, perhaps, as the physiognomists of a later period would have said, of

“ the doom  
Heaven gives its favourites—early death.”

He had now been some time in the house, and had heard many stories from the students respecting the canine familiar whose earthly name was Monsieur, but as yet had never so much as seen the mysterious animal. At length an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity on this point was afforded him. One day, when passing through the hall, he observed the door of his master's study ajar, contrary to the usual custom; and, overcoming his timidity by a sudden and violent effort, stole quickly to the spot, and looked in. Agrippa was reclining on a couch, engaged in reading, and, as Louvet thought, alone; but presently the trembling scholar observed a black paw stretched upwards to the book—and, afterwards, a black snout. Agrippa took no notice of the interruption; and the next moment a dog, black all over from head to foot, with a bushy tail and fierce sparkling eyes, jumped upon his knees. The philosopher now laid down his book, though apparently not too well pleased at the invasion; and, taking the intruder in his arms, began to fondle and caress him, as one does an infant. He even kissed the dog's lips, drawing his paws round his neck, and suffered him to mumble his ears, laughing all the while like a tickled child, and replying to the inarticulate sounds of the animal by imitative cries. At this frightful scene, the student could not help allowing an ejaculation of dismay to escape him; and Agrippa, on the instant, starting up, cried to the dog, “Get thee gone, Sir!”—and walked hastily to the door. Louvet had the presence of mind to invent some excuse for his interruption; and his master, as if on purpose to shew him that he had nothing to conceal, invited him into the room, and began to ask him some questions relative to his studies. The perplexed scholar, however, made no great figure during this examination; his mind was even more occupied with the dog than with his master, and his eyes sought every corner of the chamber for the place of his retreat. But the dog—if it be lawful to call him a dog—had vanished. There was no place of concealment that he could discover: the table, the sofa, and a couple of chairs comprised the whole of the furniture; and these were the only things in the apartment that had more than two legs. It would not be easy to describe the state of mind in which Louvet left his master's presence; but, when the storm of agitated and complicated feelings, which seemed almost ready to overwhelm the very faculty of thinking, had subsided, hope and joy remained uppermost. One step had been gained: he had witnessed the private moments of Agrippa in the solitude of his study; he had received evidence of the most indubitable nature of his power over the spirits of darkness, and his curiosity had escaped without punishment. But where was the benefit, if he were to stop here? He had already devoured every volume in the occult science which his means permitted him to procure; he had constructed innumerable diagrams of the stars; he had made himself master of the most approved pentacles (or signs and characters used in magic); he had exhausted his slender funds in the purchase of virgin paper for his *Secret Book*, of the identical sort which Robert Turner, Phil. Med., the translator of the fourth book of the *Occult Science*, informs us in the margin is to be had at Mr. Rook's shop, the Holy Lamb, at the east end of



St. Paul's—and all in vain. There was something still wanting: he had all the *matériel* of the art—but the *morale* was absent; he had constructed, as it were, the outward form of a human body—but knew not where to find the soul. His resolution, however, was now taken. All things are lawful in the pursuit of knowledge: to steal wisdom is no crime. Not even the punishment of our first parents had power to scare him from his purpose; for, like a true disciple of his master, he denied that their curiosity, in itself so laudable, could have been the object of Almighty proscription and vengeance—holding that their unchaste love was the only crime for which they suffered. He had observed, when in the study, a small panel-door, which doubtless led into the inner chamber where the magic book was kept; and he determined, during one of the long absences of Agrippa, to obtain entrance either by fraud or violence, and to possess himself at once of that secret which so many sages had sought in vain. An opportunity was not long wanting of executing his project; for Agrippa, the very next day, announced publicly his intention of going into the country for some time. Louvet saw him deliver, according to his custom on such occasions, a bunch of keys to Paulina, and overheard him caution her in a low voice to admit no one into his study. He had scarcely turned his back when the impatient student went into the room where the lady was sitting at work; and, after a good deal of hesitation, besought her to lend him the keys for an instant, that he might go to seek a book which his master had ordered him to read, but had forgotten to leave out. Paulina refused, at first coldly, and then with anger; but seeing the student persevere, she laid down her work, and looking at him with a mournful smile, “Go, then,” said she, “thou foolish boy!—seek what thou shalt not find; search after the light, and obtain blindness; sow in wisdom, and reap folly. Do what thou wilt, or what thou must—but do it quickly; and, having reached the wall, beyond which there is no passage, turn back speedily—neither in shame nor yet in scoffing—but with meekness and moderation of spirit; and so thy young life shall not run away in a dream.” Louvet, uttering a thousand promises and thanks, without having heard a syllable she said, seized the keys, and in a moment found himself in Agrippa’s study. He tried one of the keys to the lock of the panel-door; and, as if by instinct, stumbled at the first on the right one. He then entered the secret chamber of the magician, and, as is meet in such places, shut the door after him. It was a good-sized room, being nearly five yards square. There were two windows in the end opposite to where he had entered, and two at each of the sides; but these having been built or boarded up very nearly to the top—and, besides, having a curtain hanging down from the roof to the floor, afforded but little light. The floor and the panels along the walls, by dint of frequent and laborious cleaning, had received a polish which made it seem as if they had been formed of some rich and curious wood; and, indeed, every thing in the apartment bore token of the utmost nicety of attention, on the part of the proprietor, to cleanliness and neatness. On the floor were three circles, drawn at regular distances, one within the other, the outermost about nine feet in diameter, and the whole inscribed with names and words of potency. At the upper end of the room there was a table raised like an altar, and set towards the east, covered with white cloth of fine linen. On one corner of it there hung a robe, also of white linen, and in fashion like a priest’s garment, close both before and behind, with a veil of the same colour and substance,—and a girdle of black leather, having a plate of gold set in the middle,

inscribed with the omnipotent name "Tetragrammaton." There were, besides, various little earthen dishes, containing perfumes and other substances—as red sanders, aloes, pepper, mastic, saffron, peppermint, and sulphur; also pieces of wax and metals, blood, bones, milk, and honey: a two-edged sword, with a sharp point, lay at one of the sides; a censer for burning the perfumes, and a flask of oil. The only other objects which caught the attention of the novice were two wax lights, set at each end of the table, ready for use, and something in the middle, wrapped in a clean white towel, which he knew to be the treasure he sought—the magic book—for one peep into which he had thus dared the wrath of Agrippa, and the malice of all the fiends of hell. When he would have stretched forth his hand, however, to seize it, a sudden faintness came over his spirit, and he was constrained for some moments to lean against the altar. Perhaps the closeness of the room, from which every breath of the outer air seemed to have been sedulously excluded, together with the smell of the different perfumes, had sickened him; or, it may be, the errand on which he had come, rendered more awful by the profound silence which reigned in this chamber of mystery, and the doubtful twilight in which every thing was enveloped, had unnerved him at the moment when courage was most wanting. Summoning all his energies, however, to his assistance, and fortifying his resolution by several hearty ejaculations from the most pithy texts of the Holy Scriptures, he suddenly started up from his reclining posture, seized on the mystical treasure, and, undoing the towel, placed the book before him. At the side at which it should be opened there hung various pieces of parchment, impressed with seals, and inscribed with mystical characters, which formed a sort of index of reference to its contents, and, at the same time, served to guard the reader against the danger of opening it in a wrong or unexpected place. Louvet paused in perplexity; for he knew enough of magic to be aware of the danger of calling up in ignorance a spirit whose services he had not science sufficient to make use of; and whose absence, when once called up, he had not power enough to command. But the time was flying; and making his election, at a venture, at the sign of the planet Mercury, he opened the book. At this moment a sudden knocking at the wall broke the dead silence of the apartment; but Louvet read the first line without turning his head: at the second, the knocking was repeated louder than before, and attended by a noise of growling and gnawing: at the third, a heavy panel fell from the wall with a tremendous crash, and the novice turned round in *fear and horror*. At first he could see nothing but a mass of dust and mortar, which surrounded the opening, and, brightened by the beams of the sun behind, assumed the appearance of *silver-coloured clouds*: but the next moment the black dog darted through the wall, and, with a furious howl, sprung upon the student. "*In nomine Patris!*" cried Louvet—"O God, I shall be strangled!—*Fili!*—holy Jesus! what will become of me?—*et Spiritu Sancti!*—I am lost!" continued he, intermixing the dead and the living languages, and struggling as lustily with the arm of the flesh as with that of the spirit. The only reply of the fiend, however, was a growl and a gnaw, to each word of his victim; and the scholar had recourse to other conjurations.

"By the might of the name Adonai," said he, "*exorciso te!*"—"Bow, wow, wow!" answered the fiend, tearing down his mantle to the skirts.

"By El,—and Elhoe,—and Elohim—"—"Ugh, agh, ogh!" said the fiend, worrying on the scholar's arm.

"Zebaoth,—Escherchie,—Jah,—Sadai,—Tetragrammaton!" groaned Louvet, waxing faint with the unequal strife; but the incarnate spirit of darkness was unmoved.

"By the name Schernes Amathia, which Joshua called on, and the sun stood still!" Even this would not do.

"By the name Primeamadon, which Moses named, and the earth swallowed up Corah, Dathan, and Abiram!" But the fiend snapped at his throat.

"In the name of thy master, then, take this!" cried Louvet, hurling, with a last effort, the fatal book at the head of his adversary. The beast received the gift with an unearthly yell, which resounded through the chamber, and the tyro of philosophy sunk fainting under his jaws upon the floor.

Martin Del Rio, in relating this story in his *Disquisitiones*, says that the fiend actually strangled the scholar; and that Agrippa, coming in soon after, being in fear of the impression which such an accident, happening under his roof, might make on the public mind, caused the destroyer to enter into the body of his victim, and walk out into the court before the scholars; where, as the evil spirit left him at the word of command, the lifeless body of Louvet fell down, to all human appearance the victim of apoplexy. Martin Del Rio is mistaken. The conjurations of the novice, although not potent enough to reduce the fiend to obedience, were yet sufficiently so to preserve his own life. When he recovered from his swoon, he made what haste he could out of the house, and through the court; but, in passing along, he met the black dog, who, at the sight of his enemy, took to flight and hunted across the area; while Louvet himself, no less dismayed, sunk into a second fit before the scholars. When he recovered from this also, he did not stay to contradict the report of his death which had already gone abroad, but hied him home to his village as fast as he could, renouncing for ever his search after the philosopher's stone, and relinquishing all claim to dominion over the powers of the air.

The reader may here ask what authority I have for this version of the story; but I inquire, in turn, what evidence does Martin Del Rio produce for his? However the facts may be, the affair made so much noise in Louvain, that Agrippa was fain to leave it in a few days after, followed, as usual, by the black dog. It appears, however, according to Paul Jovius (see *Elog.* c. 91), that the persecution he sustained by all Europe on this subject made him resolve at length to get rid of his companion; for, one day, walking on the banks of the Saone, he took off the dog's collar, which was inscribed with mystical characters, and, throwing it into the river, said to him, "Go, unhappy beast, who art the cause of my *eternal* ruin!"—when the obedient Monsieur immediately leaped in after it, and was swept away by the torrent. It is needless to add, that the word *eternal* is an interpolation of the accusers of Agrippa—persons who had not sense enough to distinguish the difference between a magician and a sorcerer.



## NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

The leading feature of the last month, and in the higher circles almost the exclusive one, has been party politics. The spectacle of *Peter Wilkins* has brought some full boxes at Covent Garden Theatre; but the people at Astley's complain terribly, "that the members of the House of Commons don't come over now to see M. Ducrow ride and wait for the "Division," this present session, as they used to do. All bye questions, too, are giving way—or have given way, almost without exception—to the main one—Who or what party shall govern the country? The Duke of Clarence—who three months ago could not get a vote of addition to his income as heir presumptive, without difficulty, has got the place of High Admiral (over and above the "grant"), with a thumping salary at the back of it, without any difficulty at all. Mr. Brougham rather deprecated Mr. Alderman Waithman's motion, the other night, as to the affairs of the "Devon and Cornwall Mining Company;" and, from what transpired on that occasion, we rather suspect there will be no proceeding founded, in the previous case, upon the report of the "Arigna" Committee. Lord Charles Somerset's Cape of Good Hope Inquiry, too, is not very likely to be closely pressed, since the parties who urged it most strenuously, have got "a place at court." And even Sir Francis Burdett's motion about the water companies—and Mr. Wright's account of the Grand Junction Dolphin—is heard no more of, and the people of Westminster must go on "even to be poisoned!"—for the honourable baronet who represents (and was to have redressed) them, has now higher matters to attend to. In the interim, there will be amusement for some time, in seeing how cleverly the new allies of government will back out of all the minor questions that they were used to be riotous upon. And how the old ministry—which will be out of its senses to see them so escape—will not be able to say a word to cut off the retreat. For the measures which the Whigs now will only refrain from attacking, are exactly those which the ministers themselves were the advocates of, and the most fiercely defended.

Lord Wharncliffe's bill for the amendment of the Game Laws, has been lost in the Upper House by a majority of one. A defeat like this, to the particular measure, is victory to the principle. Colonel Wood's bill, in the House of Commons, to legalize the sale of game "for a period only of two years," will probably be assented to; and in that case, the main question may be considered as disposed of. In fact, the making it a question at all, whether the whole demand for an article of constant and general consumption, should be supplied *exclusively* by robbery! does seem a proceeding almost too absurd to be believed, against any sane and sober (far less against any legislative) assembly!

A Sunday paper states, that the number of individuals who have conformed to the Established Church since the converting system has been operating in Ireland, amounts to more than three thousand. This is a fortunate hearing, if another fact stated by the *Westmeath Journal* is equally true;—that, of one hundred and ninety-five prisoners for trial for that county, at the last assizes, one hundred and ninety-three were Catholics;—and the charge against the two others was "a conspiracy."

Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Hunt—"coalition" being the order of the day—formed an alliance on the 16th of May, and attempted to call a meeting in Westminster to abuse the new ministry. The proceedings were opened by that unctuous patriot, Mr. Pitt, of the Adelphi; who "lost his watch,

*chain, and seals," &c.* on the occasion.—N.B. There was no "subscription" to "indemnify." Patriotism is not so ready in the pecuniary way as it used to be. Mr. Pitt was carried to Bow-street, as a rioter; but nothing else of interest occurred: the meeting was altogether a failure. Cobbett, in fact, has been very weak indeed upon the whole business of the change of ministers; worse, almost, than ever we recollect him.\*

Mr. Wilmot Horton moved for papers in the House of Commons on Friday night the 18th of May, preparatory to the discussion of Sir Rufane Donkin's charges against Lord Charles Somerset, for misconduct in the government of the Cape of Good Hope. The value of Sir R. D.'s accusations will not be determined by any reference to the spirit in which they are brought forward; but that circumstance cannot be altogether dismissed from notice in their examination; and it seems quite clear that, on the part of Sir Rufane Donkin towards Lord Charles Somerset, there does exist very decided personal pique. The explanation of Sir R. Donkin (given in the "postscript" to his pamphlet) is not discreetly written, as it touches this matter.

According to Sir Rufane Donkin's statement, when Lord Charles Somerset returned to the Cape of Good Hope, after an absence of two years, during which Sir R. Donkin had officiated as acting-governor, Lord Charles treated him (Sir R. Donkin) with a coldness bordering upon, if not amounting to, disrespect; and of this conduct Sir R. Donkin (in his postscript to a late edition of his pamphlet) complains in the following terms:—

"During two whole years I had been heaping on Lord Charles Somerset's two sons, and on all the friends he had recommended to me, every kindness in my power. When the frigate entered Table Bay, I felt quite sure that Lord Charles Somerset's first words to me would be the words of thankfulness and regard for all I had done for him. I expected a warm and cordial embrace—but, instead of this, the staff officer, whom I had sent on board to say that my carriages were waiting Lord Charles Somerset's orders on the beach, and that dinner would be ready as soon as he and his family landed, was sent back to me without one word of answer!—no message!—no communication to me at all!—but simply an announcement that Lord Charles Somerset would land early next morning. He did so land—and entering the Government House, while I was just going out to receive him, he sent me the note which is printed at page 97."

Now, assuming that no cause (here unexplained) operated to influence Lord Charles Somerset's conduct, this was a mode of treatment certainly something cavalier. And if Sir R. Donkin's patronage had been so freely dispensed as he describes, it would seem almost to have been something ungrateful. But the circumstance which immediately occurs to the reader is this—Sir Rufane Donkin appears to be acquainted with all the facts which, he says, in a letter afterwards, would "astonish and shock" Lord Bathurst, and "plunge Lord Charles into utter ruin," prior to the time when he "heaps upon Lord Charles's sons," and "all the friends he recommended" to him, every kindness in his power—and "provided dinner"—and expected a "warm and cordial embrace,"—and "sent his carriages, &c. to the beach:"—His charges are not brought forward until *after* the "dinner and the carriages" are declined, the "embrace" not proffered, and no acknowledgment made of the "heaps of favours," by the governor returning to the exercise of his authority! This fact does not alter the value of Sir R. Donkin's charges, whatever they may be; but it will induce people to accept no point of them without distinct and unquestionable proof.

\* The exhibition which took place, at the Crown and Anchor dinner, was a more signal failure still.

The Courts of Law have afforded nothing very interesting, except the trial for "conspiracy" in Mr. Auldjo's affair (the gambling case); in which a verdict was given for the defendants, without any evidence or indeed explanation, on their parts, being gone into. There can be no doubt that the verdict was strictly correct. There was no approach to any evidence to found a verdict of "conspiracy" upon. But the following facts were in evidence—for the benefit of the parties—prosecutor and defendants—generally. It appeared that Mr. Auldjo had the honour of being admitted into the Marquis of Clanricarde's carriage (the first time that he ever set eyes upon his lordship in all his life); that he went down with his lordship, and some other persons of "fashion," to dine at an inn at Richmond! and that, after dinner, he sat down, at this public inn, to cards, where he paid for the honour of his new connections and introduction, by losing *Six Thousand Pounds*. A Mr. Boland, who had originally made Mr. Auldjo's acquaintance, and introduced him to the "fashionable world," did not win a single sixpence of these six thousand pounds, for, rather than run the chance of doing so, he left the party, after going to Richmond—and took a walk! And Mr. Auldjo, in conclusion, thinking that it was not sufficient for a man to lose his money on such an occasion, bounteously made the world a present of another commodity into the bargain! for—he did not question the fairness of the transaction; but—with £40,000 in his possession, entreated the winners to use some consideration, and accept *Two* thousand pounds instead of *Six*! We hope that all the parties to this "fashionable" affair feel quite comfortable: that they have every reason to do so—upon the state of facts—there cannot be a doubt.

"*Equal Rights.*"—The *Examiner* of last week contains the following paragraph:—

"If any one should think it impossible that forty thousand persons, of forty different modes of faith—Jews, Christians, Mahomedans, and Pagans, could be found living together under the same government, and in the same town, each worshipping the Deity after his own manner, all tolerated—nay, protected, by one presiding nation, and all tolerating each other, without hatred, malice, or uncharitableness on the score of their religious opinions, let the sceptic go to Astrachan—there he will find Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Hindoos, Calmucks, Cossacks, Mongols, Chinese, Bucharrians, Turcomans, Poles, Germans, Italians,—in short, representatives of every country upon earth, living in religious harmony and good fellowship."

If this lesson be meant for a hit at the "No Popery" people, it fails altogether of its mark. For these Jews, Christians, Calmucks, and so forth, live in the same town; but there is no mixture of parties in the government that they live under: not to advert to the fact, that that government is of a character to put an end to any little dissensions, with (no matter from what cause they may arise) surprising facility. The Highland Captain, in the last volume of "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*," who proposes to convince a "sincere dissenter" by towing him for a mile or two at the stern of his sailing barge, affords an example for curing "doubts" of all kinds, which could hardly be surpassed, perhaps, by the Astrachan government; but it is not every country in which circumstances admit of its being put into execution. Nobody doubts, (that ever we heard of) that people of various nations, and callings, and religious persuasions, can live together in the same town; though if any person had such a doubt, we are not entirely certain that it would be worth while to take the



Examiner's prescription and travel as far as "Astrachan," to have it removed.

The English Newspapers of February last contained a short notice of an unfortunate exhibitor of wild animals, of the name of Drake, who was killed at Rouen, by the bite of a rattlesnake. The particulars of the affair have since been duly "reported," and discussed, in the *Académie des Sciences* at Paris; and the French *Globe* gives the following not uninteresting account of the proceeding:—

*"Bite of the Rattlesnake: the late Accident at Rouen.*—M. Dumeril makes his report upon the papers relative to the death of the Sieur Drake, forwarded to the Academy by the Minister of the Interior.

"Several newspapers have already published this deplorable event, which took place at a public-house at Rouen, on the 8th of February last. An Englishman of the name of Drake, about fifty years of age, residing in the "Galerie de Bois du Palais Royal" at Paris, was bringing from London three rattle-snakes, and several young crocodiles. In spite of all the precautions which were taken to keep them from cold on the road, he perceived, with regret, on arriving at Rouen, that the finest of the snakes was dead, and accordingly took it out of the cage with a pair of pincers. The other two, which looked weak and languishing, were carried in the cage into the dining-room, and placed close to a fire. While they were in this place, the Sieur Drake, in touching them with a twig to try if they were recovering, fancied that a second of the three was dead. Upon this, he had the imprudence to open the cage, and, taking the snake by the head and tail, carried it to the window to make sure whether or not it was still alive; while he was examining it with this object, the reptile suddenly twirled itself round, and fixed one of its fangs in the flesh of the outside of his left hand. The wounded man gave a cry, and wishing to prevent any further mischief, did not let go the snake, but returned it to its cage; but in doing this he was again bitten in the palm of the same (the left) hand. M. Drake instantly ran out into the yard of the inn calling for a physician, and for water; and not finding the latter readily, he rubbed his bitten hand with the ice (it was freezing hard) which lay here and there about him. About two minutes afterwards, he laid hold of a cord, and tied his arm tightly with it, as with a ligature, just above the wrist. While he was yet in great alarm and uneasiness, Doctor Pihonel, who had been sent for, arrived: Drake's courage then returned; and a chafing-dish and irons being procured with all celerity, the actual cautery was applied to the wounds. After this, the patient swallowed half a glass of olive oil, and for a short time appeared tranquil; but at the end of only a few minutes, the most fatal symptoms began to appear, and destroyed all hopes of saving his life. He died exactly eight hours and three quarters after the accident.

"The papers presented, consisted—1st, of the foregoing memorandum of the manner of the accident, and the nature of the medical assistance given.—2d, of an account of the opening of the body after death.—3d, of the suggestions of medical men at Rouen for preventing similar accidents in future.

"The opening of the body presented very little that was worthy of notice. All the interior organs appeared sound and healthy; and the operators noticed with astonishment, that neither the brain nor the spinal marrow was in any degree altered; the membrane that covers them merely was slightly reddened. The veins exhibited no trace of inflammation; and the only morbid appearance was, that a considerable quantity of blood was collected in clots in the veins on the side on which the bite was received.

"To avoid similar accidents, the physicians of Rouen advise—that those who carry about rattle-snakes for shew, should be compelled to take out their fangs (which are the poisonous teeth in biting), and that they should constantly be provided with instruments proper for cauterization, in case of exigency.

"The commission (of the Academy) is of opinion, that these measures might properly be adopted; but observes, that the eradication of the fangs should be repeated every two or three months, as the lapse of that period is sufficient to re-produce them. It desires also that the immediate sucking of the wound, in case of accidents, should be recollected among the remedies—the suction of a

wound made by the bite of a rattlesnake, being not dangerous, provided that the mouth and throat and the commencement of the alimentary canal present no scratch or ulceration.

"M. Magendie is of opinion, that the above list of precautions is not complete. The ligature, properly applied, he takes to be of the highest importance in preventing the absorption of the poison. He thinks that the ligature made by Mr. Drake, must have been, from his alarm and agitation, incomplete.

"Several members suggested whether it would not be advisable to prohibit the exposure of poisonous animals altogether, in the way of public exhibition.

"M. Geoffroy states, that the rattlesnake which bit the *Sieur Drake* having died, and been sent to the Museum for dissection, one of the preparers happened to scratch himself eight days after with the scalpel which he had used in the operation: this slight wound was followed by painful consequences—a swelling of the hand, and a painful enlargement of the glands of the arm-pit.

"M. Coquebert Montbret states a new reason for absolutely prohibiting the exhibition of rattlesnakes. These animals can live and breed in our climate. It may fairly be dreaded then, that if any should escape, by accident, they might propagate their species.

"M. Dumeril remarks, that the consequences which followed the bite of this snake at Rouen, do not at all resemble the effects of such accidents in America: there the results are far less rapid and less terrible.

"M. Bosc confirms that opinion. He is most surprised at the accident of Mr. Drake, and at its consequences. He has seen more than thirty persons bitten by rattlesnakes, not one of whom died. He recollects a case, however, in which a horse died from being bitten in the tongue.

"On the motion of M. Magendie, a note was read from M. Delille, "corresponding member of the society," upon the treatment of the bites of venomous animals. The author particularly relies from his experience (with M. Magendie) upon the efficacy of the ligature."

It is a curious example of the indifference which men acquire to those dangers that belong regularly to their trade—the fact that poor Drake—after he is bitten by the rattlesnake—"to prevent any *further mischief*"—that is, the destroying of a valuable piece of property (the snake)—does not throw the animal—as Achilles himself would have done—upon the ground, but is bitten a second time in attempting to put it into its cage again. But the apprehension of M. Coquebert Montbret, lest France should become overrun with rattlesnakes, by the escape of those which are carried about for shew, is admirable! What would the learned gentleman say to the situation of London, in case a fire were to happen at Exeter Change.

Mr. Martin, the highly ingenious and well-known illustrator of Milton, has published an engraving on steel, from his famous picture of—"Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." The original painting will be in the recollection of every body, as one of the most fortunate which Mr. Martin's bold and peculiar pencil has produced. The success of the plate, which is a most spirited as well as elaborate performance, has been even greater than that which attended the production of "*Belshazzar's feast*." No admirer of Martin's style and genius ought to omit seeing it.

Speaking of dramatic affairs, the John Bull, of last Sunday, notices, that a "*Mr. Charletan*" or "*Charlatan*," who prints a French newspaper somewhere near Cranbourn-alley, has abused, in very gross terms, a French actress of the name of St. Leon, who is now playing in the little theatre by Tottenham-court-road. This individual, whose name is Châtelain, (not "*Charlatan*") had his bones broken a short time since at the Opera-house, for some very foul abuse of Madame Caradori: and, although we in general disapprove of the *baculinic* style of abating criticism, we are forced to confess that the impudence with which some of

the minor French writers treat the unlucky "acting" people that they review, is perfectly ridiculous. The abuse of M<sup>d</sup>le. St. Leon is very vulgar and impudent; and she is, in truth, rather a pretty girl, and a clever actress; but a stout chambermaid, with a mop and pail—or other such domestic weapon as the habits and tastes of such an operator might suggest—would be the more proper "physical means" to employ—if castigation be absolutely necessary. Corking-pins, and not cudgels—the bod-kin—we should say—should be looked to rather than the bastinado! The culprit might be tossed in a flannel petticoat; or stoned to death by barbers, with empty rouge or pomatum-pots; but certainly not beaten with any weapon heavier than a slipper. It is not the least ridiculous part of the affair, however, that any people should be found to buy the wretched trash that these Anglo-French newspaper-mongers publish, at the very impudent price demanded for it. The whole of the paper in question—the *Mercure* does not contain one-half the quantity of matter—such as it is—that would go into one of our two-penny publications; such as "The Mirror"—"The Hive"—and others; and the publishing price of the rag, if our memory does not fail us, is a shilling!

The French periodicals of the last month contain some curious extracts from the "History of the Peninsular War," by the late French General Foy; a work of considerable magnitude, which is in the course of publication. The specimens given shew undoubted talent in the author; and the comparison drawn between the regime and discipline of the English armies and those of France, exhibits a spirited, if not at all points a just, delineation, of the peculiarities of our national character.

"The world sees no troops better disciplined than those of Great Britain; and yet one of the first causes of that excellence of discipline is a system and state of things which, applied to the armies of France, would lead to results of a nature diametrically opposite. So true it is, that, according to the character or condition of the material on which we operate, we must employ different means to attain precisely the same end.

"The soldiers and officers of the English army form two classes, which are separated from each other by a barrier almost impassable. This is the effect of the common institutions of the country. An army raised by conscription, chuses its officers from its own ranks, because in those ranks it finds the best citizens of the country, and because the country owes to its children a fair and open career for their fortunes, in whatever situation it has found it necessary to place them. An army recruited by bounties of money, has a right only to the performance of the engagement which is made with it; and the halbert of the serjeant is understood to be the *nil ultra* of the English soldier's ambition when he enlists. In such an army, the soldiers are passive instruments; wheels merely, which it is necessary to clean up and and grease abundantly, in order that the machine may always be ready for action."

The general omits to remember here, that the species of military force which he last describes, is the only standing army that can ever be maintained without danger to the liberties of a country. Nine-tenths of the soldiers of an English army, would always be pleased—five-sixths of them charmed—with the prospect of being disbanded. This force is a defence, therefore, which serves our purpose perfectly, while its aid is required; and which we can get rid of without difficulty, when we want it no longer. But the moment you get a large army together, in which the private soldiers have an interest, and a "career" to look forward to, in their profession, you have a force embodied which may be disposed to *continue itself*; and which—like the spirit raised by the magician's scholar—having raised it, the means are not quite certain how you are to put it down again.—But we continue.



"This distinction of classes established in both, produces some resemblance between the English army, and the armies of Russia; for the principal strength of the last lies in the fact, that great masses of ignorant men suffer themselves blindly to be led forward by people more enlightened than themselves.

"The British soldier is stupid and intemperate. A discipline of iron crushes some of his natural faults, and makes others available. His body is robust, from the strong exercises to which he is accustomed from his youth: his spirit is vigorous, because, his father has always told him—and his leaders repeat to him incessantly—that "the men of Old England—fed upon roast beef and porter—are able to beat three to one of the pigmy races that vegetate on the continent of Europe." Though of a sanguine disposition, his vivacity in the charge is not extraordinary; but he stands fast; and, properly put on, he goes forward. In the action, he looks very little to the right or left: the example of his comrades does not much increase his courage; their fall may damp, but it never extinguishes his determination. When men like these fall back, it is by dint of sheer hard blows, and it is not a lucky word that rallies, or recalls them to the charge. To the French, it is always necessary to talk: to the English, never. The last form no plan of the campaign; they combine nothing; and still less suggest any thing. Their passions are only lively within a narrow circle. They have but one manner of expressing the sentiment:—whatever it is—that they feel; and the "Hurra!" with which they receive a favourite general in the camp, or on the field of battle, is just the same cry of brutal encouragement that the populace of London shouts to the boxers who divert them on feasts and holidays.

One lion, the fable says, is worth three foxes. And notwithstanding the strictures of General Foy upon our single "hurra!"—we rather suspect—though this may account, perhaps, for the dislike expressed—that it was always to French troops the most unwelcome sound in an action that ever greeted them. And, for our want of vivacity, it should be recollected, that there are conventional circumstances and feelings which make men less oriental in their declarations in one country than they are in another. An Englishman always feels it necessary to have some intension of *executing* that which he promises or threatens.

"It is not characterizing the English properly to say, that they are brave at such or such an enterprise. They are always brave when they have slept, drank, and eaten. Their courage, which is physical rather than moral, requires to be maintained by a substantial treatment. Glory would never make them forget that they were hungry, or that their shoes were worn out. Every soldier receives new clothing every year. The lowest pay in the army is a shilling a day" [there is no pay so low]; "and, after all deductions for rations, clothes, and appointments, there remains twopence-halfpenny a day at the disposal of the individual. This pay, which is but moderate in England, on account of the high price of commodities, becomes, on the Continent, equal to more than double that of the Germans or French. In England there is no such thing known as stoppage of pay, or illegal detention of arrears. The English soldier eats a great deal—especially of meat. He drinks still more than he eats. At home, his drink is beer: abroad, they give him wine, when the country supplies it. In camp, he cannot dispense with spirituous liquors; and the rum comes apropos to rally his spirits in the moment of danger."

This last line is a little libellous of the late general, and not quite true. The English seldom, if ever, have been known—we believe there is no instance on record—to make an attack in a state of intoxication. The French have done so constantly. We say nothing about the fitness of the practice; but let the use of it stand in its right place.

The author then observes upon the contrast which the two nations display in their personal economy, and habits of domestic military life:—

"Observe the French troops arrive at their place of bivouac, after a long and harassing march. The moment the drums have ceased to beat, the knapsacks, ranged in rows behind the piled arms, mark out the ground on which each party

is to pass the night. The clothes are thrown off; and, covered only with their long cloaks, the soldiers run in search of provisions, wood, water, straw—whatever is wanting. Fires are lighted; the pot is soon on, and boils; trees brought in from the forest are rudely fashioned into huts, and the air rings with the fall of the hatchet and the cry of the labourers. While the meat is dressing, the men, impatient of inactivity, repair their clothes and shoes, and clean their arms and accoutrements. The soup is presently ready, and it is eaten. If there is no wine, the conversation is calm, without being sad; and an early retirement to sleep ensures the recovery of strength against next day. If, on the contrary, liquor is to be obtained, the evening is prolonged. The veterans relate to the recruits, drawn round their watch-fires, where—here or there—the regiment of each has acquired its glory. They start up with joy even at the recollection of—how the Emperor, at such or such a place, when he was supposed to be far off, suddenly appeared in front of the grenadiers, mounted upon his white horse, and followed by his Mameluke. “Oh! how we should have cut up the Russians and Prussians, if the regiment on our right had fought that day as we did!—if the cavalry had been ready at the moment when they began to give way!—if the reserve had behaved as the vanguard did—not one of the ragged rascals—not one of them would have escaped!”

The above is the French side of the field. We now come to the British:—

“Now turn your eyes upon the opposite camp. See the English, fatigued, ill-tempered, and almost immoveable. They seem to wait, like the spectres of the Turkish armies, till slaves set up their tents and prepare their dinners. And yet they have only made a short march; and it is but two hours after noon when they reach the ground upon which they are to pass the night. Bread and wine is served out to them. The sergeant distributes the work and the various duties. He shews where the water is and the wood, points out which trees are to be cut down, and even the place where every stick is to be used. Notwithstanding all which, the work goes on slowly, clumsily, and is very incomplete when it is done. What has become, then, of the industrious, enterprising spirit of this nation, which surpasses all others in the mechanic arts? It is that the soldiers are used to do nothing but that which they are commanded. Once put out of their routine, all is embarrassment to them and disappointment. Once liberated from the control of discipline, they abandon themselves to excesses which would disgust even Cossacks: they get drunk with all possible expedition; and their intoxication is cold, apathetic, and stupefying. Subordination is the *sine qua non* of the existence of an English army. It is composed of men who are incapable of moderation in abundance, and it would disband in a time of scarcity.”

The excellent general has a partisan's and a patriot's title to speak favourably of his own countrymen and fellow-soldiers; and he has not let this privilege lie idle. Nothing can be more true than the superior address of the French soldier in hutting himself and foraging. Some consideration, however, should be made as to the last point, from the circumstance that he is accustomed to supply (in the campaign) *all* his daily wants by plunder—a habit which, in the British army, is not permitted. But, with the admission of his superior dexterity in these operations, and of his superior gaiety and good manners, our agreement with the general ceases. The “amiable simplicity” in the French soldier, which he so strongly contrasts with the indolent sluggishness and ready love of intoxication peculiar to our jolter-headed English, will be a little too much for the patience of those of our military readers who have lived among the French, either as allies or prisoners; or who have even merely known their habits by passing over a country which they have possessed and abandoned. The English soldier is like a bear—heavy enough in appearance, and dangerous when baited; but the Frenchman is like a monkey, who, with a constitutional, amusing sort of mischievous grimace, has even more of ferocity than his growling opponent, and fifty times more of dirt, and obscenity,

and malice. There is a decency about the feelings of the English soldier—peasant as he is—which the Frenchman never approaches. The first has the manners and tastes of a ploughman, or a journeyman carpenter; the last, the vices (with the address) of a marker at a billiard-table, an inferior actor, or broken-down Bond-street swindler. A French army is full as terrible to its allies in the city, as to its enemy in the field. The order and discipline of an English force is as perfect in one position as the other. But this is taking the question up upon trifles; because the superiority (moral) of the English lower classes over the French, in all matters of real importance, is no less decided than the advantage of the latter over the first in all minor circumstances of demeanour and of good manners. The English boor is coarse; but there are duties which habit or teaching has taught him to respect. The Frenchman is as cavalierly free from “the prejudice of education,” as he generally is from religious feeling. But, for an illustration of the decencies, and taste, and feeling displayed by the French troops—at least as they were at the period during which General Foy speaks of them—we will refer our readers to the new novel called *Cyril Thornton*—and especially to that part of it which treats of the advance of the British troops, after the retreat of the French out of Portugal, preparatory to the close of the Peninsular war.

A singular turn of address was performed at Bath the other day by a chevalier of industry, who found himself, on the sudden, in want of a pair of boots, and also in want of money to purchase them. Having some doubts probably, although he was living at an inn of respectability, as to the faith of the tradesmen of Bath, after the rude shocks which it is so constantly receiving from parties who make it, during “the season,” their place of abode, he called upon two shoemakers in opposite quarters of the city, and desired to have some boots sent to the White Lion for his inspection. The first dealer, who was a resident in Milsom-street, came according to order, and found his customer at breakfast; and, after some trouble, fitted him with a neat pair of “Wellingtons;” which the party fitted was just taking out his purse to pay for, when—walking two or three times up and down the room to try the “effect” of them—he found that “the left boot was tighter rather than he liked it.” The right “fitted perfectly well;” but “the left wanted stretching across the instep.” Accordingly, the offending equipment was drawn off, and the maker desired “to take it back, and put it upon the tree for a couple of hours,” at the end of which time it would fit completely. The Milsom-street boot-maker went away, leaving his customer with one boot on and one slipper; and of course, leaving the affair of “payment” until he returned with the fellow-boot “at two o’clock;” and he was scarcely out of sight, when the artist from “Crescent-street” arrived, and found Captain C—— still at breakfast, in his slippers. The last dealer—unconscious of the ceremony which had taken place prior to his appearance, tried on all the boots that he had brought; but not a pair would fit, except one pair of “Wellingtons;” and these had the fault, that “the *right* boot pinched a little across the toe,” and required “putting upon the tree for an hour or two.” The second maker departed as the first had done, and was gratified with an order to “bring up an assortment of morocco slippers with him at the same time when he brought the “right boot,” as Captain C—— had been recommended to him, and was determined to give him “an order” worth having. It is hardly necessary to add, that the *right* and *left* boots which had visited the “trees,” were brought home regularly at two o’clock; but their *fellows* had disappeared some hours before, in company with the



excellent "captain." Dinner was ordered at "eight;" and the ceremony of laying the cloth instructed the waiters that two table spoons were missing; but the "captain" did not return.

*Two Ways of looking at a Question.*—When thanks were voted a few nights since to the British troops in India for their services in the late war, Mr. C. Wynne took occasion, in eulogizing the services of Sir Archibald Campbell, particularly, to speak of the "generosity" of that officer, who, being within two days march of the capital city of the Burmese, at the conclusion of the war, had consented to stop the progress of his arms; and foregoing all the immense plunder which he would have derived from the sack of Ava, had made a treaty precisely on the same moderate terms as had been offered at the commencement of the contest. Mr. Hume, in reply, bore full testimony to the services of General Campbell; but suggested, that the praise bestowed by Mr. Wynne, should have been given to the gallant general's "discretion," rather than to his "generosity." For, being, at the time specified, left, with only two thousand troops, and no chance of a reinforcement, opposed to fifty thousand inhabitants, whom he would have found in Ava, exclusive of the large Burmese military force, it was more than possible, that—had the general advanced—instead of having to enrich himself with the plunder of the capital city in question—not a single man of all his host would ever have escaped alive, even from the fury of the washerwomen of it.

This Burmese reminiscence reminds us of an anecdote in Major Snodgrass's book on the conduct of that war, which is strongly characteristic of the fact, how little the quality we call "wit," is the result of acquirement or education. When the British army was pushing on with great spirit towards the capital of Ava, and beating the Burmese forces at a majority of ten or a dozen to one, the two chiefs in command—we forget their names—"The Lion Eater"—and "The Invulnerable"—or some persons of that portentous sort of denomination—demanded an armistice. This request was acceded to by General Campbell; and terms of treaty were drawn up, which were to be forwarded by the Burmese to the Court of Ava for execution; but two or three days elapsed, during which no answer arrived from Ava; and the English commander got an inconvenient suspicion that he was being trifled with. Application being made for dispatch, the Indian chiefs invented a variety of excuses; protesting, in the most solemn terms, by every tie of honour and religion, that the messengers had been dispatched to their court, and from hour to hour, could not fail to arrive; but, in the end, Sir A. Campbell, convinced that the Court of Ava at least was negotiating only to gain time, charged the Burmese so furiously, that the "lion eater" in person scarcely escaped; his tent, with a large booty in specie and jewels, was captured; and in it was found—the identical treaty drawn between his greatness and Sir A. Campbell, five or six days before—which had never been sent to Ava—or dreamt of being sent there—at all. On the day after this assault, the two armies being, the one in retreat, the other in pursuit, Sir A. Campbell sent a flag to the "lion eater" with "his compliments," and the *treaty* "which had been sent" to Ava, that the Indian might be aware that his treachery was understood. The latter received the message with the most perfect coolness, and returned for answer—"his compliments to Sir A. Campbell, for the paper (the treaty), and he had also, in the hurry of his departure, left in his chest—with it—a bag, containing rather a considerable sum of money—which he doubted not the British general would also take an early opportunity of returning."

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*The History of the Reformation of the Church of England, by Henry Soames, M.A., Rector of Shelley, in Essex. Vol. 3. Reign of Edward VI; 1827.*—The reception Mr. Soames's former volumes met with, has, it seems—as was indeed to be expected—induced him to pursue the story of the English Reformation to its completion, in the commencement of Elizabeth's reign. The bulky volume before us contains the church history of Edward's reign; and in another volume—two at the least—his design, he says, may be accomplished. Very slight encouragement generally proves to be stimulus enough for prosecuting to conclusion a career, the chief difficulties of which attend the commencement, and which difficulties have been surmounted with tolerable, though not very flattering credit. No man likes to lose his labour; but that he is sure to do, if he abandon an unfinished performance—such performance, unless it have strong redeeming qualities, is sure to be thrown aside—whereas, by persevering, he may mend in skill and efficiency, and make his last exertions contribute to float the first and sinking ones again—he may convert defeat into triumph.

Of any remarkable encouragement the publication before us had received—though on the whole not ill executed—we should little expect to hear. It might have been thought a superfluous undertaking. Burnett's has not yet lost all its credit; it is still in every body's hands, nor likely very soon to become obsolete; and the additions, or the corrections, which Mr. Soames's researches furnish, were scarcely sufficient to demand a new history. Burnett's chief fault is prosiness; and though prosiness be not so much the characteristic of Mr. Soames's work, yet he is occasionally far too circumstantial, while the general tone of sentiment is feeble, and the mass of his work, before he has done with it, will at least equal that of his predecessor.

The Reformation, on Henry's death, was greatly in arrear of the advances made in other Protestant countries. His own mind had all along wavered, and he seemed disposed by his will to keep the minds of his subjects in the same indecisive state. The sixteen guardians, whom he left for his infant son, were divided in their theological views; nor was it at all apparent, at first, which party would predominate. The chances seemed rather to favour the Catholics. Wriothesley, the chancellor, and Tunstall, bishop of Durham, were avowedly and actively the supporters of Catholic principles. Wriothes-

ley's ambition, however, overleaped itself, and his very first measures ruined his authority for ever. The Earl of Hertford, the king's maternal uncle, was named protector, and Cranmer's influence in ecclesiastical matters, seconded as they zealously were by the protector's authority, carried all before him. The young king was educated by Protestants, and his mind thoroughly imbued with a detestation of popery, and reverence for the reformers. The child's real influence was of course nothing; but his name was used on all occasions, and was, as usual, a tower of strength. The grave face with which the progress of the Reformation is ascribed to this child's zeal and intelligence, by Protestant writers, from his own days even to ours, and by the writer before us, is all but ridiculous. Cranmer is the man to whom the whole is to be attributed. Ridley and Hooper, with the foreigners, Martyn and Bucer, were all manifestly working in subservience. They might suggest, advise, adopt, but he was the effective performer. His is the visible hand in the political institution of the Protestant Church.

We have said, English reformers, on Henry's death, were greatly in arrear. This is evident from many circumstances, but especially from the fact that it was not till this year (1547) that Cranmer and Ridley's own sentiments were at all shaken on the question of transubstantiation; and throughout Edward's reign, transubstantiation was the grand topic of discussion—the fortress which the reformers attacked, and the Catholics defended. On this point it was that Gardiner, and Bonner, and Tunstall were deprived, and for which heretics were harassed by interrogatories, or burnt at the stake. So much did Mr. Soames feel this to be the leading feature of the polemics of this reign, that he has thought it indispensable to trace the history of the question from its earliest sources; and the extent to which this tracing has carried him, he alleges as the chief cause of the extreme bulkiness of his volume. His view of this subject is, if not one of the best parts of his book, at least the one about which he has taken most pains; and he has actually brought together materials that were not before assembled.

Very early, even in the second century, extraordinary respect was paid to the consecrated elements. It quickly became the practice to carry them to the sick, and this soon came to be done with augmenting tokens of reverence, and something of parade. By and by, the elements could be consecrated only in churches;

and the ceremonial became more and more complicated, and an air of deeper mystery was thrown over the rite. Imperceptibly the sign and the signification were confounded. Some such confounding is observable in the fifth century, in the sentiments of Eutyches; but it was not till the year 787 that the second Council of Nice gave its sanction, as essentially it did, to this novel doctrine. It was not yet called transubstantiation. The Council of Constantinople, as a reason for renouncing the use of images, had alleged, that Christ left no image of himself, except the sacramental elements, which represent his body and blood. This declaration of the divines of Constantinople, the Council of Nice decided to be wrong—the consecrated bread and wine not being, they said, types, but truly the body and blood of Christ. This decision, however, failed of producing any general acquiescence in Western Europe. Charlemagne—or some one rather in his name—in an epistle to Alcuin, expressed his belief that the sacred elements are figures of Christ's body and blood; and, for any thing that appears, in this belief he continued, whatever might be that of the Church of Rome.

Early in the ninth century, the attention of the learned at least was drawn particularly to the subject by the circulation of a work by Paschasius Radbert, abbot of Corbey in Picardy, in which he maintained a doctrine, corresponding pretty closely with what was afterwards defended by Luther, that is, consubstantiation rather than transubstantiation. This however met with little favour in France; and Charles the Bald employed a monk and priest, of the name of Ratram, or Bertramus, of the same abbey, to reply to Radbert. This work is still extant, and there is an English translation of it. It is a document of considerable importance, as shewing incontrovertibly, that in the ninth century a distinguished member of the Church of Rome, uncensured, inculcated opinions, utterly irreconcilable with the doctrines of modern popery; and that so far were his sentiments from giving offence, they were expressly approved of by almost every cotemporary name of any theological celebrity, as Rabanus Maurus, the archbishop of Mentz; Agobard, archbishop of Lyons; Claudius, bishop of Turin, John Scot (Erigena), and Druthmar. In our own country, too, Elfric, the grammarian, who was abbot of Cerne, in Dorsetshire, in the tenth century, and probably afterwards archbishop of York, in a sermon of his, written in Saxon, affords incontestible proofs that transubstantiation was not the doctrine of the English Church.

The following age produced a powerful

patron of the new doctrine in Lanfranc, afterwards abbot of Caen; and among the lower classes of life, it had by that time spread far and wide; but among the learned there were still opponents, among whom the most distinguished was Berenger, archdeacon of Angers. A letter of his addressed to Lanfranc on the subject fell into the hands of the Pope, Leo IX., who forthwith excommunicated the author. A synod was held at Vercelli, and Berenger's opinions were peremptorily condemned. The consequence was a violent ferment in France. Another synod was held at Tours; but the partizans of the court of Rome prevailed; Berenger appeared and submitted. Of this submission, however, he quickly repented, and republished his sentiments. But resolute as he appeared to be on paper—not being born with the spirit of a martyr—he again submitted; and again repented; and a third time proclaimed the same opinions. Of so little influence, however, were these efforts of his—exerted with so little firmness—that he was at last left in peace, apparently in contempt. Even in the twelfth century there were Catholic writers expressing the same sentiments—Peter Lombard for instance. As an article of faith, indeed, transubstantiation seems not to have been enforced till 1215, by Innocent III. Cardinal Langton, a favourite of Innocent's, when he became archbishop of Canterbury, was the first who took any official measures towards the establishment of this doctrine in England; Peckham, archbishop of the same see, about half a century afterwards, followed them up vigorously, and with considerable effect. Yet even to the close of the thirteenth century, it was found necessary to press upon the English clergy the necessity of assiduously teaching this doctrine. For a time, and among a few in the following century, Wickliffe preached up the old belief; and then, for nearly two centuries, no more was heard of it in England. In 1524 Zuingle discussed the question, and revived the doctrines of Berenger and Wickliffe. Luther halted midway between the two opinions; and it was not, as we have said, till 1547, that Cranmer and Ridley shook off their prejudices.

Throughout Edward's reign Cranmer was indefatigable in prosecuting the progress of reform. Generally his measures were conspicuously judicious—precipitating nothing—taking one thing at a time. He had much to do. He began with forbidding certain ceremonies—perhaps the most hazardous step he ever took—such as carrying candles in procession on Candlemas-day, ashes on Ash Wednesday, palms on Palm Sunday; creeping to the cross, taking holy water, &c. Then fol-



lowed an order of council to remove images from the churches—the publication of a common prayer in the English language—homilies—articles—canons. But amidst all these advances appeared a proclamation for the rigid observance of Lent—the main motives for which appear to have been, not of a spiritual, but a political nature—Cranmer, we may suppose, must have been overruled—an apprehension of diminishing the stock of cattle, and of ruining the fisheries. Meat was strictly forbidden the profane multitude—it was not *then* so superfluous as such a prohibition would be now; little difficulty was however made in granting licences, to be paid for of course, by which individuals might choose their own diet at all seasons; and in some cases, says Mr. Soames, these grantees were even allowed to entertain guests in their own way on days when their less favoured neighbours were interdicted from dealings with the butchers. Among the applicants was Roger Ascham—whose letter on the occasion is given in the text, but for which, though curious and characteristic, we have no space. In the following year these injunctions were enforced by an Act of Parliament, in the preamble of which it is alleged, that divers of the king's subjects have abused their improvement in knowledge, turned epicures under better instruction, and broken the fasting days of the church. The penalties were, for the first offence, a fine of ten shillings, and an imprisonment of ten days, without a mouthful of butcher's meat; for the second offence, the penalties were to be doubled, and so on in geometrical progression, we believe.

In all that was really good, in all that forwarded the reformation, Cranmer was the great agent; and in all that was bad he either took an active part, or must be allowed to have yielded with a cowardly and compromising spirit. Seymour's death, and Jane Boacher's and Van Parr's burnings can never be forgotten. Mr. Soames has an excuse for every thing, while professing not to excuse.

*Wallenstein, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Schiller.* 2 vols.; 1827.—This splendid tragedy of Schiller's is not new to the English reader. Coleridge, some years ago, published a translation of it, and one of so much general excellence—so vivid in the version, and free and English in the language, that any second attempt seemed perfectly superfluous. The author of the translation before us never, it seems, saw Mr. Coleridge's version, but adventurously undertook a task of surely no common difficulty—without troubling himself—not unwisely perhaps—to ascertain how far there was any real occasion for the undertaking itself—seeing he was,

for some reason or other, thus blindly resolved to execute it—contenting himself with the report that Coleridge's translation was made from a manuscript copy, in which Schiller was known or believed to have made material alterations. And alterations it appears the author really did make; but the account itself of the translator is—not worth calling suspicious perhaps, but surely childish: if the story be indeed true, it would have been quite as discreet to say nothing about the matter. We prefer the reason that will satisfy every body—the translator's belief he could do better.

In some respects the translator *has* done better. His work is more equable, nearer to the sense, though farther from the spirit; he has spent the same degree of care upon the whole, the good and the bad; while Mr. Coleridge only worked up the passages that found an echo in his own soul—careless often whether he was expressing Schiller's or his own sensations, and leaving, apparently, the connecting parts—the mere prose—to take its own chance, and stand in a naked rendering;

Schiller's object was it seems to dramatize some grand national event. That of the thirty years war—the decisive struggle between the Catholic and Protestant powers of Europe—naturally presented itself. He had already surveyed its history, with the elegance of a poet, and the research, and perhaps the philosophy, of an historian. The character of Wallenstein—the leader of the imperial forces—had enough in it of the heroic and commanding—there was besides something of mystery about him—a general unacquaintance with the details of his character—to be readily fitted to his purpose. The central point, as Wallenstein was, around which the whole events of that memorable war seemed to revolve—it presented the author with abundant opportunities for exhibiting the effects upon society of war, religious controversy, and ambition. The subject however proved too mighty for the grasp of one drama. Three were demanded to give full expansion to his swelling conceptions—and these he entitled the *Camp of Wallenstein*, the *Piccolomini*, and the *Death of Wallenstein*.

The *CAMP*, neither Mr. Coleridge nor his rival has ventured to translate. It is merely introductory—written in a coarse kind of provincial dialect, with fantastic rhymes and double endings, and exhibits a picture, says the new translator of Wallenstein, of the military life of that discordant horde, which, after fifteen years of warfare, had sat down like locusts upon the plains of Pilsen; men of all religions, or of none; wanderers on the earth, with no home but the garrison and the camp—no relationship but the brotherhood of

arms—no property but the universal sun. The Uhlan, the Croat, the Walloon, the Spaniard, and the Italian, are seen mingling among each other, drinking, laughing, cooking, singing, or gaming; here a peasant and his son arranging their schemes of roguery against the new comers from the Saal and the Maine—or a sharpshooter cheating a Croat of his plunder; there a quarrel about a market-girl, or a young recruit strutting in his military garb, and already, in anticipation, a colonel of cuirassiers—while the whole is crowned by the sermon of a capuchin, delivered in the midst of the riotous assembly, stuffed with puns and perverted texts, and seasoned with severe reflections on the audience and their officers, &c.

THE PICCOLOMINI, and the DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN, can be regarded only as one drama, divided into ten acts instead of five; neither is at all complete without the other, and therefore it is quite absurd to speak of them as two. The first part, however, traces the progress of those intrigues, by which Wallenstein, long wavering between loyalty and ambition, is at last impelled to revolt and ruin—developing very ably the characters of his principal officers—his friends, instruments, and rivals. The incidents of the piece are still of a cold and prosaic character, consisting chiefly of the schemes of Octavio Piccolomini, Wallenstein's pretended friend, to undermine his influence, and betray his rash confidence to the emperor; the counsels, banquets, and intrigues of these chiefs; the mission of Questenberg, empowered to deprive Wallenstein of the command, and invest Piccolomini with it; and the defence of Wallenstein's measures; but the dryness is relieved by the animation spread over the youthful eloquence of Piccolomini's son, and the loveliness and artlessness of Thekla, Wallenstein's daughter. The younger Piccolomini is Wallenstein's bosom friend, and knows neither of Wallenstein's aspirations, nor of his father's treacheries. He is of a noble and elevated character, and the discovery rends his soul with anguish. He is enamoured of Wallenstein's daughter—that daughter whom the father destines for a diadem. The contentions of duty, and friendship, and affection, when he does learn all, give occasion to the best scenes of the drama.

It is in the last piece that the character of Wallenstein breaks upon us in all its vigour. In the "Piccolomini" he is nothing but the wily politician, calculating every chance, and providing against every emergency—irresolute and close—rather indeed revelling in the thoughts of greatness, than resolving on the attempt. He is at last pushed into action by the arts of Piccolomini and other officers. The

energy of his character is all along—too much perhaps—impressed upon us, indirectly, by the influence he is represented to possess over high and low—by the awe and veneration with which he strikes the stormy spirits around him. The soldiers see, not the irresolute politician, but the conqueror of Mansfeld, and the rival of Gustavus. The interior view, to which we are admitted, of his plans and purposes, fail of commanding present respect; but the latent energies of his mind, we know, are great, and we expect with confidence their full development. Nor are these expectations disappointed. It is, says the translator, when all his friends begin to despair—when the blow, which would have paralysed less vigorous minds, has fallen—that Wallenstein becomes himself again. Betrayed by his friend—deserted by the army—proscribed, and almost forsaken—he retires to Egra, still confident in himself and in his fortune. Omens and dreams unite to shake his mind; and the remembrance of the younger Piccolomini, the friend whom he has lost for ever—in whose youthful enthusiasm he had delighted to retrace and revive his own—presses on his heart with an ominous despondency. But he summons his energies to his aid; he despises the prognostics of his attendants; and retires to that rest from which he is destined never to awake, in confident anticipation of the speedy rising of the higher flood which is to follow on this ebbing of his fortunes.

It requires ample quotations to give any fair conception of Schiller's powers; and that luckily is not our present business. The translations are more easily dealt with—a specimen or two will suffice.

Compare the following—the one exhibiting the cold correctness of study—a translation; the other reflecting the glowing energies of poetry—a transfusion.

Wallenstein's sister is expostulating with him:—

Trust? Inclination? they had need of thee.  
The importunate counsellor, necessity,  
That laughs at empty names and dazzling out-  
sides,  
That calls for actions—not the show of action;  
That ever seeks the best and greatest out,  
To place him at the helm; although she seek him  
Among the lowest;—she it was restored thee  
To thy fit place, and wrote thy proud commission.  
For ever, while they may, this selfish race  
Works by the aid of patient slavish drudges;  
But when extremity draws near at last,  
And hollow arts avail no more, they fall  
Into the stronger hands of Nature's nobles,—  
The giant spirits, who obey no master:  
Acknowledge no allegiance, and subdue  
All laws and all conditions to their own.

## Now look at Coleridge's:—

Affection! confidence! they *needed* thee.  
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!  
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,  
Is served; who'll have the thing, and not the  
symbol, *mid' banquets strings*  
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,  
And at the sadder places *him*, e'n though  
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—  
She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee  
In this high office; it was she that gave thee  
Thy letters-patent of inauguration.  
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,  
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate  
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the ap-  
proach

Of extreme peril, when a hollow image  
Is found a hollow image, and no more,  
Then falls the power into the mighty hands  
Of Nature—of the spirit giant-born,  
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing  
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,  
And, like the emancipated force of fire,  
Unmastered, scorches, ere it reaches them;  
Their fine-spun webs ———.

The same difference of spirit is observ-  
able in the rendering of these beautiful  
conceptions:—

O, never will I smile at his belief  
In starry influence and ghostly might.  
'Tis not alone man's *pride* that peoples space  
With visionary forms and mystic powers;  
But for the *loving* heart, this common nature  
Is all too narrow, and a deeper meaning  
Lies in the fables of our childish years,  
Than in the truer lore of after life.  
The lovely world of wonder 'tis, alone,  
That echoes back the heart's ecstatic feeling,  
That spreads for men its everlasting room,  
And with the waving of its thousand branches  
Rocks the enchanted spirit to repose.  
The world of fable is love's home; he dwells  
Gladly with fays and talismans, and gladly  
Believes in gods, for he himself is godlike.  
The fairy shapes of fables are no more;  
The deities of old have wandered out;  
But still the heart must have a language, still  
The early names come back with early feelings;  
And in the starry heavens we seek those forms,  
That friendly once in life have walked beside us.  
Still from yon sky they smile on lovers down,  
And all that's *great* on earth even now is sent us  
From Jupiter, from Venus all that's *fair*.

## Now Coleridge:—

Oh never rudely will I blame his faith  
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely  
The human being's *pride* that peoples space  
With life and mystical predominance;  
Since likewise for the stricken heart of *Love*  
This visible nature, and this common world,  
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import  
Lurks in the legend told my infant years  
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.  
For Fable is Love's world, his house, his birth-  
place;  
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,  
And spirits; and delightedly believes  
Divinities, being himself divine.  
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,

The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring;  
Or chasms, and watery depths; all these have  
vanished—

They live no longer in the faith of reason!  
But still the heart doth need a language; still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
With man as with their friend; and to the lover  
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
Shoot influence down; and even at this day  
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair.

*The Gold-headed Cane; 1827.*—The  
widow of Dr. Baillie presented to the Col-  
lege of Physicians a gold-headed cane,  
which had been successively in the pos-  
session of Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pit-  
cairn, and Baillie, whose several armorial  
bearings are engraved on the head of it.  
This circumstance suggested the little  
publication before us, which is simply a  
sketch of the lives of these eminent men,  
interspersed with notices of other physi-  
cians, from Linacre downwards.

*Xpυστοφανης*; ipse loquitur. Of Radcliffe  
the most remarkable circumstance related  
is the very large professional income he  
made. He had not been in practice a  
twelvemonth before he got twenty guineas  
a day. He was physician to William,  
Mary, and Anne. William paid him  
splendidly; besides allowing him £200 a  
year beyond his other physicians, he gave  
him 500 guineas for curing Bentinck and  
Zulestein; and once, when Radcliffe went  
to the camp before Namur to attend on  
Albemarle—remaining one week—Wil-  
liam gave him an order on the treasury  
for £1,200, and Albemarle himself added  
400 guineas. Dandrige, the apothecary,  
patronised by Radcliffe, died worth  
£50,000. Allowing for difference of no-  
minal and real value of money, who makes  
any thing like this sum now? But talk-  
ing of fees, Mead relates one received  
by Hamey, a great benefactor of the Col-  
lege:—

It was in the times of the civil wars when it  
pleased God to visit him with a severe fit of sick-  
ness, or peripneumonia, which confined him a great  
while to his chamber, and to the more than ordi-  
nary care of his tender spouse. During this afflic-  
tion he was disabled from practice; but the very  
first time he dined in his parlour afterwards, a  
certain great man in high station came to consult  
him on an indisposition—*ratione vagi sui amoris*—  
and he was one of the godly ones too of those  
times. After the doctor received him in his study,  
and modestly attended to his long religious pre-  
face, with which he introduced his ignominious  
circumstances, and Dr. Hamey had assured him of  
his fidelity, and gave him hopes of success in his  
affair, the generous soldier (for such he was) drew  
out of his pocket a bag of gold, and offered it all  
at a lump to his physician. Dr. Hamey, surprised



at so extraordinary a fee, modestly declined the acceptance of it; upon which the great man, dipping his hand into the bag himself, grasped up as much of the coin as his fist could hold, and generously put it into the doctor's coat pocket, and so took his leave.—It may be said, continued Mead, that this was an extraordinary case, and the fee a most extraordinary one, which the patient paid as the price of secrecy; but the precaution was unnecessary (as it ought always to be in a profession whose very essence is honour and confidence), for—(a curious *for*, by the way) the name of the generous soldier is never once mentioned in the life of Hamey (written by himself), though I have good reason to believe he was no other than Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell.

Radcliffe left £40,000 to found a library at Oxford, and £5,000 to enlarge or repair University College. He was not distinguished for professional learning, or any other learning, but was a man of sound judgment, accompanied with good tact, and blunt manners. His great improvement in practice, and on which he piqued himself, was the cooling treatment of small-pox—a treatment which he enjoined upon Mead, and ultimately adopted by him.

The Gold-headed Cane comes next into Mead's hands. Radcliffe had once said, "When I am dead, Mead, you will occupy the throne of physic in this town." "No, Sir," says Mead, "when you are gone, your empire, like Alexander's, will be divided among many successors." This was very happily said, but the fact accorded with Radcliffe's prediction. Mead was a man of far higher attainments. He was the framer of the present quarantine laws, which some adventurous persons of our days are eager to repeal—the introducer of inoculation, not meaning to depreciate Lady Mary Wortley's merits—and the inventor of bandaging patients after tapping—many it seems had died for want of this obvious precaution. Garth, Frend, Arbuthnot, are introduced as Mead's cotemporaries and acquaintance. Frend was in parliament—a tory—implicated in Atterbury's plot—and during a suspension of the Habeas Corpus was sent to the tower, and confined for some months. Mead exerted all his influence to procure his release, in vain. At last, Walpole, being unwell, sent for Mead. Mead seized the opportunity to plead for Frend, urged with great warmth his general excellencies, his real loyalty, his services as an army physician, his excellent qualities, his learning, his skill, &c., and finally declined prescribing for the minister unless Frend was set at liberty. Walpole—it was in one of "his happier hours" we suppose—yielded to Mead's importunities, got his prescription, and we hope a speedy cure.

A lively sketch of Linacre follows, the founder of the college. He visited Florence, and was distinguished for his

Greek; read lectures in that language; and was physician and tutor to Prince Arthur, and successively physician to Henry VII., VIII., Edward, and Mary. He was marked for his prognosis in the case of Lily, the grammarian, as well as for the method by which he relieved Erasmus in a painful fit of the gravel. A few years before his death he took orders. It was said of him, that upon some occasion reading the sermon on the mount, he threw the book away, and swore that it was either not the gospel, or we were not Christians.

Of Harvey, it is said, that after the publication of his discovery of the circulation, such was the general prejudice against him as an innovator, his practice as a physician considerably declined. To be sure, says the Gold-headed Cane, he might look upon himself as recompensed for the ingratitude of the public by the regard of his royal master. This is loyalty with a witness—worthy of our own best tory days. It is said of Mead, "That, of all physicians who had ever flourished, he gained the most, spent the most, and enjoyed the highest fame during his life, not only in his own but in foreign countries."

We have no more space—but the accounts of Askew, Pitcairne, and Baillie, are very scanty. Physicians began to leave their gold-headed canes at home. We find Baillie's reply to his fantastic and importunate patient—"Pray, Doctor, may I eat a few oysters?" "Yes, Madam, shells and all, if you please."

*English Fashionables Abroad.* 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—This is not an ill-written book, but it will be no hit, it will win no popularity. It does not tell specifically enough of the class the title announces; fashionable or unfashionable, the accounts would be much the same; and, what is worse for the object the writer has in view, the characters will not be recognized, either as portraits or caricatures. It is simply a tour, under the mask of a tale. Every thing now-a-days seems accomplishable by tales—sermons and polemics—morals and politics—and now we have a tour. This will not last, or at least another course must be taken. We cannot serve two masters. If a writer deal with a story, that story must engage his main attention. To make it the vehicle of another purpose, defeats that purpose, and with it breaks down the conveyance. If the writer must have another object than what the interest of his incidents involves, he should sedulously keep it in the back ground. It must work indirectly, and take its chance of indirect effect.

As a tour, the "English Fashionables Abroad" is miserably incomplete—as descriptive of the state of certain societies

at Rome and Naples, sometimes very good; but as a novel again it fails, and of necessity fails. It moves at too slow a pace. The breaks are frequent and provoking. The interest, were it of a much keener kind, with such interruptions, must flag. The novel reader will pursue the thread of the story, and cut the rest as all *de trop*—that is, he will read about a third of the volumes; and the reader, who wishes for the description he is taught to expect, does not want to be encumbered with new acquaintance.

As to the story, we have an aunt, a peeress of the realm, touring in quest of antiquarian lore, an ignorant pretender, nothing but a stiff, stupid, prejudiced, foolish old woman—with a niece, entirely dependent upon her and her humours, young, lively, accomplished. These are first met with at an inn on the Appenines. At the same place arrive two young men of high family, and one of them of higher expectations, who happens to know the aunt very well, and something of the niece, though nothing of their relationship. The parties travel on to Rome together. One of the young men, Lord Vanderville, makes violent love to the niece, Emily Sternheim; the other, Mr. Myrvin, something very like love, but soberly, respectfully, remotely. The young lady, who is of a gay and frank spirit, is pleased with the open attentions of the one, and struck with the implied admiration of the other. The young men had been going forthwith to Naples; Mr. Myrvin to join his cousin, a young lady of brilliant endowments, for whom he is supposed to have a *penchant de cœur*; and Lord Vanderville accompanies, for want of something better to do. Miss Sternheim proves to be metal more attractive. Lord Vanderville suffers his friend to proceed by himself, and remains behind to press his suit upon Emily. He soon comes to terms with the wealthy aunt, and the young lady herself has no very decided dislikes—she only begs time for better acquaintance. By and by the parties all go on to Naples. Here the young lord meets with his friends, feels at ease with regard to Emily, and grows careless. She takes fire, and peremptorily dismisses my lord.

Now come Mr. Myrvin and his fair cousin—the cousin, to whom he was supposed to be engaged—on the scene. By degrees it appears no such engagement exists. Mr. Myrvin's admiration for Miss Sternheim becomes now more conspicuous; and he is almost on the point of declaration, when, unluckily, a veturino delivers to her a letter in Myrvin's presence from one Sir Willoughby Martin. This Sir Willoughby is known to Myrvin; he is just now under a cloud; has been extravagant, is deeply in debt, and obliged to play at

hide and seek. Miss Sternheim colours scarlet; she takes the letter, puts it in her bosom, and implores Myrvin to conceal the circumstance from her aunt. This is death to his hopes, and dispersion to the high conceptions he had formed of her character and integrity—she had, on dismissing Vanderville, expressly said, her affections were free. The intercourse is, however, kept up; and the charms of the lady overpower the lover's suspicions. She conquers and triumphs in spite of the dark appearances, and exults in that triumph. He makes a tender of his affections—and she, without rejecting, reminds him of Sir Willoughby—tells him Sir Willoughby is the arbiter of her fate, but promises to explain all the next day. That night, however, Myrvin learns more of Sir Willoughby—enough to convince him of Emily's duplicity. He renounces all further connection with her; flies from Naples in agony, and leaves the poor lady in despair. All, however, as the reader will anticipate, eventually clears up. Willoughby is her own brother. He had offended the aunt, and had been prohibited all intercourse with his sister. Myrvin is satisfied; the parties are happy; he in due time succeeds to a dukedom, and she becomes a duchess.

The writer has power enough to set a tale on its own legs. He may take our experience; no body will read his topographies or his antiquities.

*Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin.* 2 vols. 8vo.; 1827.—Once more—and probably, not positively, for the last time—have we the story of the stage and its votaries for the last thirty years, neither better nor worse than Kelly's, O'Keefe's, and Reynolds's, but a mixture of them all, eternally and intolerably the same. The same names are perpetually recurring, the same circumstances, the same subjects, all but the same events—the whole population of the scenes, from stars and sweepers to scribblers and proprietors, with their pitiful quarrels and jealousies, their successes and failures, enlivened by nothing of any universal interest—the stage has long ceased to be a matter of general regard—and presenting nothing about which any soul breathing beyond the precincts of the green-room cares a straw. The style and cast of the sentiments are still of the same fatiguing description—the same inflictions of quotation, the same torturings of jokes, and scrapings of Latin, the same laborious pursuit of a pun—the same tuft-hunting propensities, with the semblances of lofty pretensions,—exhibiting altogether a taste and spirit, neither intelligible nor congenial to any but a brother of the sock.

And yet, though all we have said be true to the letter, we may be too severe—

the tone may be somewhat too harsh. In the case of the writer before us there are redeeming virtues. The manifest kindness of his nature, the elasticity of his spirit, the resolution with which he encounters difficulties, and the readiness he shows, when defeated, to return to the charge, the perseverance, and ardour, and tact he displays—worthless as are many of the objects on which these qualities are exerted—command something like respect, and, in spite of our sterner judgments, we cannot but regret the want of success with which so much energy has been attended.

As an actor, Mr. Dibdin has been little distinguished. It is as a scribbler he has won his notoriety; and indeed for thirty years he has worked, and still works, one of the most prolific pens the age—abounding in such materials—can produce. He is the author of nearly two hundred dramatic pieces, of one, two, three, and five acts—not one of *four*; of nearly two thousand songs; of countless epilogues and prologues, of essays, tales, leading articles for magazines, papers, &c., to an amount of which himself has long lost count—the whole of which were written on the spur of pressing occasions, and for temporary purposes, and which, with the exception of a farce or two still keeping the stage, have, as he would himself phrase it, “left not a rack behind.” Of such a man’s evanescent career, why should the forgotten particulars be retraced? To gratify the taste of the day for notoriety. Tom Dibdin has known and been known to numbers; he must have something to tell, and all must be sure that what he knows he will tell. The two bulky volumes will be glanced at by those who expect to find themselves or their acquaintance figuring for good or for ill—the ridiculous will of course be most sought for—no matter whether the object of ridicule be myself or my friend—no matter, we are talked of. Mr. Dibdin had two volumes of given dimensions, by contract with his publisher and tempter, to fill; and how was he to fill them, but by gossiping of those who moved in the sole circle of the green-room?—and nine times out of ten such gossiping was little likely to be creditable to either party. Still there is no want of blarney.

Mr. Dibdin—for we must give our readers a glance of his career—was the son of Charles Dibdin—the Orpheus or Tyrtæus of the navy; his mother, and grandmother, and all his line to the flood, perhaps, were theatrical; and he himself, at four years of age, appeared as Cupid to Mrs. Siddons’s Venus, in the Shakspeare Jubilee, 1775. At eight he was placed in the choir of St. Paul’s, and seemed inevitably destined for a singer. By some

singular interference with this destiny, he was apprenticed to an upholsterer in the city—the well-known Sir William Rawlins—by whom he thought himself treated with severity, and who, seeing his apprentice’s stage predilections, which were quite irrepressible, was perpetually predicting *he would do no good*. In the course of his Reminiscences, Dibdin recurs many times to Sir William, evidently to prove how much the knight was mistaken. Sir William however was a shrewd fellow, and his predictions seem not to have been very wide of the mark. At the end of three or four years—unable any longer to resist his histrionic longings, he took French leave of Sir William, and on board a Margate ‘boy’ made his debut in a popular song of his father’s, to the assembled crew, who rewarded his efforts with such shouts of applause, as confirmed him in his purpose, and opened visions of future celebrity. An opportunity quickly presented itself; and on the coast he enlisted in a small joint-stock concern. His powers were at once acknowledged, and their extraordinary versatility added something to the miserable fractions of his share of the profits. He sung, and played, and painted, and fiddled, and scribbled himself to such a degree of reputation, that in a few months he was actually enrolled a member of one of the regular Kent companies. Here he laboured in all the varieties of his vocation for some years, till at last came the supreme felicity of treading the London boards. In London, however, he soon gave up acting—finding scribbling and stage-management the more profitable employments. Then, still soaring, he became successively prompter, half-manager, and sometimes whole manager of the royal theatres, and finally lessee and proprietor of minor theatres, sometimes of Sadler’s Wells, and then of the Surrey—all the while scribbling indefatigably, seizing upon all public occasions, and bringing out piece after piece, at the rate of half a dozen or even a dozen in the season.

“A rolling stone gathers no moss,” and this seems to have been poor Dibdin’s fate. His friends never found him long in the same position. With reason, or without, he was for ever changing. Though neither extravagant nor profligate—in the common acceptation of these terms, he was, what comes to the same thing, *improvident*—living from hand to mouth—spending freely, what sometimes came flowingly—reserving nothing for a rainy day—neither dreading, nor calculating on resources; but fagging on, and confiding in good luck and ultimate success. At the end of thirty years, he finds himself driven to the insolvent courts. Not to feel for a man so labouring, and so failing,



is impossible. The very precariousness of his employment—and his was eminently so—is but too apt to betray into carelessness; and a temperament that tempts a man to trust to his good fortune, is not likely much to mend the matter. On his own shewing, he is a domestic man, and attached to his family; and has aided his father and mother in their declining days—let him learn prudence, and he will not yet be forsaken. The present publication will do him but temporary good—he has given his pen too much liberty.

As we turned over the leaves we marked a few passages. They may amuse our readers as they did ourselves. The first concerns a fête given by the Princess Elizabeth on the recovery of her sister Amelia from a dangerous illness, affording a memorable instance of the estimate of literary labours formed among the great only a few years ago. The story is much too long to quote; we must be content with the pith of it, though after all the thing will hardly bear stripping of circumstances.—While on a visit at a friend's house in the country, Dibdin received a letter from Mrs. Mattocks, earnestly begging him to come forthwith to town, and call on her in Soho Square. No time was lost in posting to town, and great was Dibdin's delight on being informed that he had been selected by the Princess to write a sort of vaudeville farce, to be performed at a fête projected by her royal highness. Only three principal parts were required, to be acted by Mrs. Mattocks, Quick, and Elliston; Mrs. M. entreated him to pay particular attention to the part assigned to *her*, as she had need enough, God knew, of every assistance a writer could afford, while Quick, she said, was such a favourite of his majesty, he would be able to make *any thing* tell. "And Mr. Elliston, Madam," inquired the anxious Dibdin; "he is a gentleman I know little of; in what does his forte consist?" "O, my dear Sir," replied Mrs. M., "the king has seen him somewhere at Weymouth or Cheltenham, and rather likes him—so he he will do well enough as—a—sort of a—the gentleman of the piece." During the conference came in Quick, who, upon Dibdin's taking leave, insisted on seeing him down stairs, and with the street door in his hand, and the richest comic expression in his eyes, whispered—"take care of me, and don't let that woman have all the cream." To work goes Dibdin, and in a day or two communicates the details of what he proposed to do, which received the royal approbation. He was urged to proceed with all diligence, and, to save time, was to get somebody to copy the parts. All was done according to order; when, to his utter confusion, he was told the remuneration was to be—*three guineas*. Two had been spent upon transcription. The disappointed author begged now to decline all remuneration, but the pleasure of contributing to the amusement of the august party. This proposal, however, it seemed, *could not* be accepted; and Mrs. Mattocks undertook to get the matter settled to his satisfaction, and screen him from all offence. In a few days came *FIVE* guineas, which his friends advised him to pocket, and say no more about the matter—recommending, another time, a previous stipulation. The advice was good. About a twelvemonth afterwards, Mrs. Mattocks met him in the green-room—"I've got you another job." Not so eager now as before, Dibdin begged a few days consideration, and then stated, that as a one-act farce at Covent Garden would produce fifty pounds, he hoped he was not presuming in naming thirty pounds as the price. No answer was received:—

The reader will observe, says Dibdin—[to remove offensive impressions we suppose]—I have not complained of the *price* (horribly vulgar word) given me; but that I was refused, by certain agents, the alternative of presenting my work gratuitously, and compelled to accept what I did. I have no doubt but that a certain sum was liberally assigned by her royal highness, in certain quarters, to certain conductors of the fête on their own scale, and that the less they expended, the more remained for themselves.

All fudge—besides, the "no answer" settles the fact.

Not long before this curious affair, a very popular song of Dibdin's, called the "Saug little Island," was sold by him to Longmans, Cheapside, for fifteen guineas, by which song the said Longmans actually cleared £900. What was Dibdin the better for this? The publisher begged him to consider as his own a piano-forte he had on hire; which was, however, subsequently returned—as the gift could not be sanctioned by the assignees. So much for the liberality of the *trade*.

We have heard a good deal of Cumberland's jealousies. Here is another specimen. While at Tambridge, Dibdin, at Downton's request, wrote a farce called the *Jew and the Doctor*. Cumberland hearing of this performance wished to read it, to see, as he said, in what manner Dibdin had *trud in his snow*. When Dibdin called for his MS. a few days afterwards, Cumberland returned it, regretting he had not had time to read it. The Duke of Leeds also requested to see the MS., and published aloud his high opinion of it. On hearing of this, Cumberland—now more at leisure—begged a second loan of the piece, and quickly returned it with his perfect approbation—only requesting Dibdin to alter the sum fixed for the marriage portion of the heroine, which happened

to be the exact amount of the fortune Mr. C. had given the lady of his comedy of the Jew.

**Something more of Cumberland:—**

Cumberland invited me, says Dibdin, to his lodgings, to hear him read Joanna of Montfaucon before it went to rehearsal, and asked me to play in it. The reason why he wished me to appear, arose from his having put into the mouth of an opposite character, addressing himself to me,—“O you have *no* genius, not you!” which, said Mr. Cumberland, “being taken by the audience in the contrary sense, will not fail to occasion three rounds of applause.” With all deference to the venerable bard’s opinion, I could not exactly coincide with it in this instance, and respectfully declined the experiment.

Mr. Dibdin gives a specimen or two of the liceneer’s execution of his office—though not equally impertinent. While at Covent Garden, says Dibdin, I wrote, in a season of monopoly, and much artificial scarcity, a farce, which I named the *Two Farmers*, and which Mr. Harris highly approved and accepted. Poor John Moorhead composed the music, and the piece was put into rehearsal. Munden and Emery were the two farmers; one a narrow, and the other a liberal minded fellow; the former was named Mr. Locust:—

When the farce was nearly finished, the liceneer stopped its further progress, and at the desire of Mr. Harris, I waited on him, to inquire what were his objections to it. Mr. Larpent would hardly deign to listen to a word I had to say; and told me, that if the farce were to be acted, no respectable farmer would be able to pass through the streets, lest people should cry out—“there goes an old locust.” I humbly submitted to the great man, that it would not be to *respectable* farmers such an epithet could, by any chance, be applied; but he turned a deaf ear to all I could say; and the £100 I had agreed for, and calculated on receiving, for successful ridicule of monopoly, were lost by the sensitive apprehensions of Mr. Larpent.—On another occasion, the run of my opera of *Il Bondocani* was stopped in its career on the thirty-third night, because, being just at the period of Mr. Pitt’s quitting office, there happened to be a line in a song sung by Fawcett, which said—“When fairly kick’d out, I but call it resigning,” which said line had been written five years before the opera was acted. The *Orange-boven* was prohibited, because two or three songs were thought too personal against Buonaparte.

We alluded to Mr. Dibdin’s embarrassments—he has himself done so—and therefore we quote the following statement relative to a subscription for a monument to his father’s memory:—

Through the kind and unremitting zeal of that most amiable and benevolent friend, the late Mr. John Young of the British Institution, a large subscription was procured, and several highly respectable public meetings were held (Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke presided at the last) for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our

national lyricalist—Dibdin’s father; but what arrangements have been made since Mr. Young’s lamented death, or when the subscribers are to be informed of the destination of their liberality, or to whose care the funds are entrusted—my brother and myself, as well as our personal friends, remain equally uninformed.

The persons who thus contributed are probably many of them the very persons who have been most amused by the younger Dibdin’s thousands of efforts. We prefer the benevolence that relieves the living, to that which is so often ready to honour the dead; and therefore we recommend these sums to be handed over to the autobiographer.

*The Prairie, a Tale, by the Author of “The Spy, Pioneers,” &c.; 1827.*—The scenes of these vigorous and not uninteresting volumes lie far away beyond the limits of civilization, to the west of the American settlements, beyond even the “father of waters,” amidst the wild and howling wastes, the world of *Æolus*, unskreened by the forests and mountains of the north, succession of hill and vale endless and countless, like the heaving waves of ocean on the first subsidence of a storm—the hunting grounds of hostile tribes—countries yet undescribed—to describe which is the writer’s main object, and one which he successfully accomplishes. The characters of the drama consist of a family of roaming whites retreating before the advance of “clearing” and settlement;—a solitary old man, who, though born by the sea-side, has weathered eighty winters among or near to the Indians, and in habits and sentiments is himself an Indian, except that he has a dash of Christianity in him—the Scout of the “Mohicans,” and Leather-stocking of the “Pioneers,” grown with his age more emphatical in manner, and garrulous in fact; add to these the red-skin chiefs of the Siouxes and the Pawnees, and you have all the personages worth speaking about. Out of these raw materials to make a narrative calculated, if not very deeply to fix the reader’s sympathies, yet capable of carrying him onwards to the end, implies no ordinary powers. Mr. Cooper has deservedly won the title of American novelist. The field is all his own; no European at least will contend the palm with him.

The story, if story it can be called, is of very loose construction. A man of the name of Ishmael Bush, of a rough and resolute cast, unaccustomed and unable to bear the restraint of society, quits the borders of Kentucky, as the clearings advance, to penetrate into the far interior—accompanied by a numerous family of sons and daughters, and a young woman, called Ellen, someway connected, who has seen something of civilized life, of considerable

beauty, activity, and resolution. He has with him also his wife's brother, a kidnapper by profession, a deep-dyed scoundrel; and an American naturalist, whose purpose is to skim the cream of the virgin territory—a mere caricature. Ishmael's motives for advancing some hundreds of miles beyond the remotest settlement are but obscurely developed, but by degrees we learn he has with him also the daughter of a wealthy Spanish settler of Louisiana, kidnapped by his respectable brother-in-law.

At the first resting for the night, after our introduction to the party, he encounters an old man, a trapper, with a rifle and his dog. From him some information is gathered of the state of the country, and things appear to be not in the securest state. A party of marauding Siouzes are near, and precautions must be taken against surprise. This old man plays a very conspicuous part through the whole piece. He knows perfectly the country, the inhabitants, their characters and manners, and from this perfect knowledge he is enabled at all times to draw the truest conclusions from the doubt-fullest signs—almost prophetically. His aged hound is scarcely less prescient.

By degrees assemble two or three others, particularly a bee-hunter, a random reckless fellow, between whom and Ellen exists a clandestine attachment, and for her sake it is that all of a sudden he appears in the neighbourhood of Ishmael's caravan. Then comes a young American captain, the husband of the kidnapped lady, who is traversing the Prairie in search of his bride. He has got scent of Ishmael, and he and his men, a small party of dragoons, are chasing in all directions. He encounters the old trapper, the bee-hunter, and the naturalist; and a plan is laid to surprise Ishmael's entrenchment in his absence. They succeed; discover the bride, snatch her from thralldom, and fly with her to some place of concealment—Ellen also accompanying them. Scarcely were they out of sight when Ishmael returns. He believes himself betrayed by the old trapper, and prepares for vengeance—he had with him seven stout sons—one just murdered, as he believes, by this same old trapper.

In the meanwhile the fugitives, seeking for shelter, are surprised first by one party of Indians, and then another; and after a variety of marvellous escapes, chiefly through the trapper's sagacity, particularly from a circle of fire, which the Indians had kindled around them, they, together with a Pawnee chief, whom they had conciliated, all fall into the

hands of the ferocious Siouzes. Here are new perils. The men—except the old trapper—are all bound for instant torture and death; and the ladies, the chief destines for his brides. The Pawnee chief, at the moment when death seems inevitable, hears the far-off war-whoop of his tribe, and by a desperate effort kills his tormentor, breaks through all obstacles, and joins his friends. A fierce conflict ensues between the hostile tribes. In the meanwhile the old trapper cuts the bonds of the captives, but before they are capable of using their benumbed limbs, up comes Ishmael and his party, and they are bound again.

The battle over, old Ishmael proceeds very gravely to the summary trial of his prisoners. The captain and his lady are first generously dismissed, and a safe conveyance offered; but the captain has now his own men at hand and declines the honour. More difficulty is made with the bee-hunter and Ellen—the one he hates, the other he loves; but on her avowing her attachment for the bee-man, he dismisses them both. Then follows that of the old trapper, whom he believed to be the murderer of his son. The murderer, however, proves to be the old kidnapper—and his execution is therefore determined upon. At first the rifle is raised for the purpose; but eventually he is kindly put into such a position on the top of a rock, with the branches of a lofty tree impending, that he can conveniently hang himself—which the desperateness of his circumstances soon compels him to do.

The favourite character is the old trapper; he is one of nature's master-pieces; untarnished by the vices of society; unenlightened, or rather unobscured by the fancies of speculation; and indebted for his wisdom solely to his sheer experience, and a reasoning brain. He is at times exceedingly prosing—associating so long as he has done with Indians, he might have learnt to condense his thoughts a little closer. Though sententious enough, he is very far from laconic. His debates with the naturalist, who is a mere philosopher on system, an atheist, and gambler, though meant to put philosophy to shame, completely fails, and solely from his making the representative of philosophy an ass. The chiefs of the two tribes are pieces of vigorous painting—the lines all too broadly marked: but with all the writer's efforts to exhibit, *en beau*, the delights of freedom, and the absence of the shackles of society, the only effect is to make us bless ourselves in our own security.



## PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

April 11.—A paper, by Colonel Beaufoy, was read, containing his observations of eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, from 2d January to 15th May 1826; together with some observations of occultations of stars by the moon.

A paper was also read "On the Longitude of Madras, as deduced from Observations of Eclipses of the first and second Satellites of Jupiter, taken between the years 1817 and 1826." By John Goldingham, Esq., F.R.S.

The eclipses stated in this paper are ninety-six in number, being immersions and emersions of the first and second satellites only. Of these, eleven are directly comparable with those of Colonel Beaufoy, made at Bushy Heath, viz. eight of the first, and three of the second; and their mean result, which of course is independent of the errors of the tables, is stated by Mr. Goldingham at  $5^{\circ} 21' 9.3''$ , being the longitude of Madras, east of Greenwich. The remainder, consisting of thirty-four emersions and thirty-five immersions of the first satellite, and twelve emersions and four immersions of the second, are not directly comparable with Colonel Beaufoy's. Mr. Goldingham endeavours, however, to render them so, or at least to eliminate the errors of the tables, by determining the latter from Colonel Beaufoy's observations made nearly about the same time, and then applying it to the results of a comparison of his own with the Nautical Almanack as a correction, and, in this way, deduces a conclusion agreeing almost exactly with the foregoing.

This is not the place to enter into any discussion on the legitimacy of the process pursued by Mr. Goldingham for this purpose, or of its general applicability in the present state of the tables. The end of this abstract will be better answered by presenting in one view the results of these several classes of observations as obtained separately, by direct comparison with the Nautical Almanack, *uncorrected* by reference to Colonel Beaufoy's or any other observations, which may be stated as follows:

Madras, east of Greenwich.

By thirty-four emersions of the first satellite observed at Madras, and compared with the Nautical Almanack . . .  $5^{\circ} 21' 6.5''$   
By thirty-five immersions of ditto, similarly observed and compared . . .  $5^{\circ} 21' 12.4''$

Mean longitude of Madras  $5^{\circ} 21' 9.4''$

Difference of immersions and emersions . . .  $5.9''$

By twelve emersions of the second satellite, similarly observed and compared . . .  $5^{\circ} 21' 0.5''$

By four immersions of ditto . . .  $5^{\circ} 21' 33.1''$

Mean longitude . . .  $5^{\circ} 21' 16.8''$

Difference of immersions and emersions . . .  $32.6''$

The latter series has, however, only the weight of four double observations, and is therefore no way to be put in competition with the former, corroborated as it is to minute precision by the results of the comparative observations; so that, on the whole, we may take  $5^{\circ} 21' 9.35''$  as the true longitude of the Madras observatory.

Mr. Goldingham states the difference of longitudes between the observatory and Fort St. George at  $2' 21''$  (of space), the latter being to the east; so that the longitude of Fort St. George, Madras, is  $5^{\circ} 21' 18.7''$ .

Immediately after the conclusion of the ordinary meeting of the society, a *Special General Meeting* was held, pursuant to a notice to that effect, for the purpose of distributing the honorary medals awarded by the Council to Mr. Bailly, Mr. Stratford, and Colonel Beaufoy—a ceremony accompanied by a most able and eloquent speech from the president.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Meeting of this Society took place on Saturday; the Marquess of Lansdowne President, in the chair. The meeting was very numerously attended. Amongst other distinguished supporters of this establishment, we noticed Earls Spencer, Malmesbury, and Carnarvon, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Marquess Carmarthen, Lord Auckland, Sir Everard Home, Sir Robert Heron, M. P., Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., Sir J. de Beauvoir, Mr. Baring Wall, M. P., &c. &c. &c. The president having adverted with much feeling and effect to the vacancy occasioned by the lamented death of the late president, and his own accession to that office, reported to the meeting the progress of the society during the last year; from which it appeared that the Museum had been enriched by numerous and valuable donations; amongst the most conspicuous of these was particularized a female ostrich from his Majesty. The magnificent collection of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, consisting of mamalia, birds, reptiles, insects, zoophytes, &c., has also been transferred to the society. The president further informed the meeting, that the works in the Regent's Park are rapidly advancing: the walks have been laid out and partly executed, and some pheasantries and aviaries, with sheds and enclosures for some of the rarer animals belonging to the society, are in active progress. It is expected that the gardens will possess

sufficient interest to authorize the opening of them during the ensuing autumn. The president then announced that the number of subscribers exceeds 500; and that the list is daily increasing; he also gave a highly favourable report of the funds of the society, which, after defraying all charges attending upon the various works in progress, leave a considerable and increasing balance in the bankers' hands.

#### MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

9th February, 1827.—The chairman announced that H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence had inserted his name as a patron in the signature book, and that H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge had also honoured the society, by allowing his name to be added to the list of honorary patrons. Aucco oil, the produce of an East-India plant, termed "Jaum," was presented by Henry Thomas Colebrooke, Esq., F.R.S. Dr. Sigmond, professor of Toxicology, delivered his introductory discourse.

The society's anniversary dinner, which had been postponed from the 10th January, in consequence of the death of the Duke of York, was celebrated on Saturday, February the 10th, at the Thatched House Tavern, Sir James McGrigor, K.T.S. president, in the chair.

9th March.—His Grace the Duke of Wellington, having signified the pleasure he would feel in belonging to the society, was immediately ballotted for, and declared unanimously elected an honorary fellow. Dr. Sigmond delivered his second lecture on poisons.

4th April.—The chairman, John Frost, Esq., informed the meeting, that he had been honoured with an audience of the Duke of Wellington, who had inserted his name in the signature book. A letter was read from the Right Hon. Robert Peel, announcing His Majesty's gracious acceptance of the society's address on the death of their lamented patron, His late R. H. the Duke of York. The Dukes of Somerset, and St. Alban's, Lords Kenmure, and Nugent, and the Right Hon. Charles W. W. Wynn, were elected into the society. General Neville, Sir John Scott Lillie, Benjamin Hawes, Samuel Reid, William Loddiges, and T. B. Mackay, Esqrs., with several others, were proposed as members. A paper, on the Materia Medica of the Chinese, by John Reeves, Esq., F.R.S. of Canton, was read, and some interesting remarks on the materia medica of Demerara, communicated verbally by M. C. Friend, Esq., F.R.S.—The Meeting adjourned to 11th May.

#### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Notice regarding an Advertisement of an Assurance Company, inserted in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.*—Questions respecting assurance upon life are of such vital importance to the community—while, at the same time, the subject is of such difficulty for the generality of readers, and so imperfectly understood, that the gratitude of the public for any correct and judicious information on this head must be as unlimited as their indignation at all who mislead them. The first is the due reward of Mr. Babbage's labours. The writer in the Edinburgh Review who criticised his work is unquestionably entitled to the second. We do not say that the latter has intentionally misled the public; but as it is occasionally supposed that the contributions of a mere sciolist would not be admitted into that erudite miscellany, the world must either impeach the knowledge of the editor and author, or suspect their integrity. As for ourselves, we do nothing but rectify error, and point out misrepresentation: of motives, we presume not to judge. If we offer an opinion, it is that the article in question is to be considered as an advertisement, and, remembering the fate of Mr. Sedgwick, we hope—that it was paid for accordingly. Now, before we enter more fully into the subject, we may quietly hint that assertion is not proof; and that, when the reviewer asserts that "the impression made upon the minds of ninety-

nine persons out of a hundred will probably be, that the premiums of the Alliance and Sun, at every period of life, are exorbitant," he had not read the book he was presuming to condemn, or, having read, did not understand it—a table at the end thereof [Table 7] being adapted to prevent this insinuation; and when the reviewer also (page 454) denies that "the experience of the Equitable is supported by the experience of the other offices," let us inquire if this communication is to be regarded as official. If so, let him state to what office he belongs, instead of allowing it to be inferred from the tenor of his paper. Let him avow the institution into whose arcana he has been permitted to pry; and the world will thank him for his valuable communication. As it is, we do not see why his unconfirmed, anonymous assertion is to be received in opposition to what really are official documents. "The most palpable error, however, contained in the book," observes the reviewer, "is perhaps to be found in the following extract:—If two companies both offer to return one-half of the profits to the assured, and one of them has a capital of 200,000*l.*, although their profits may be the same, if one of the offices deduct out of them an interest for the shareholders before the division is made, the results to the assurers will be very different. Let the divisions of both offices be made septennially, and let them each amount in the gross to 100,000*l.*, &c. &c.

In one case, the assurers will divide among them 15,000*l.*; in the other, they will share 50,000*l.*; and yet the proportion allotted to them is nominally the same. Here one office is supposed to have a capital of 200,000*l.*, and the other no capital. But when Mr. Babbage comes to state the matter in his table, he *drops out* the simple quantity of 200,000*l.* from the calculation, as of no value, and charges the interest for the proprietors entirely on the profits. But what does he think the office does with this capital? Does he think, &c. &c. Mr. Babbage's account, accurately stated, would, on this supposition (that a capital of 200,000*l.* might be disposed of at ten per cent. annuity interest), stand as follows:—*Office with capital*—Profit of seven years, 100,000*l.*; interest on capital, at ten per cent. compound interest, for seven years, less 5 per cent. simple interest to shareholders, 47,635*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.* This is too absurd! According to the reviewer's statement of Mr. Babbage's meaning, the interest on a capital of 200,000*l.* at ten per cent. is 20,000*l.*; the interest, at five per cent., is to be deducted for shareholders, is 10,000*l.*, leaving 10,000*l.* to accumulate annually, at compound interest, during seven years, which, at ten per cent., amounts to 94,871*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, or precisely double the sum the reviewer allows. So that reasonings, founded on a gross miscalculation, and adapted to mislead the public on a topic which comes home to us individually, are admitted into a journal professing exclusively to enlighten the public on every question which concerns them, in contradiction to the legitimate demonstrations of a highly-talented *uninterested* individual, endeavouring to supply a popular view of so important a subject. Is this negligence, design, or incompetence? But "the most palpable error" is not of the author, but the reviewer: the former supposing the gross sum divided by each office septennially to be the same; the latter going on an opposite supposition. If it be asked, what *cæteris paribus* can occasion so great a difference in the profits, we will answer the question by supplying at least one item in the account. The Alliance Company give, for example, 20*l.* per annum a-piece to twenty directors, and 300*l.* per annum to four vice-presidents; another institution divides ten guineas among all the directors who attend at each weekly board; thus effecting a saving, in the cost of directors alone, of 4,680*l.* As integrity in responsible situations is to be insured only by high salaries (at least there is an axiom to that effect), we cannot doubt the vaunted honour of the former of these establishments, and hope they find that talent and ability may be purchased at the same rate. There is one more topic to which we wish to call the public attention, and, for the benefit of our country readers especially, insert the following extract from Babbage on Life Insurance, page 136:—"A clergyman, in order to provide at his death for a numerous family, succeeded, by

great economy, in saving from his income sufficient to assure his life for 2,000*l.* Being unacquainted with business, he unfortunately trusted the choice of the office at which he assured to the attorney whom he had been in the habit of employing. The attorney effected the policy at one of those offices which make no return of any part of the profits, and which, notwithstanding, charge the same prices as the Equitable. During about twenty years he received a commission of five per cent. from the office, which was paid out of the annual sum with difficulty spared from the scanty income of his employer; and, on the death of the clergyman, his seven surviving orphans received from the office the original sum assured, 2,000*l.*, instead of about 3,200*l.*, which they might have received from the Equitable, had not the bribe (a little more than 50*l.*) held out by the other office been too great for the integrity of their father's solicitor. In contemplating with scorn the mercenary agent who betrayed, for so trifling a sum, the confidence reposed in him by his client, whose distressed family were thus deprived of 1,200*l.*, ought not some portion of our indignation to be reserved for those who tempted him to this breach of trust?" &c. &c.

On this becoming exposure of the evils resulting from commission allowed to solicitors, the reviewer observes, that "it is a little out of place. It is obviously one of those absurd results of competition which must manifest itself as long as human nature remains what it is; and its removal, though devoutly to be wished, is very little to be expected.... Where it is openly acknowledged and publicly advertised, and freely acted upon by nearly all the assurance companies, there seems little room for just exception. The practice being universally known, its injurious effects are greatly mitigated.... But an attorney, now-a-days, has very little temptation to lead his client astray in this direction, as there are companies, we believe, of every class, which give the same commission of five per cent."—(*Ed. Rev.* xc. p. 500, note). "The height of competition has induced some offices to grant to solicitors bringing business to their agents, a handsome extra commission; so that a great part of their country business is charged with a still further reduction on the gross premiums."—(*Ed. Rev.* xc. p. 501). As these two passages contradict each other, and as we have already shewn the incompetence of this writer, to his reasonings we shall pay no farther attention: but we would point out the loose morality of the above note to general reprehension. Life assurance is a subject which has been most studiously mystified by the agents, *secretaries*, and actuaries of the various companies engaged in it, which, in the mean while, have been accumulating and sharing immense profits (the triumphant result of the abuse of science over vulgar credulity), in which the various subscribers to these institutions were entitled to participate.



A person whose talents and attainments enabled him to raise the veil, boldly states the claims of the different assurance societies to general confidence, and exposes the numerous arithmetical sophisms by which they have deluded the public, and have been hoping to execute future depredations. One journal (the Quarterly), hitherto supposed to be adverse to the diffusion of knowledge among the people, confesses the obligation they are under to this writer, and endeavours to forward his views of enlightening the community by a still more popular exposition of the subject. Another journal (the Edinburgh), hitherto supposed to be the organ of truth, the standard of accuracy, and the inveterate foe of all that is corrupt and mysterious, stands forward to condemn Mr. Babbage for presuming to assail what he (Mr. Babbage) proves to be corrupt; advocates some of the worst abuses in the system of life assurance, of such vital importance to this nation at large; and, by a series of miscalculations and unsupported assertions, endeavours again to mystify the public. Why should the advocate of the people's rights and instruction now labour to deceive them? We hope the answer is not to be found in the ill-gotten wealth of the societies whose cause he advocates, and in the frailty of human nature.

*Improved Hygrometer.*—Until Mr. Daniel's very valuable invention, no hygrometer existed which could be considered in any other light than as an instrument of comparison, the positive value of the zero point being undetermined. By a very simple but ingenious contrivance, M. Arago has so far perfected the hair hygrometer, that, by ascertaining the value of the extreme points, by a direct comparison with Mr. Daniel's instrument, the intermediate degrees may be known with great accuracy. The principle of his machine is this: the wheel, instead of being moved by the expansion and contraction of a single hair, is regulated in its motion by the joint effect of several hairs, connected together by small slips of ebony, resembling and acting as splinter-bars to a team; and a correct idea may be formed of the nature of the instrument by describing on paper the manner in which horses are harnessed to the pole of a carriage, only substituting for the pole itself the silk band which embraces the periphery of the wheel of the hygrometer.

*Scientific Trifles.*—We have heard of "splitting straws;" and, in fact, there is a little contrivance for the purpose, by no means a diminutive limb of the law, but a small cheap machine, for enabling our workmen to perfect the manufacture of straw hats. A very ingenious gentleman has recently invented an engine, to be moved by steam or any other adequate power, for cutting, splitting, and binding fire-wood into bundles. This happy illustration of the old adage of "breaking a gnat upon a wheel" is, we learn from Newton's Journal, the subject of a patent—a useless waste of money, the cost of the machine being sufficient to supply all London

with manual-cut, split, and bound fire-wood for years, if not for ages. This last, however, is far surpassed by "another perpetual motion, by Sir W. Congreve," contrived, no doubt, for the benefit of the numerous mining companies in which the baronet was so large a proprietor; inasmuch as it is a sort of water-wheel, to be worked by the force of capillary attraction, accumulating a weight of water greater on one side than on the other, and that sufficient, *he believes*, not only to overcome the friction of the wheel, but to afford a surplus of power for any required purpose. Sir W. Congreve may believe he could thus neutralize the friction of his wheel; others know that he could not: but he is a great projector.

*Situation of Benares.*—The exact situation of Benares, so celebrated in the history of Hindu astronomy, and containing such stupendous but rude instruments of observation, has been recently determined by Messrs. Cracroft and Prinsep: the latitude of the observatory is  $25^{\circ} 18' 33''$  N.; the longitude is  $82^{\circ} 35' 52.5''$  E. of Greenwich.

*Barometrical Measurements.*—Although the corrections applied to formulæ in physics are, in very many instances, carried much too far for all practical purposes, still, where modern discoveries suggest modifications which are likely to produce any sensible effect upon the result, we think they should receive all possible publicity; and, therefore, present the following formulæ for determining heights by the barometer—the result of a long dissertation of Mr. Anderson, inserted in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal:—

$$h \text{ (the height in fathoms)} = 10000 \left\{ 1 + 0.002086 \left( \frac{t + t'}{2} - 32 \right) \right\} \left( 1 + \frac{f + f'}{b + b' - f - f'} \right) \log. \left( \frac{b - \frac{1}{2}f}{b' - \frac{1}{2}f'} \right).$$

$t$  and  $t'$  represent the temperatures of the air at the lower and higher stations;  $f$  and  $f'$ , the elastic forces of the vapour at these stations;  $b$  and  $b'$  the heights of the barometer, the second being reduced to the temperature of the instrument at the lower station. The temperature is expressed in Fahrenheit's scale.

*A Hint to Florists.*—The impetuous career of modern research has led to the neglect of numerous discoveries, if not always of general utility, at least frequently pleasing in their application. In one of the volumes of the Philadelphia Transactions, a method of preserving or of recovering flowers when culled for ornament is recorded—for the insertion of which our London readers, at least, will feel indebted to us. It is the substitution of camphorated for plain water; and if this be frequently changed, a flower must be very far gone if it do not return to its original vigour, although it may require a longer or a shorter time. We have recently seen the experiment tried with two slips of lilac, which

were allowed to become perfectly flaccid: one of them was then immersed in a vessel of plain water, the other in one of camphorated water. The former became more and more languid, and soon died; while the latter, after an apparent struggle of several hours, entirely recovered, and, in a day or two, displayed two additional leaves.

**Perkins's Steam-Engine.**—The following testimonial regarding the merits of Mr. Perkins's steam-engine, signed by several respectable engineers, has been published by Mr. Newton; and containing as it does the most recent information respecting this admirable invention, we doubt not that our readers will be interested in its perusal. They state that, having made themselves practically acquainted with Perkins's high pressure safety steam-engine, they do not hesitate to state, that he has established the following new and important facts in the construction of his engine:—1. Absolute safety; 2. Greater economy in fuel than in any other engine hitherto invented; 3. The removal of all the reaction of the steam and atmospheric air on the eduction side of the piston, without the necessity of an air-pump; 4. A new and simple flexible metallic piston, requiring no oil nor lubrication whatever; 5. A reduction of three-fourths of the weight and bulk, by very much simplifying certain complicated parts of steam-engines, and substituting a very simple eduction-valve for the one commonly used both for eduction and induction;—by which means a reduction is made in the size of the engine, a saving of power is effected and a diminution of friction, less wear and tear occur, and less destructibility of materials; and, lastly, the joints, by Mr. Perkins's peculiar mode of connecting, are more easily made secure and tight, even with the steam at a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch, than the joints of the low pressure condensing engines.

**Salt Springs at Salina.**—The following is an abstract of an interesting account of the salt springs at Salina, in the state of New York, which was published at the end of last year in America, and has not, we believe, been noticed by any English journalist. The salt springs in question are situated near the lake Arondaga, 130 miles to the west of Albany: the lake is six miles in length, and one broad; and, although surrounded on every side by copious salt springs, its water is not in the least affected by a similar taste, at least at the surface. The sides of the lake are marshy, and at Salina the marsh is of a con-

siderable extent. The salt water there issues from a black earth, through small orifices, and is collected into reservoirs for evaporation. The valley of Arondaga is many feet below the level of the adjacent plains: on the surface is found a black stratum of very muddy earth, from three to four feet in thickness; then follows a bed of marl, varying in depth from three to twelve feet, and containing many organic remains. According to the analysis of Mr. Beck, the salt water consists of, for 1,000 parts of water, of carbonic acid, 0.77; sulphuric acid, 2.46; muriatic acid, 69.20; lime, 4.50; magnesia, 1.12; soda, 77.00.

**Mineral Waters in India.**—Upon an analysis of the medicinal waters of Bridhkal Kund, the same as those of Benares, we learn from the last volume of the Asiatic Researches, Sir James Prinsep found that 1,000 parts of the water contained, of carbonate of lime, 1.33; sulphate of soda, 0.75; muriate of magnesia, 0.94; muriate of soda, 2.10; nitrates of potash and of soda, 2.46: total, 7.40.

The eleventh anniversary meeting of the governors of the Royal Dispensary for diseases of the ear, was lately held, when it appeared that, since the establishment of the charity in 1816, upwards of 6,540 patients have been received, 2,620 cured, and 1,930 relieved. Out of this number 200 persons, afflicted with nervous deafness, who were out of employment, have been cured or relieved, and thereby rendered capable of following their various avocations.

At this meeting, Mr. Curtis, the surgeon of the institution, remarked, how little attention had been paid to this important organ, in consequence of its mechanism being so extremely complicated, and little known; but observed, that it was only by a knowledge of its anatomy, joined with daily experience in practice, that its physiology and diseases could be thoroughly understood; hence these considerations should be a powerful incentive to its study; for, had medical men rested satisfied with what was formerly known of the complex mechanism of the heart, the great discovery of the circulation of the blood would never have taken place, for it is only by persevering investigation that we can arrive at our object; and he assured the governors, from the liberal encouragement that he had received, nothing should be wanting on his part to extend the knowledge of acoustic surgery.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Miss Roberts's long-expected work is on the eve of publication; it is entitled, *Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster*, Historical and Biographical; embracing a Period of English History from the Ac-

cession of Richard II. to the Death of Henry VII. The author has been at considerable research, and report speaks very favourably of the performance.

The MS. Herbal of Jean Jacques Rousseau is, we understand, for sale in London. It consists of eight volumes in 4to., containing

about 800 different sorts of Plants, in a high state of preservation, with their various descriptions, in the hand-writing of J. J. Rousseau. It is extremely curious.

A very superior edition, in 6 vols. 4to. (the price not to exceed 6 guineas), of Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, with an Introduction by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Assistant Minister of Wheler Chapel, author of Scripture Help, &c., is in the press, and will be speedily published.

Early in June will be published, Rambles in Madeira and Portugal in the early part of 1826, with an Appendix, illustrative of the Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the Island, in post 8vo.

Also, Views in the Madeiras, executed on stone, by Westall, Nicholson, Villeneuve, Harding, Gaucé, &c.; from drawings taken on the spot, illustrating the most remarkable scenes and objects in the islands.

A new and copious General Index to the edition of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, in 5 vols. 4to., edited by the late Mr. C. Taylor, is in the press.

A Vocabulary to the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, with the derivation and composition of the Words, with References and Explanations, by George Hughes. M. A., is nearly ready.

Mr. Butler, of Hackney, has in the press his Questions in Roman History.

Messrs. Christ and Co. (late of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and now of London), have discovered a method of enamelling cards, and printing on them in ink, gold, silver, and other metals. These enamelled cards for visiting, invitation, and other purposes, have an extremely elegant appearance, and for painting on they answer all the purposes of ivory. A card lately printed for Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz, in gold, is very beautiful.

Mr. W. B. Cooke announces Thirty Views in Rome, drawn and engraved by M. Pinelli, of Rome, and printed in gold, by the newly-discovered process.

A History of the Cities of London and Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and Parts adjacent, is in course of publication, in weekly numbers. By Thomas Allen, author of the History of Lambeth, &c. &c. Illustrated by numerous engravings of Rare Plans, Antiquities, Views, Public Buildings, &c.

Mr. W. I. Thoms announces, in continuation of his series of Early Prose Romances, which he is publishing in a very agreeable form, that very rare and curious fiction, which treats of the "Life of Virgilius and of his Death, and of the many Marvayles that he did by Whyche-crafte and Negromancy, through the help of the Devils of Hell."

A Solemn Appeal to the Common Sense of England, against the Principles of the Right Hon. George Canning, and his Associates, by an English Protestant, is on the eve of publication.

A member of the University of Cambridge  
M.M. New Series.—Vol. III. No. 18.

has in the press, *The Elements of Euclid*, containing the first six and the eleventh and twelfth books, chiefly from the text of Dr. Simson; adapted to elementary instruction by the introduction of Symbols.

Mr. J. P. Neale will, in the course of the ensuing autumn, resume the publication of his work of *Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats*, which has been suspended for a few months, in consequence of the time required to collect views and information relative to the respective mansions.

Mr. Elijah Galloway announces a History of the Steam-Engine, from its earliest invention to the present time; illustrated by numerous Engravings from original Drawings.

Some Account of Llangollen and its Vicinity, including a Circuit of about Seven Miles, is in the press.

The Rev. Dr. Russell will shortly publish, in 2 vols. 8vo., the *Connexion of Sacred and Profane History*, from the Death of Joshua until the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah; intended to complete the works of Shuckford and Prideaux.

Mr. W. Harvey announces an Account of Hayti, from the Expulsion of the French to the Death of Christophe.

A volume of Original Prose Fictions, by various authors, entitled, *Tales of all Nations*, is in the press.

The Poetical Works of Collins, with ample Biographical and Critical Notes, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is nearly ready. Also, the Dramatic Works of John Webster; now first collected, with Notes, by the same Gentleman.

The Angelo Anecdotes, containing Memoirs of the celebrated Fencing Master, Angelo, from the middle of the last Century to the present time, with a multitude of Contemporary Notices, will be shortly published.

The first number of a Series of Lithographic Views in the Brazils, together with Scenes of the Manners, Customs, and Costume of the Inhabitants, from Drawings by Maurice Ruguedas, a German artist, is on the eve of publication. It will be accompanied by letter-press description, under the superintendence of Baron Humboldt.

A new work of the celebrated Le Brun, on Comparative Physiognomy, is about to be offered to the public. It consists of thirty-seven large Designs in Lithography, by Engelmann and Co., developing the Relation between the Human Physiognomy and that of the Brute Creation; with a Dissertation on the System.

The third number of Views in Scotland, from Drawings by F. Nicholson, Esq., will be shortly published.

#### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

##### EDUCATION, &c.

The Elements of Plane Trigonometry, designed for the Use of Students in the University. By John Hind, M.A., late Fellow



and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Price 10s. 6d.

Conversations on Mythology. 12mo. 5s. boards.

Vlieland's Complete Course of the French Language. 8vo. 16s. 6d. boards.

A Grammar of the Hebrew Language, with Points; together with a short Sketch of the Chaldee Grammar. By Selig Newman, Professor of the Hebrew Language. 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards.

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Practical Hints on the General Management of Colour, in a Picture; illustrated by coloured Specimens. By John Burnet. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. Royal 4to. 2l. 5s.

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Personal Sketches of His Own Times, By Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.

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### PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

#### New Patents sealed, 1827.

To James Whitaker, of Wardle, near Rochdale, for certain improvements in machines or machinery, for preparing and carding engines, and for drawing, stubbing, and spinning wool and cotton—Sealed 24th April; 2 months.

To Carlo Ghigo, of Fenchurch-street, loom-manufacturer, for improvements in weaving machinery—24th April; 6 months.

To Morton William Lawrence, of Leman-street, Goodman's Fields, for an improvement in the process of refining sugar—28th April; 6 months.

To Joseph Anthony Berollas, of Great Waterloo Street, in the parish of Lambeth, for his invention of a detached alarm watch—28th April; 2 months.

To Robert Daws, of Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, for certain improvements on chairs or machines, calculated to increase ease and comfort—28th April; 6 months.

To Thomas Breidenback, of Birmingham, for improvements in certain parts of bedsteads—28th April; 6 months.

To Benjamin Somers, of Langford, in the parish of Bennington, Somerset, M.D., for certain improvements on furnaces, for smelting different kinds of metals, ores, and slags—28th April; 6 months.

To William Lockyer, of Bath, brush maker, for an improvement in the manufacture of brushes of certain descriptions, and in the manufacture of a material or materials, and the application thereof to the manufacture of brushes and other purposes—28th April; 6 months.

To Henry Knight, of Birmingham, clock-maker, for his invention of a machine apparatus, or method for ascertaining the attendance to duty of any watchman, workman, or other person, which machine apparatus or method is also applicable to other purposes—28th April; 6 months.

To John M'Curdy, of Cecil-street, Strand, Esq. for an invention of certain improvements in the process of rectification of spirits—28th April; 6 months.

To John Browne, and William Duderidge Champion, of Bridgewater, for a certain com-

position or substance, which may be manufactured or moulded either into bricks or into blocks of any form for building, and also manufactured and moulded to, and made applicable for, all internal and external ornamental architectural purposes, and for various other purposes—5th May; 2 months.

To David Bentley, of Eccles, Lancaster, Meacher, for an improved carriage wheel—8th May; 6 months.

To Thomas Patrick Goggin, of Wadworth, near Doncaster, for a new or improved machine for dibbling grain of every description—10th May; 2 months.

*List of Patents, which, having been granted in June 1813, expire in the present month of June 1827.*

5. Charles Wyatt, London, for his method of facing brick and other buildings with stone.

— Richard Witty, Kingston-upon-Hull,

for additional improvements in steam-engines, and in tools for making them.

15. William Cooke, Greenwich, for improvements in the art of making and working ploughs.

26. Charles Goodwin, London, for an improved self-adjusting socket for candlesticks, with a self-extinguisher.

29. Thomas Todd, Bristol, for his improved machine for separating corn, grain, and seeds from the straw.

— John Curr, Sheffield, York, for his method of applying flat ropes to perpendicular drum-shafts of steam-engines, thereby preserving them from injury.

— James Penny, of Low Nutliwaite, and Joseph Kendall, of Cocker's-hall, Lancashire, for an improved method of making pill and other small boxes.

— Charles Wilks, Ballincolly, Cork, for improved naves of wheels for carriages, and centres of wheels for carriages, and machinery.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

##### FREDERICK AUGUSTUS KING OF SAXONY.

Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony, eldest son of Frederick Christian, Elector of Saxony, was born on the 23d of December, 1750. At the age of thirteen he succeeded his father, as elector; the administration being intrusted, during his minority, to his eldest uncle, Prince Xavier. In 1768, when he assumed the government, Saxony was still suffering from the consequences of the seven years war; but, under the rule of the young prince, directed by his minister, Gutschmidt, it soon attained a comparatively flourishing state. In the course of a few days, bank paper, which had been greatly depreciated, rose above its nominal value.

In 1769, Frederick Augustus married Mary Amelia Augusta, sister of the elector, afterwards King of Bavaria. The only offspring of the marriage was one daughter, Mary Augusta, born in 1782, and married in 1819, to Ferdinand VII. King of Spain.

In the early part of Frederick's electoral reign the ancient Saxon code, notorious for its severity in criminal cases, was greatly meliorated, and the torture was abolished. In 1776, a plot was formed against the elector's person; but, through the information of the King of Prussia, it was discovered in time to prevent mischief, and Colonel Agnolo, a Transalpine, the chief conspirator, was arrested. The electress dowager, dissatisfied with her political nullity in the state, was supposed to be implicated in this affair. The sincere attachment to the elector, at this period, evinced by Marcolini, an Italian, belonging to the household, subsequently procured for him the rank of minister.

Maximilian, elector of Bavaria, the last male branch of his house, died, in 1777. The nearest heir to his personal property was the mother of the elector of Saxony; and, to en-

force his claims, as her representative, that prince allied himself with Frederick II. of Prussia, in opposition to Austria, which, after a brief contest, withdrew her claim, and Frederick of Saxony became possessed of half a million sterling of the personal effects of the deceased elector.

By locality of situation, as well as by political connexion, the elector of Saxony was induced to join with Prussia to watch, if not to overawe Austria. He was also one of the first to accede to the alliance of princes, projected by the king of Prussia, ostensibly to support the neutrality of the secondary states of the empire, but virtually to operate against the schemes of Austria.

In 1791, Frederick of Saxony magnanimously declined the offer of the crown of Poland, proffered to him in the name of the Polish nation. In the same year, the memorable conferences, between the emperor Leopold and the king of Prussia, were held at Pilnitz, one of Frederick's country houses. The elector of Saxony was unable to avert the projected war against France; but he entered into the coalition against that power with great reluctance. In the ensuing year, when the French troops invaded the Netherlands, and the districts on the Lower Rhine, he was compelled to furnish, for his own protection, as a prince of the empire, his contingent of troops to the general army. For four years he adhered to the allies; but when, after the treaty of Basil, between Prussia and France, the French General Jourdan in 1796, penetrated into Franconia, he proposed an armistice, and acted on the principle of neutrality. During the congress of Rastatt, from 1797 to 1799, he exerted himself to the utmost to preserve the integrity of the empire. In the contest between France and Austria, in 1805, he remained neutral; but, from his con-



nexion with Prussia, he was under the necessity of granting to the troops of that power a passage through Saxony, and also to furnish, in the following year a body of 22,000 auxiliaries. The victories of Jena and Auerstadt laid open his territories to the French: the respect due to his personal character proved serviceable to his people; but, as the price of the elector's neutrality, Buonaparte subjected Saxony to heavy requisitions, and to a contribution in money of 1,000,000 sterling. To relieve his subjects, the elector made great advances to France, out of his own personal treasury, and from his own personal estates.

In consequence of the treaty signed at Posen, in December 1806, the fortifications of Dresden were levelled with the ground. Saxony, however, was constituted a kingdom; and, as a king, the elector acceded to the confederation of the Rhine. The subsequent treaty of Tilsit conveyed to the new king certain provinces detached from Prussia in various quarters. Frederick was, on the other hand, bound to maintain a body of 20,000 men to be at the command of Buonaparte for the defence of France. Consequently in 1809, he was compelled to march his troops against Austria; but it was evident that the proclamations which he issued from Frankfort, whither he retired whilst his states were occupied by the Austrians, were dictated by his French connexion.

The king of Saxony was obliged to quit Dresden on the approach of the Russians, in the beginning of 1813; but he was restored to France after the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen; and afterwards, his country became the seat of war. Numerous were the disasters by which its utter ruin was threatened. Ultimately, the king of Saxony was conducted to Berlin, while a Russian general commanded in Dresden. In October 1814, the Russian officer delivered up his charge to the Prussians, a transfer supposed to have been long previously arranged. Against this arrangement Frederick made a most energetic protest, positively refusing his consent or acceptance of any indemnification whatsoever. At length, in February 1815, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, determined that the King of Saxony should relinquish to Prussia a tract of valuable country, containing 164,000 inhabitants—that he should lose his share of Poland—that he should cede tracts of land to Saxony, Weimar and to Austria—and that his remaining territory should be reduced to an extent of country, inhabited by only 1,128,000. Soon afterwards, Frederick Augustus united his contingent of troops to the allied armies, and they formed a part of the army of occupation on the frontier of France. His efforts were henceforward sedulously employed in healing the deep and dangerous wounds of his kingdom. Through the influence of the King of Prussia, he, on the 1st of May 1817, acceded to the Holy Alliance.

His Majesty, the King of Saxony, expired at Dresden, on the 5th of May, after an illness of two days. His successor, the present king, is his cousin, of the same name, the son of his uncle, Maximilian, and Caroline Mary Theresa of Parma. He was born on the 18th of May, 1797. He accompanied the Saxon troops to France in 1815, and he was then contracted with a daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

#### THE DEAN OF DURHAM.

The Very Rev. Charles Henry Hall, D.D. Dean of Durham, was the son of the late Dean of Bocking. He was born about the year 1763; the early part of his education was received at Westminster; whence, in 1779, he was elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford. In 1781 he gained the Chancellor's prize for Latin Verse; took the degree of B.A. May 9, 1783; and, in the following year, he obtained the prize for the English essay on the Use of Medals. He became M.A. January 26, 1786; B.D. June 30, 1794; and in 1798 was appointed to preach the Bampton Lectures. He took the degree of D.D. Oct 23, 1800; and, in 1807, on the resignation of Bishop Randolph, he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity. In 1809 he succeeded Dr. Cyril Jackson, as Dean of Christ Church; and, in 1824, he was appointed to the Deanery of Durham. Having proceeded to Edinburgh for medical advice, he died at an hotel there, from a violent accession of fever, on the 16th of March.

#### LORD CREMORNE.

Richard Thomas Dawson, Baron Cremorne, of Castle Dawson, in the county of Monaghan, was a descendant from the Dawsons of Spaldington, in the county of York, one of whom married into the family of Henry Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, &c. and thus obtained considerable property in the counties of Armagh and Tyrone. Thomas Dawson was created Baron Dartrey in 1770; advanced to the dignity of Viscount Cremorne in 1785, and made Baron Cremorne in 1797. The nobleman whose decease this notice records, was born on the 31st of August, 1788. He succeeded his granduncle, Thomas, Viscount Cremorne, in the Barony, on the 1st of March, 1813, when the titles of Viscount Cremorne and Baron Dartrey became extinct. His Lordship married, in 1815, Anne, third daughter of John Whaley, of Whaley Abbey, in the county of Wicklow, Esq. (by Anne, eldest daughter of John Meade, Earl of Clanwilliam.) He had a son born in December, 1815, who died an infant, and another son, his successor, born in September, 1817. His Lordship died on the 21st of March, at Dawson Grove, in the county of Monaghan.

## MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

Those derangements of the biliary system which were described in the last communication have continued to shew themselves during the month now elapsed, and in most instances they have been accompanied by fever. To so great an extent indeed have complaints of this nature prevailed, that the reporter, if called upon to name the most generally diffused disorder of this period, would designate it by the title of *gastric fever*. This term is of French origin, and of recent introduction into medical phraseology, but it will probably become soon naturalized in our language, from its being so admirably fitted to convey an idea of the essential features of a very common and very distressing malady. A sense of weight, tightness, uneasiness, or of actual pain at the pit of the stomach, accompanied with headache and giddiness, and the usual evidences of febrile excitement, *viz.* languor, lassitude, alternate flushes and chills, and weakness of the back and limbs, are the characteristic symptoms of the disease. With these are generally associated an uneasiness in breathing, commonly described under the name of a *catch in the breath*. The practitioner of experience will readily distinguish this from the *painful* respiration which attends inflammation of the serous lining of the ribs and lungs, and the difficult or laborious breathing which results from the deposition of extraneous matter, whether solid or fluid, within the thoracic cavity. The pathologist will at once refer it to some cause extraneous to the chest; and he will easily perceive how a weakened, and consequently a distended stomach opposes the free and naturally insensible descent of the diaphragm, and occasions the act of breathing to be attended with a constant, and therefore unpleasant, consciousness. To these *pathognomonic* characters of gastric fever various others are superadded, depending principally upon the constitutional tendencies of the individual suffering under the attack. Thus in young women they will be found associated with the *globus hystericus*, a disposition to syncope, and a weak tremulous pulse. In persons more advanced in life, who take their daily allowance of wine, and use exercise but sparingly, the decided evidences of flow of blood to the head will probably manifest themselves.

This may serve as a sketch of the prevailing malady of the present month. No particular difficulties have been experienced in the management of it. Where the strength of the patient's habit was such as to admit of the operation of active remedies, the union of calomel and antimony has proved singularly serviceable. The heightening of the effect of particular drugs by combination is a principle well known to physicians, and admirably exemplified in the instances of Dover's Powder, and Cathartic Extract. The principle is equally well illustrated in the case of calomel and antimony. This union of two powerful drugs supplies us with an evacuant remedy of very extensive operation, influencing indeed the whole series of the natural functions; and it will be found highly efficacious in all those cases of fever which are of fortuitous origin. Within four or five hours after being received into the circulation, its influence will become apparent. The liver is perhaps the first to feel it, and the biliary ducts are emulged. If the stomach be at all irritable, vomiting now takes place. In a short time afterwards the bowels are relieved. A second dose, administered the following day, will in many cases complete the cure, by further relaxing the skin and the kidneys. By assuming this as the *basis* of treatment in gastric fever, it is not meant to infer that other remedies will not afford effectual aid. In many cases indeed they are indispensable. Leeches to the pit of the stomach are often a valuable preparative, and the stimulus of æther and of camphor is frequently required to support the system under the exhausting effects of so powerful a medicine.

Disorders of the respiratory organs have been very generally met with during the preceding month, but not more perhaps than the season would warrant us in expecting. An English spring is proverbially variable, and the Meteorological Register for the last month, so faithfully kept by Mr. Harris, will satisfy the reader that hitherto our climate has no disposition to improve in this respect. Coughs, and asthmas, and spitings of blood are abundant. There has been perhaps less of the acute pleurisy than is usual at this season, and the lancet, therefore, has been less in requisition; but to compensate this, leeches and cupping glasses have been largely resorted to, and the benefits which they confer will bear out the pathologist in all his speculations concerning local congestion, and irregular distributions of blood. Few practitioners perhaps have sufficiently turned their attention to that curious doctrine in physic, the limitation of diseased action in internal organs, a doctrine than which we know none admitting of a wider or more practical application.

Among contagious and epidemic diseases, whooping-cough has been the most generally diffused. The reporter has himself met with many instances of it in children; and he has heard from others of grown up persons who have lately passed through it with no inconsiderable degree of severity. One of those cases, which fell under his own care; was extremely violent, and affords a fine illustration of the varied dangers to which the little sufferer in this disease is too often exposed. Permanent difficulty of breathing was the first upward symptom, and the engorgement of the lungs was with difficulty restrained. The brain suffered next, and an attack of convulsions was sufficient to create alarm. This danger was scarcely obviated, when hectic fever developed itself, under the daily attacks of which the child is now suffering and wasting. The cough still continues, and will probably

yield only to the genial influence of time. The favourite specific of the present day is well known to be a combination of carbonate of soda and cochineal powder. Its real influence is very small, and probably on a par with that of the once vaunted, but now forgotten, remedies of a former age, tincture of castor and paregoric elixir.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

[18, Upper John Street, Golden Square, May 24, 1827.

#### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE Lenten seed season for all the various crops, corn, pulse, and seeds, seems to have generally concluded with the month of April; and if not the earliest finish, it may safely be averred that the spring lands were never sowed in better order, or under happier prospects for a crop. The early sown and forward crops, which received a check from the prevailing easterly winds, accompanied in the north with frost and snow, have recovered, from the succeeding warmer temperature and genial rains, and have now, from generally concurring accounts, a most luxuriant and promising appearance. The wheats on all good lands, or those in good heart, never appeared stouter or finer, having advanced rapidly within the last two or three weeks; in the meantime, those on poor light lands have a very inferior aspect, and some have failed; no uncommon occurrence, since the "golden crop" is ever one of considerable risk on lands naturally poor and light, or any lands already exhausted by cropping. In Scotland, the wheat crop has not so good a report as in the south. All the grasses, natural and artificial, lucerne, rye, winter tares, have pushed forward during the present month with the utmost luxuriance, and the expectation of a good crop of hay is sanguine throughout the country. These crops, however abundant they may prove, will assuredly not overtop the demand, which probably has never been more urgent; for winter fodder, indeed provender of all kinds, were so completely exhausted, in the chief cattle districts, by Lady-day, that the stock, from necessity, was turned out to pick what little they could find upon the then bare pastures. This anticipated consumption of the grass crop must necessarily reduce the crop of hay, indeed affect the quantity of keep throughout the summer. We had occasion to advert in a late report to the improvident risks to which stock-feeders have ever been prone to expose themselves, by the insufficient culture of the well known cattle crops for winter and early spring subsistence; and the present spring has afforded us a most pregnant and practical evidence of the truth of our allegations, and the soundness of the advice, which we have obtruded periodically upon those so materially interested, through a long course of years. Let that stock-farmer who, with his herds and his flocks, his couples, ewe and lamb, was at last Lady-day without sufficient provender for them, and reduced to all kinds of shifts—sale, putting out to keep, starvation at home, immense immediate loss, with no hope of future reimbursement—but contrast such a ruinous situation with the cheering and fortunate one of plenty, and the thriving and prosperous condition of his animals, and surely he will not again feel bold or presumptuous enough to encounter the risks of winter, without a supply in proportion to the extent of his stock, both of roots, of *mangold wurtzel* particularly, so greatly productive, and of green food—winter tares, rye, lucerne, where the land may be adapted to it, &c. Let him weigh seriously the probable loss which may result from having too great a growth of these articles in a mild winter, against that of his having too little in a severe one. Those stock-masters, who at this time have sufficient breadths of the green food just mentioned, for the support of their couples, are indeed fortunate, their ewes being enabled to milk largely, to the forwarding their lambs, and the natural grasses being spared for an abundant hay crop. The old practice, formerly called "sheeping the wheats," that is, grazing them down with sheep, has in course, from necessity, been much resorted to during the present spring. It is bad and slovenly farming, and at best not without danger to wheat crops on light and poor land. A great part of the land laid down to grass last year failed from the excessive drought, the severe frost, subsequently, being unfavourable to it. Much of it has been ploughed up and sown with spring-corn crops; that which has been risked, appears thin and weak, and bare in patches, and seems to require the harrowing in of fresh seed; or oats might have been advantageously dibbled upon such lands for a green crop, a month since. The spring tilths were forward for every purpose, and potatoe planting commenced with the present month. The use of potatoes as a cattle crop has increased much within these few years, as the least liable to risk. Rutabaga and mangold wurtzel are getting into the ground with much expedition, and the seed is in request and dear. With respect to the latter, its great produce, and its success on lands too heavy and wet for turnips, are its chief recommendation. In nutritive power it is far inferior to the carrot and Swedish turnip, perhaps even to the best white turnip; and has had dangerous effects on cattle, being given to them in the autumn, previously to its having gone through its sweat by keeping. The risk is great to leave it in the field, since a single night's frost may corrupt and render it quite useless, indeed hurtful; and in storing it from poachy soils, great care is required to lay the roots by as clean as possible. Every cattle-feeder should store at



least a part of some root crop; and upon light lands, the carrot, that most profitable of all for both cattle and horses, is strangely neglected. Part of the forwardest pea and bean crops have been hoed a second time. The grub and wire-worm have been particularly active in some districts, and have thinned the young barley. Oats are full and large, and promise a crop. Some apprehend that early frosts are productive of blight and smut in wheat; but in all probability such effects are not produced until later in the season, and a more advanced state in the plant. Among the smaller farmers, the horses are observed to be in a weak state, and much below their work, from being kept so low during the winter season; a misfortune still more extensive in Scotland, where great numbers of miserable animals have perished through mere want, and where the poor starved ewes have deserted their offspring, leaving them to perish upon the land, for want of milk wherewith to nourish them! Of hops little can yet be said; the vines being blighted by the easterly winds, the blight insect, or flea, appeared in considerable numbers, and little amendment has yet succeeded. The farm-yards, with the exception of those of the largest cultivators, are said to be nearly cleared of wheat-ricks; but from the extent of the two last crops, there must yet be a considerable stock of English wheat somewhere. This precious article now bears a good price, and the finest samples are no doubt worth 72s. in Mark-lane; and but for the expected change in the corn laws, and the release of the bonded foreign wheat, the price might have been at this moment 92s. and the London loaf 11d. Thus far have our free-trading politicians advanced on the road to a supply of cheap bread. The allowance of per centages at audits is become somewhat general. The motive is obvious, and equally deceptive. Oak timber and bark are in request. The late easterly winds, with sudden atmospheric changes, could not fail to injure the fruit blossoms in some degree; an occurrence to be expected in most seasons in our fickle climate; but the apple-trees are said to have escaped with little damage, and to appear very promising.

According to some of our letters, the wool-trade is even worse, and a full two years clip remains in the farmer's hands. Fat cattle and sheep are everywhere bought up eagerly at from 7d. to 9d. per pound by the carcass. As we have often observed, meat must be dear throughout the present year. In some of the grazing counties, store beasts are scarce and dearer, in others, plentiful, poor, and cheap. Dairy cows near calving, and good barreners for grazing, sell readily at considerable prices; pigs also, both store and fat. In short, all fat things, indeed all country produce, wool excepted, obtain a price which would seem to leave a very considerable profit. Further importations of cart-horses from Flanders, and of coach-horses from Holstein, which are selling at the Horse Bazaar. All horses cheaper, even those of the highest quality.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 6d. and upwards.—Mutton, 4s. 8d. to 6s.—Veal, 5s. to 6s.—Lamb, 6s. 6d. to 6s. 7½d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 4d.—Raw fat, 2s. 6d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 50s. to 72s.—Barley, 38s. to 46s.—Oats, 24s. to 42s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 80s. to 120s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 140s.—Straw 36s. to 49s.

Coals in the Pool, 30s. to 36s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, May 21, 1827.*

### MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

*Sugar.*—Owing to the prevalent easterly winds, sugars have been remarkably scarce in the market, particularly the stronger sorts for refiners, which have advanced full 2s. per cwt., and fine sorts 1s. per cwt. The stock in dock is upwards of 9,000 hogsheads, and the demand brisk.

*Cotton.*—The purchases have not been extensive, but the price of cotton is firm, from the favourable reports of the manufacturing districts; lately at public sale, Boweds sold from 6½d. to 8½d. per lb.

*Coffee.*—The coffee market is very dull—Domingo, 41s. to 45s.—Jamaica, 41s. to 48s.; and other sorts in proportion.

*Rice.*—Carolina rice is held firmly at 38s. per cwt.; Bengal at an advance of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. upon last sale price.

*Rum, &c.*—Old Jamaica Rum, 32 to 33 per cent.; over proof, 4s. per imperial gallon.—Leeward Island, 2s. 1d. to 2s. 2d. per ditto. In Brandy and Hollands little has been done, and is without variation.

*Indigo.*—The indigo market remains firm, but few sales; 6d. per pound advance is demanded on sale price, but refused.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The great reduction in the stock of tallow, now under 18,000 casks, arising from the large quantity delivered for home consumption, has had a considerable effect both on the prices and in the demand for tallow; the lowest quotation is 37s. to 38s. per cwt.

*Saltpetre.*—At public sale, saltpetre sold at 22s. to 22s. 6d. per cwt.

**Tobacco.**—The sales for tobacco have partly subsided, and there have been none worth reporting.

**Spices.**—Are dull and heavy, and in no demand for export at this season of the year.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburgh, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 6.—Paris, 25. 85.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 154½.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34½.—Cadiz, 34½.—Bilboa, 34½.—Barcelona, 34½.—Seville, 34½.—Gibraltar, 33.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 48½.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 114½.—Lisbon, 48½.—Oporto, 48½.—Rio Janeiro, 48.—Bahia, 48.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 6d.—Silver in bars, standard 3s. 11d.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, 295l.—Coventry, 1200l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 100l.—Grand Junction, 305l.—Kennet and Avon, 25l. 10s.—Leeds and Liverpool, 387l. 10s.—Oxford, 680l.—Regent's, 35l. 10s.—Trent and Mersey, 1,800l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 280l.—London Docks, 83l.—West-India, 199l.—East London WATER WORKS, 123l.—Grand Junction, 62l.—West Middlesex, 64l. 0s.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1 dis.—Globe, 151l.—Guardian, 18l. 10s.—Hope, 4l. 18s.—Imperial Fire, 92l.—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 57l.—City Gas-Light Company, 0l.—British, 17½ dis.—Leeds, 195l.

**ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of April and the 21st of May 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.**

**BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.**

Baum, J. Hackney-wick, victualler  
Brearley, R. Oakenrod, Lancashire, flannel-manufacturer  
Butler, J. R. Bruton-street, turner  
Cade, T. Shalford, Surrey, schoolmaster  
Eburne, F. Ryton-upon-Dunmore, Warwick, miller  
Ford, R. late of Sutton, Surrey, dealer  
Fussell, J. Stoke-lane, Somersetshire, paper-maker  
Hughes, J. J. Birmingham, victualler  
James, R. Conderton, Worcestershire, horse-dealer  
Kimber, C. Lambour Berks, brewer  
Ogier, P. and J. Phillips, Bishopsgate-street Without, linen-draper  
Proctor, S. Pudseybacklane, Yorkshire, clothier

**BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 145.]**

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Anthony, C. and J. Devonport, grocers. [Sole, Aldermanbury, Sole, Devonport]  
Appleton, M. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, flax, dresser. [Alderson, Chancery-lane; Alderson and Co., Hull]  
Andrews, W. Louth, Lincolnshire, grocer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]  
Burgess, I. Crosstown, Cheshire, victualler. [Bover and Co., Warrington; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]  
Barlow, W. Mattersley, Nottinghamshire, miller. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street, Soho; Bradshaw, Worksop, Notts]  
Bishop, R. T. Birmingham, woollen-draper. [Sharpe and Co., Bread-street, Cheapside; Parkes, Birmingham]  
Bray, W. H. Brighton, draper. [Osbaldeston and Co., London-street, Fenchurch-street]  
Burton, B. Fanshaw, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer. [Haxby and Co., Wakefield; Taylor, Gray's-inn-square]  
Burt, J. Northover, Somersetshire, miller. [Murray, Crewkerne; Holme and Co., New-inn]  
Briggs, I. Barksland, York, dealer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Scatterd, Halifax]  
Brown, J. W. Cook's-row, Paneras, picture-dealer. [Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square]  
Bull, L. Eastnor, Hereford, farming-bailiff. [Beverley, Temple; Gregg, Ledbury]  
Cotterell, J. Birmingham, brass-founder. [Heming M.M. New Series.—VOL. III. No. 18.]

and Baxter, Gray's-inn-place; Bird, Birmingham  
Cooper, W. Weston-super-mare, Somersetshire, grocer. [Jones, Crosby-square; Saunders, Bristol]  
Capes, G. Epworth, Lincolnshire, money-scrivener  
Oxley, Rotherham; Cartwright, Bantry  
Caie, M., late of Sackville-street, Piccadilly, tailor  
Jackson, New-inn  
Charlesworth, T. Clare-street, Clare-market, tea-dealer. [Clark, Newgate-street]  
Cox, J. Leadenhall-street, victualler. [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row]  
Cooke, E. J. Gloucester, corn-dealer. [King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Abell and Co., Gloucester]  
Cooper, R. Ledbury, Herefordshire, innkeeper. [Higgins, Ledbury; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane]  
Dyer, R. Exeter, druggist. [Turner, Bedford-street, Bedford-row; Turner, Exeter]  
Davis, J. Devonshire-street, Queen-square, surgeon. [Score, Lincoln's-inn-fields]  
Dawes, H. Great Malvern, Worcestershire, maltster. [Wall, Worcester; Lowndes and Co., Red-lion-square]  
Drew, J. Stourport, Worcestershire, carpenter. [Curtler, Droitwich; White, Lincoln's-inn]  
Dickins, J. and J. Warrick, Plymouth, earthenware-dealers. [Baron, Plymouth; Horton, Furnival's-inn]  
Dalton, J. H. Leicester, apothecary. [Fisher and Norcutt, Gray's-inn]  
Elden, T. Manchester, straw-hat manufacturer. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester]  
Errington, G. Lower Edmonton, brick-maker. [Finch, Coleman-street]  
Eccles, J. Wednesbury, Staffordshire, victualler. [Smith, Walsall; Wheeler and Co., John-street, Bedford-row]  
Elmsley, T. Great Horton, York, worsted-stuff manufacturer. [Singleton, New-inn; Barrett, Otley]  
Frith, J. J. Banner-square, hardwareman. [Paston, Bow-church-yard, Cheapside]  
Fletcher, J. Manchester, calico-printer. [Back, Gray's-inn; Lingard, Heaton Norris]  
Greatley, E. Myrtle-street, Hexton, flour-factory. [Hill, Gray's-inn]

- Glassbrooke, W. Stourport, Worcestershire, corn-factor. [Robeson, Droitwich; Pladgate and Co., Essex-street, Strand]
- Garton, J. Castle Donnington, Leicestershire, builder. [Snelson and Co., Austin and Co., Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn]
- Gibbons, T. Cheltenham, plumber. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Parker, Bristol]
- Giles, J. Vauxhall, dealer. [Vincent, Clifford's-inn]
- Gregson, E. Habergamheaves, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Hampson, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- George, T. Newport, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant. [Platt, Lincoln's-inn]
- Green, R. Cambridge, cabinet-maker. [Tabram, Cambridge; Nicholls, Stamford-street, Blackfriar's-road]
- Hedges, T. Birmingham, grocer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool]
- Hawkins, J. Middlesex-street, Somer's-town, builder. [Smith, Basinghall-street]
- Ham, J. senior, Skinner's-street, Snow-hill, watch-maker. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]
- Hammond, T. Whiskin-street, Rosamond-street, Clerkenwell, carpenter. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Shorne, Yorkshire]
- Handsford, R. Weymouth, Dorsetshire, grocer. [Mansfield, Dorchester; Rhodes and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Hole, W. Edgeware-road, wax-chandler. [Smyth, Red-lion-square]
- Hoskins, Mary, Falmouth, dealer in earthenware. [Darke and Co., Red-lion-square; Jones, Swansea]
- Harrison, H. Lower Peover-cottage, Knutsford, Cheshire, merchant. [Capes, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Smith, Manchester]
- Hobson, E. Shoreditch, and of Southampton, linen-draper. Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside
- Heill, G. Compton-street, Clerkenwell, baker. [Hudson, Winkworth-place, City-road]
- Howitt, M. High Holborn, ironmonger. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Harris, T. Newent, Gloucestershire, innkeeper. [Smallbridge, Gloucester; Watson and Co., Falcon-square]
- Hill, B. Streatham, yeoman. [Long, Croydon; Chester, Parsonage-row, Newington]
- Haynes, J. Gutter-lane, baker. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle]
- Hudson, W. Stamford, ironmonger. [Jackson, Stamford; Hadgate and Co., Essex-street]
- Harris, N. Shaftesbury, Dorset, innkeeper. [Galpine, Blandford; Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Hardy, T. Cowley, Middlesex, builder. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square]
- Jessurun, E. Falcon-square, ostrich-feather and flower-manufacturer. [Elias, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe]
- Jones, W. Tredgar iron-works, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory, Bristol]
- Jellicorse, J. Manchester, warehouseman. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Higson and Co., Manchester]
- Judge, R. W. Temple Tysce, Warwickshire, cattle-salesman. [Loveday, Warwick; Wortham and Co., Holborn]
- Jarvis, T. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, builder. [Swan and Co., Hull; Butterfield, Gray's-inn-square]
- Jones, T. Fetter-lane, tavern-keeper. [Williams and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Jones, R. E. Jones, and G. Hulme, Manchester, iron-founders. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Kershaw, Manchester]
- Jones, R. Ledbury, maltster. [Beverley, Temple; Gregg, Ledbury]
- King, R. Wargrave, Berks, stage-coach-master. [Rhodes and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Kimber, H. Worcester, dealer. [Parker and Co., Worcester; Cardale and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Kilbington, W. H. High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant. [Piercy and Oakley, Three-crown-square, Southwark]
- Kirkland, W. Ripley, Derby, brewer. [Hall and Brown, New Boswell-court; Gervase, Alfreton]
- Lawton, J. Saddleworth, York, merchant. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Whitehead, Oldham]
- Levitt, Q. Pinner's-hall, Old Broad-street, merchant. [Thompson, George-street, Minorities]
- Leyburn, G. Leadenhall-market, provision-merchant. [Noy and Co., Great Tower-street]
- Leonard, C. Warren-mews, Fitzroy-square, farrier. Hallett, Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone
- Lavanchy, F. F. and J. R. Air-street, Piccadilly, warehouseman. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street]
- Lomas, J. Hales Owen, Shropshire, stationer. Hayes and Co., Hales Owen; Long and Co., Gray's-inn
- Lowe, J. Basinghall-street, jeweller. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]
- Lambert, T. Chapelthorpe, Yorkshire, tanner. Cuttle, Wakefield; Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn
- Lawton, J. John's-mews, Bedford-row, iron-manufacturer. [Hume and Smith, Great James-street, Bedford-row]
- Macleod, T. Chichester, draper. [Gates, Lombard-street]
- Moore, W. South Dawton, Devon, cattle-salesman. [Rhodes and Burch, Chancery-lane; Sanders, Exeter]
- Moseley, F. Leeds, innkeeper. [Robinson, Essex-street; Ward, Leeds]
- Mitchell, M. G. Quadrant, Regent-street, tavern-keeper. [Robinson, Walbrook]
- Marsh, A. C. Great Scotland-yard, navy-agent. Fynmore and Co., Craven-street, Strand
- Millar, J. late of Nuneaton, Warwickshire, ribbon-weaver. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street, Soho; Opan, Kenilworth]
- Myer, H. Louth, Lincolnshire, cabinet-maker. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Woolley, Hull]
- Mitchell, J. Lockwood, Yorkshire, clothier. [Fenton, Huddersfield; Wiltshire and Co., Old Broad-street]
- Mac Neill, W. senior, Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, coach and harness-maker. [Pintero, Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital]
- Mincher, E. Birmingham, patten-tye-maker. Parker and Co. Birmingham; Holme and Co. New-inn
- Mahon, J. Nelson-square, master-mariner. [Pontifex, St. Andrew's-court, Holborn]
- Mill, W. Fore-street, woollen-draper. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Mousley, T. Hanley, Stafford, scrivener. [Dove, Carey-street; Smith, Rugeley]
- Nash, E. Denham, Buckinghamshire, miller. [Webb, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn; Walford Uxbridge]
- Noakes, J. Ludlow, miller. [Hammond, Furnival's-inn; Anderson and Downes, Ludlow]
- Ord, J. Old Kent-road, cheesemonger. [Bousfield, Chatham-place, Black-friars; Mould, Great-Knight Rider-street, Doctor's-commons]
- Obee, T. Weymouth-street, Mary-le-bone, carpenter. [Jones and Co., Great Mary-le-bone-street]
- Olivers, W. Broadway, Blackfriars, victualler. [Ellison and Co., Lincoln's-inn]
- Oldfield, J. and V. Edgeware-road, coach-maker. [Crosse, Surrey-street, Strand]
- Poolly, T. Norwich, corn-merchant. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Dye, Norwich]
- Page, W. Cheltenham, glass-seller. [Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn; Grazebrook, Stourbridge]
- Paterson, J. Butt's-buildings, Camberwell, dealer. [Sheriff, Salisbury-street, Strand]
- Pullen, T. Great Chari-street, New North-road, Hoxton, carpenter. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard]
- Pennell, G. Fludyer-street, Westminster, picture-dealer. [Darke, Red-lion-square]
- Parker, G. and H. Paine, Birmingham, merchants. [Swaine and Co., Old Jewry; Webb and Co. Birmingham]
- Phillips, W. G. Oxford-street, linen-draper. [Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard]
- Preston, J. Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, brick-maker. [Brown and Son, Barton-upon-Humber; Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn-square]



- Phlipps, W. Shoreditch, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Penyman, F. Junior, Berwick-street, Soho, carver and gilder. [Price, Adam-street, Adelphi]
- Paul, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, miller. [Hodgson and Co., St. Mildred's-court, Poultry]
- Perkins, W. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, upholsterer. [Wright, Bucklersbury]
- Pollard, W. Manchester, tailor. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Potter, Manchester]
- Roberts, J. Newport, Shropshire, liquor-merchant. [Hewings and Co., Gray's-inn-place; Stanley, Newport, Shropshire]
- Rewell, W. Monmouth, skinner. [Jennings and Co., Temple; Powles and Co., Monmouth]
- Rivenall, A. Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, victualer. [Price, St. John-square, Clerkenwell]
- Robinson, J. Tenbury, Worcestershire, scrivener. [Lloyd, Furnival's-inn; Lloyd, Ludlow]
- Beddish, T. Stourport, Cheshire, corn-dealer. [Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; Hairtop, Stockport]
- Richardson, T. Sowerby, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. [Stocker and Co., New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn; Parnell and Co., Knaresborough]
- Rumball, S. Upper Park-place, Dorset-square, St. Mary-le-bone, coach-maker. [Wilson and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Roberts, J. Minchin Hampton, Gloucestershire, surgeon. [Cornthwaite, Dean's-court, Doctor's Commons]
- Robinson, J. H. Liverpool, tailor. [Rawson, Prescott; Chester, Staple-inn]
- Roach, M. Hotwell-road, near Bristol, victualler. [Cary and Co., Bristol; King and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Sherwin, J., T. Hordley, and J. Sherwin, Shelton, Staffordshire, engravers. [Avison, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row, London]
- Swan, J. Alsop's-buildings, coal-merchant. [Rice and Co. Great Marlborough-street]
- Slingsby, J. Manchester, warehouseman. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Higson and Co., Manchester]
- Stubbs, J. Pantom-street, Leicester-square, jeweller. [Noy and Co., Great Tower-street]
- Smith, otherwise Smyth, G. Henry-street, Waterloo-road. [Platt, Church-court, Clement's-lane]
- Stacey, J. Newcastle-street, Strand, tailor. [Jesop and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Stubington, P. T. T. Winchester, builder. [Lampard, Winchester; Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn]
- Smith, J. Cheltenham, timber-merchant. [Packwood, Cheltenham; King, Hatton-garden]
- Thorogood, C. New Church-street, Lisson-grove, Paddington, builder. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane, Canon-street]
- Thompson, R. Nettlestead, Kent, cattle and sheep-salesman. [Lane and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Taylor, B. Almondbury, Yorkshire, clothier. [Battye and Co., Huddersfield; Jacques and Co., Coleman-street]
- Vaux, J. High-street, Islington, baker. [Headland and Co., King's-road, Bedford-row]
- Wrigley, R. senior, J. Wrigley, R. Wrigley, junior, T. Wrigley, W. Rockliff, and S. Wrigley, Liverpool, blacksmiths. [Blackstock and Bunce, London; Ramsbottom and Roberts, Liverpool]
- Wilkinson, J. Leeds, scribbling-miller. [Strange-ways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Scott and Co., Leeds]
- Wilson, J. Leeds, Yorkshire, confectioner. [Robinson, Essex-street, Strand; Ward, Leeds]
- Weddell, J. Sutton, Yorkshire, paint-manufacturer. [Frost, Kingston-upon-Hull; Rosser and Co., Gray's-inn-place, Holborn]
- Woodward, G. Birmingham, plumber. [Arnold and Co., Birmingham; Long and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Weffen, W. Gibson-street, Waterloo-bridge-road, plumber. [Holmer, Bridge-street, Southwark]
- Wells, C. Bottisham, Cambridgeshire, surgeon. [Tabram, Cambridge; Nicholls, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road]
- Whitfield, W. Bow-lane, tavern keeper. [Hodgson and Ogden, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry]
- Wardle, J. Carnaby-street, carpenter. [Goren and Price, Orchard-street]
- Winscombe, W. Bristol, builder. [Pearson, Temple; Daniel, Bristol]
- Wheeler, J. Fleet-street, tailor. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Youell, W. Cranbrook, Kent, brewer. [Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Willis, Cranbrook]
- Young, R. Marshall-street, Golden-square, tailor and draper. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. T. Kempthorne, to the Vicarage of Wedmore, Somerset.—Rev. J. T. James, to the Bishoprick of Calcutta.—Rev. C. R. Smith, to the perpetual Curacy of Withiel-florey, Somerset.—Rev. P. Glubb, to the Rectory of Clannaborough, Devon.—Rev. J. T. Becher, to the Vicarage of Farnsfield, Notts.—Rev. T. Stacey, to the Living of Galligaer, Glamorgan.—Rev. A. Bayley, to the Rectory of Edgecott, Northampton.—Rev. G. F. Tavel, to the Rectory of Great Pakenham, Suffolk.—Rev. G. Montagu, to the Rectory of South Pickenham, Norfolk.—Rev. W. Mayd, to the Rectory of Wethersfield, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Bradburne, to the Rectory of Toft, with the Vicarage of Caldecotte, Cambridge.—Rev. H. A. Beckwith, to the Vicarage of Collingham, York.—Rev. S. Lane, to the Vicarage of Holme, Devon.—Rev. G. Deane, to the Rectory of Bighton, Hants.—Rev. G. D. St. Quintin, to the Rectory of Broughton, with Chapel of Bossington annexed, Hants.—Rev. Dr. Jenkinson, to the Deanery of Durham.—Rev. W. A. Musgrave, to the Rectory of Emmington, Oxford.—Rev. J. Allgood, to the Vicarage of Felton, Northumberland.—Rev. J. Dodsworth, to the Chapelry of Roundhay, Leeds.—Very Rev. Sub-dean Keene, to the Prebend of Wiveliscombe, Wells.—Rev. J. G. Copleston, to the Vicarage of Kinsay,

Bucks.—Rev. G. S. Weidemann, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Paul's Church, Preston.—Right Rev. Dr. J. Kaye, installed Bishop of Lincoln.—Rev. W. Norris, to the Rectory of Warblington, Hants.—Rev. G. Hall, to the Vicarage of Tenbury, Worcester, and to the Rectory of Rochford, Hereford.—Rev. J. C. Jervois, to be Chaplain to the Bath General Hospital.—Rev. R. Holberton, to the Rectory of St. Mary's, Bridgetown, Barbadoes.—Rev. W. P. Spencer, to the Rectory of Starston, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Mercer, to the Rectory of Arthingworth, Northampton.—Rev. W. Harrison, to be Minor Canon of Chester Cathedral.—Rev. T. Baker, to be Canon Residentiary of Chichester Cathedral.—Rev. A. A. Colville, to the Curacy of Hampton, Worcester.—Rev. T. Byrth, to the perpetual Curacy of St. James's, Latchford, Cheshire.—Rev. W. Hutchesson, to the Rectory of Ubley.—Rev. I. Carne, to the Vicarage of Charles, Plymouth.—Rev. G. Wilkins, to the Rectory of Wing, Rutland.—Rev. G. Swayne, junior, to the Vicarage of South Bemfleet, Essex.—Rev. I. Nance, to the Rectories of Hope and Old Romney, Kent.—Rev. I. Griffith, to be Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor.—Rev. J. F. Fine, to the Vicarage of Tisbury, Gloucester.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has appointed the Right Hon. G. Canning to the offices of Chancellor and Under Treasurer of His Majesty's Exchequer.

The King has also appointed the Right Hon. G. Canning, Earl of Mount Charles, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Lord Elliot, and Edmund Alexander Maenaghton, Commissioners for executing the offices of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland.

The King has granted the dignity of a Viscount to the Right Hon. Frederick John Robinson, by the title of Viscount Goderich, of Nocton, in the county of Lincoln; likewise the dignity of Baron unto James Earl of Fife, by the title of Baron Fife, of the county of Fife; also to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Abbot the dignity of Baron, by the title of Baron Tenterden, of Hendon, in the county of Middlesex; and to the Right Hon. W. C. Plunkett the dignity of Baron, by the title of Baron Plunkett, of Newtown, in the county of Cork.

The King has appointed the Right Hon. Lord Forbes High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The King has appointed the Dukes of Devonshire, Portland, and Leeds; the Marquis of Anglesey; Viscount Dudley and Ward; Lord Plunkett; the Right Hons. Sir A. Hart, W. Lamb, Sir S.

Hulse, and Sir G. Cockburn, to be Privy Counsellors; the Lord Lyndhurst, to be Lord High Chancellor; and the Duke of Portland, Keeper of the Privy Seal. His Majesty has likewise appointed Lord Dudley and Ward, Lord Goderich, and W. Sturges Bourne, Esq., to be the three principal Secretaries of State; the Marquis of Anglesey, to be Master of the Ordnance; and Sir John Leech to be Master of the Rolls.

The King has appointed the Duke of Devonshire Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, and Sir S. Hulse, Vice-chamberlain; the Earl of Stamford, Chamberlain of the County Palatine of Chester; the Hon. J. Abercromby, Advocate-general; Earl of Carlisle, W. D. Adams, and H. Dawkins, Esqrs., Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues; Right Hon. G. Tierney, Master and Worker of the Mint; Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynne, Viscount Dudley and Ward, Viscount Goderich, Right Hon. W. S. Bourne, Right Hon. G. Canning, Baron Teignmouth, Right Hon. J. Sullivan, Sir G. Warrender, Dr. Phillimore, and Sir J. Macdonald, His Majesty's Commissioners for the Affairs of India. Sir James Scarlett is appointed Attorney-general, and Sir Nicholas Tindal, Solicitor-general.

## INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

April 29.—His Majesty presented Lord Eldon with a magnificent silver cup and cover, with this inscription,—"The gift of His Majesty King George the Fourth to his highly valued friend, John Earl of Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of England, upon his retiring from his official duties, in the year 1827."

30.—The foundation stone of the London University was laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, attended by the committee and stewards, who afterwards dined together with the patrons at Freemasons' tavern, H. R. H. in the chair, supported by the Dukes of Norfolk and Leinster, Lords Lansdowne, Auckland, Carnarvon, and Nugent, Messrs. Brougham, Hume, Hobhouse, &c. The mallet used on this occasion was the identical mallet used in laying the foundation of St. Paul's, and was presented by Sir C. Wren to the Masonic Lodge of Antiquity.

May 1.—The first foundation brick for St. Catherine's Docks was laid.

4.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence held his first levee as Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland.

8.—Thanks of the House of Commons were voted to Lord Combermere, and to the officers and men under his command, for their services and conduct in the Burmese war.

9.—Letters received at the Admiralty from Captain Beechey, of the Blossom frigate, detailing the particulars of the voyage of that ship into Bahring's Straits. Officers and men all well; but could not obtain any intelligence of Captain Franklin; ship suffered some damage from the ice.

10.—The anniversary festival of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral. The collections

at church, and at the dinner, at which the Lord Mayor presided, and the Duke of Sussex attended, amounted to £1,070.

—His Majesty held at St. James's a chapter of the Order of the Garter, when the Dukes of Leeds and Devonshire, and the Marquis of Exeter, were invested with the insignia of the order, in consequence of the deaths of the Earl of Winchelsea, and the Marquises of Hastings and Cholmondeley. Same day the Earl of Warwick and Lord Aboyne were invested members of the Order of the Thistle.

14.—The House of Lords passed a similar vote to the House of Commons, thanking the army of India relative to the termination of the Burmese war.

—A meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster took place, when an address was voted to the King, congratulating His Majesty on his firmness in choosing his prime minister, but regretting that His Majesty's choice should have fallen on one who has already declared his hostility to Parliamentary Reform. The address to be delivered to the King by Messrs. Hunt, Cobbett, Pitt, and Dr. Tucker.

15.—A general meeting of the operatives of the metropolis was held at the Mechanics' Institute, J. Hume, Esq., M.P., in the chair, when a congratulatory address was voted to His Majesty, for calling to his councils such persons as appeared best qualified to advance the interest of the nation. The address is to be delivered to the King by Mr. Hume.

17.—The foundation stone of a new school and other buildings, for the use of the Caledonian Asylum, was laid by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, attended by a number of Scottish gentlemen clad

in the national costume. The company afterwards dined at Freemasons' tavern.

18.—The winter broke into the Thames Tunnel with dreadful violence between six and seven o'clock in the evening. The men escaped with difficulty, but not one is missing, and it appears the injury is not irretrievable; the manager of the works feeling confident (in his Report to the Director says), from the means he has adopted, that the work will in a short time be resumed.

23.—A splendid entertainment was given at the Goldsmith's-hall to His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral, Duke of Clarence, when the freedom of the company was presented to the Royal Duke in a gold snuff-box.

The Recorder of London made a Report to the King of 54 prisoners lying under sentence of death in Newgate; when 4 were ordered for execution on Tuesday the 29th instant, and the other 50 respited during His Majesty's pleasure.

#### MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. H. Cooper esq., only son of Sir W. Cooper, bart., to Miss Anne Tynte; the Marquis de Mervé, to Selina, daughter of Lady Morris Gore.—At Chelsea, Rev. G. D. St. Quintin, to Georgiana Henrietta Louisa, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. G. Wellesley.—At Enfield, James Bacon, esq. to Miss Laura Frances Cook.—At St. Mary-le-bone, Rev. H. K. Bonney, archdeacon of Bedford, to Miss C. Perry; Major A. Dashwood, to Miss Marian Still; C. L. G. Berkeley, esq., to Miss A. E. Leigh, of Stoneleigh, Warwick.—At St. James's, W. Carling, esq., to Miss E. Green.—At Clapham, W. Kettlewell, esq., to Miss M. Cattley.—At St. Stephen's, Walbrook, E. S. Howell, esq., to Catherine Emily, daughter of General Sir John Murray, bart.

#### DEATHS.

At Totteridge-park, 85, E. Arrowsmith, esq.—At Much Hadham, 90, the Rev. F. Stanley.—At

Barnet, the Rev. Dr. Garrow, son of Mr. Baron Garrow.—In the Adelphi, between 70 and 80, Mr. Rowlandson, one of the most eminent artists of his day.—In Edward-street, Miss A. F. Moore, daughter of Peter Moore, esq., M.P. for Coventry, during 25 years.—In the Strand, 65, E. Antrobus, esq.—At Balham-hill, 69, E. Moberley, esq. of St. Petersburg.—At Lambeth, Mrs. Dyson.—In Bedford-square, Miss Bell.—At Albury-park, Henry, the eldest son of Henry and Lady Harriet Drummond. At Turrey, the Rev. Leigh Richmond, rector of that place.—At Bushey-heath, 63, Colonel Mark Beaufoy, F.R.S.—At Rickmansworth, J. Magnay, esq., fourth son of the late Alderman Magnay.—At Wormley-lodge, Mrs. Hare, widow of the late J. Hare, esq., M.P., and sister to Sir A. Hume, bart.—At Hammersmith, 81, W. Keene, esq.—At Chatham, Major-general D'Arcy, of the Royal Engineers.—Late of Clapham, 90, R. Prior, esq.—In Somerset-street, 84, Mrs. Stracey.—In Montague-square, Anna, daughter of Colonel G. Harper.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, at the English Ambassador's Chapel, T. W. P. Molesworth, esq., to Miss Anne Fawcett.—At Brussels, at the British Ambassador's, G. Wyndham, esq., Dinton, Wilts, to Miss Margaret Jay, of Brussels.—At Naples, at the English Minister's House, the Chevalier de Dupont, to Miss Douglas, daughter of the late Sir A. S. Douglas.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Como, the celebrated natural philosopher Volta.—At Pera (Constantinople), W. Mair, esq., of Therapia.—At Meré (Normandy), F. H. Dickenson, esq.—At Tours, Miss A. Lynn.—At Quilon, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Woodhouse.—82, The Dowager Princess of Anhalt Zerbst.—77, Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony.—At Montignan, 78, Larive, the celebrated French tragedian.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

#### WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

##### NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A considerable improvement has recently been made on the Hexham road, by the formation of a fine level line of turnpike to the left of the bridge at Corbridge, in order to avoid the steep hill of the old road, a little beyond that town; the distance is much shortened, in addition to the relief thus afforded to the horses.

In recently carrying into effect certain alterations and improvements at the eastern end of Durham Cathedral, an old oaken coffin was found, containing the remains of some distinguished personage—believed to be no other than the patron saint, St. Cuthbert, "whose restless body in the three hundred and ninth year after his first burial, was with all funeral pompe enshrined" in "the white church" at Durham, in the year 995, or 832 years ago! The skeleton was found to be remarkably perfect, and enclosed in the remains of robes, richly worked with gold, a large and bright gold ring, having a crucifix, apparently of silver,

appended, was found lying on the breast, and below it the remains of a book.

*Married.*] At Stockton, T. H. Faber, esq., to Miss Grey.—At Bishopwearmouth, J. T. Wawn, esq., to Miss Emma Horn.—At Whitworth, W. Harland, esq., to Miss Shafto.

*Died.*] At Bishopwearmouth, 71, Jane, relict of J. Smithson, esq.; she was a lineal descendant of the ancient family of Bowes of Streatham-castle, Durham.—At Gateshead Low Fell, 90, John Gardiner; he was one of the early members of Wesley's early establishment, his methodist chapel, and continued an ornament to the society for nearly 70 years.—At Newcastle, 78, Ralph Atkinson, esq.; the last male descendant of an ancient family in Northumberland, and cousin to Lords Eldon and Stowell.—At Bradley-hall, Jane, the infant daughter of E. Beaumont, esq.—At Houghton-le-spring, the Rev. W. Rawes, late head-master of Kepler grammar-school.—At Bishopwearmouth, Jane, relict of J. Smithson, esq.—At the Red-barns, near Newcastle, T. Shadforth, esq.—At Seaham, the Rev. R. Wallis.—At Newcastle, W. Pinkerton, esq.

##### CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

*Married.*] At Ambleside, G. C. Vernon, esq., to Miss M. A. Carleton.



**Died.]** 68, Mrs. Adamthwaite, of Ravensdale.

#### YORKSHIRE.

On the 13th, some boys playing in Kirkstall-abbey, discovered a stone coffin in the wall of the building, about six feet from the ground, containing the skeleton of a full-grown man. The coffin was so accurately fitted into the wall as to appear a part of it; and there is another stone of precisely the same shape alongside of it, which is probably a coffin. From the place and manner of their burial, these remains doubtless are those of some man of rank, probably one of the Abbots of Kirkstall; and it is certain that they have been interred some centuries, as that abbey was dissolved, with the large monasteries, in 1540.

April 19, 1826, Mr. Donn, at the Botanic Garden, Hull, planted a vine without either ball or earth attached to its roots; and it has now produced the prodigious number of 200 bunches of grapes, above 130 of which remained on a few days back.

A silver penny of Edward I. was lately found in the area of Baynard-castle, Cottingham, where that monarch kept his court in 1268. It has been deposited in the museum of the Hull Literary Society.

A gentleman named Janatt is about to build a church at Doncaster at the expense of £10,000. The corporation have voted him an address on the occasion.

**Married.]** At Whitley, C. H. Wells, esq., to Miss Simpson.—At Hull, W. Burton, esq., to Miss Walker.—At York, the Rev. C. H. Eyre, to Miss Foulis.—At Sessey, R. Toes, esq., to Miss Barker.—At Cottingham, J. H. Coulson, esq., to Miss Thornton.—At Lockington, G. L. Woolley, esq., to Miss Taylor.—At Knaresborough, Mr. B. Caw, to Miss Shawe.—At York, the Rev. J. H. Bradney, to Miss Preston.

**Died.]** At Beverley, J. Lockwood, esq.—At Knottingley, Mrs. Bedford.—At Seaton-grange, Mrs. Paull.—At York, the Rev. G. Briggs.—At Ballborough, the Rev. P. A. Reaston.—At Leeds, the wife of J. Murphy, esq.—At Swarland, N. Sykes, esq.—At Beverley, P. Acklow, esq.—At Howden, Valentine Frederick, youngest son of R. Wirsop, esq.—At Scarborough, T. Parkin, esq.—At Stamford-bridge, Mrs. Ridley.

#### STAFFORD AND SALOP.

The magistrates assembled at Stafford sessions have passed an unanimous vote of thanks to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, for his distinguished services in improving the administration of criminal justice.

At Tixall, the coming of age of Sir Clifford Constable was lately celebrated by his tenantry, whose hilarity was rendered doubly effective by the announcement that at the next audit fifty per cent. would be deducted from their rents.

A beautiful and magnificent ox is now feeding at Eyton, near Wellington, Salop. His weight last year was 28 cwt., nearly one ton and a half. The supposed weight by judges is 26 score per quarter; the fore quarters are judged to weigh 30 score each. His height is 6 feet 6 inches; length from nose to tail 11 feet four inches; girth near the fore legs 11 feet; width of the bosom 3 feet within one inch.

**Died.]** At Shrewsbury, J. Mason, esq.; he had devoted his time to literature, and had written several works. At Oldlington, 54, a man-servant

to Mr. Worrall; he had been servant on the same farm for 60 years!—At Colebrookdale, 72, Mrs. Luckcock; she was a member of the Society of Friends.

#### LANCASHIRE.

An increased demand for cotton goods has been visible for several weeks past at Bolton. A fortnight since, one of the respectable houses advanced their weavers 6d. per cut; and this week the principal houses in the fancy trade have advanced their wages on various fabrics from 8 to 15 per cent. Employment on the 6-460 reed cambric, which has been worked as low as 6s. 6d. per cut. At Chorley, we are informed, a slight improvement in wages has taken place. At Preston business is extremely brisk, and an advance of wages is shortly expected. At Ashton-under-Line, a general advance of 10 per cent. in weavers' wages has taken place, and in some particular instances as much as 25 per cent.

We are gratified to find that the accounts from Manchester, also Liverpool, Blackburn, and other great manufacturing towns, fully confirm the decided improvement in the trade of the country. The weavers have constant employment at increased wages. The calico-printers are said to have their hands so full of work that they refuse to take further orders. Large shipments of goods are now making for Hamburg and the Baltic. The stock of manufactured goods on hand is considerably reduced, and a great many buyers are in the market. We are told that the low prices at which the British goods have been sold, beat down and nearly destroyed the foreign manufacturers. From an increased trade we shall no doubt derive an increasing revenue.

**Died.]** In Lancaster castle, 80, W. Green; he had been confined 11 years for a debt of £1,000, and is said to have died worth £40,000.

#### NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

Some weeks since a tiger escaped from the menagerie of an itinerant showman, and was at large in the forest. The animal has been destroyed, after having committed ravages amongst the sheep-flocks in the neighbourhood; above a hundred have been preyed upon by the furious beast since he made his escape; and the farmers agreed to subscribe a sum of money, to be paid to any person who should destroy it. In consequence of this, seven resolute fellows armed themselves with guns, and went in pursuit of it. He had been seen in the vicinity of Farnesfield, and thither the tiger-hunters repaired, and without any danger or difficulty succeeded in destroying him by fire-arms.

**Died.]** At Staunton, 77, Rev. J. Mounsey; he had been curate of Staunton and of Flamborough half a century.

#### LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

A meeting of the working classes has been held at Leicester, for the purpose of voting an address to His Majesty relative to the late change in the administration, when the address was voted and signed by the chairman. One of the speakers said, in describing the situation of himself and his fellow workmen: "That when they looked around them and beheld the beauties of the season—when they saw the brute creation in the full enjoyment of that which nature had so amply provided for

them—when they saw the feathered tribe hopping from twig to twig, and heard them chaunting forth their melodious notes, as if in grateful acknowledgment for the benefits they received, and when they contrasted this with the condition of the labouring classes; when they saw, and by sad experience knew, that they alone of all the creatures of this kingdom, were debarred the means of procuring that support for themselves and children, which a beneficent Creator had so abundantly provided for them, could they, or ought they to restrain themselves from inquiring into the cause of a state of things so cruel and unnatural? What then, he asked, was the cause? Why, principally, the defective state of the Representation in the Commons House of Parliament."

*Married.*] At Great Glen, T. Bryan, esq., high sheriff of Rutland, to Miss E. Hames.

*Died.*] At Wanlip-hall, 56, Sir C. T. Palmer, bart.—At Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 84, Mrs. Blenkhorne.

#### WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Rugby School Anniversary took place in April, and about 400 persons were present in the school-room; but we did not hear that the poor aged men belonging to part of that excellent establishment had yet received the additional *eighteen pence* per week, decreed to them by the late Lord Chancellor, to make their old age comfortable!!!

April 23.—At Stratford-upon-Avon, a gala festival in honour of the natal day of our immortal poet, Shakspeare, commenced, and lasted during the two following days. It was conducted on the plan of Garrick's jubilee in 1769, and the town was extremely full. It is to be celebrated every third year on the same grand scale; in addition to the grand pageantry, there were public breakfasts, dinners, concerts, masquerading, &c.

The good effects of occasional recourse to the Court of King's Bench and corporation law, is manifested in the reformed conduct of the corporate body of the borough of Warwick, who, since the legal proceedings against them, and notice of other motions in the ensuing term, have filled up their numbers, and revived the popular part of the corporation, which had been extinct for nearly a century and a half; we mean the long-extinct body of the assistant burgesses. The publication of the charter, and revival of the rights of the burgesses in the election of mayor, passing of accounts, &c., with the criminal information, have convinced the managers of this corporation of the expediency of respecting the provisions of the charter; and the approach of Trinity Term has quickened their apprehension. We trust the gentlemen who have so honourably achieved these reformatory, and restored the rights of this ancient borough, will not stop here, but will examine into the state of the charities, and the institutions for the education of the rising generation of the town. Indeed it is now become the duty of the whole country to inquire into their own particular local establishments, and to free them from their present disgraceful dilapidations.

At a numerous meeting, lately held, of the inhabitants of Birmingham, it was unanimously resolved, that in consequence of the great depression of manufactures and commerce, petitions be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying them to repeal the discriminating duties on East-

India productions; for extending the private trade to India, and for granting to British subjects the carrying on such portions of the trade to and from China, which is now exclusively enjoyed by foreign nations, particularly by the Americans.

*Married.*] At Newbold-on-Avon, W. W. Hume, esq., son of A. Hume, esq., of Bilton-grange, to Lucy, daughter of T. Towers, esq., of Bilton.

*Died.*] At Stratford-upon-Avon, 77, J. Lord, esq.; he had been thrice mayor of that town.—At Wicken, Emily Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Charles Fitzroy.—At Baginton-hall, Caroline, the wife of the Rev. W. D. Bromley.—At Northampton, 73, Mr. Alderman Osborn, father of the corporation; 74, Rev. J. Horsey; he had been 52 years pastor of the congregation at Northampton, which was formerly under the care of Dr. Doddridge.

#### WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

We have much pleasure in stating, that the glove trade, and the branches connected with it, have experienced some improvement.

At the last special general meeting of the Governors of Worcester Infirmary, the report of the committee was made, and resolutions passed for forming a new wing uniform with that now erected, and thereby giving an additional ward.

#### GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The new road from Cheltenham to Cirencester has been recently opened. It will save a mile and a half in distance, and has been accomplished at the expense of £16,000.

April 19, the beautiful stone pier at Beachley Old Passage was completed, and is now ready for the steam packet. The pier is 600 feet long, and 30 wide; and we cannot but congratulate the public on the superior accommodation they will now receive in crossing the Severn at the Old Passage.

April 27, the opening of the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal took place, when a vessel of 300 tons burthen made her grand entrance along the canal into the city and port of Gloucester, amidst the firing of cannon, bands of music playing, and the plaudits of an immense multitude of spectators, anxious to witness one of the most important and magnificent achievements of human art. A grand dinner was given upon the occasion. The length of the canal is 16½ miles, the width from 70 to 90 feet, depth 18; there are 15 swing bridges over it, besides those of the locks; and it has cost £450,000. Six Acts of Parliament have also been found necessary for completing this emporium of the West.

The produce of the late Stroud Bazaar for the sale of ladies' work, amounted to full £160, in aid of the charity schools.

The men who have been so long disputing with their masters, in the Monmouthshire collieries, have again resumed their work at the masters' prices; and all the collieries are now in full activity.

*Married.*] At Dodington, H. Peyton, esq., only son of Sir H. Peyton, bart., to Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of Sir B. Codrington, bart.—At Gloucester, H. H. Wilton, esq., to Miss H. Jones.

*Died.*] At Cheltenham, 69, F. Twiss, esq., father to F. Twiss, esq., M.P., Wootton Bassett.—At Clifton, Mrs. Adderley, relict of the late C. C. Adderley, esq., Ham's-hall, Warwick.—At Stroud, 82, Mr. J. Hyde, during 60 of which he was occupied in the instruction of youth.—At Old Castle-court, 80, Mr. J. Griffiths.

## OXFORDSHIRE.

*Died.*] At Oxford, 88, Mr. T. White; he had been bed-maker to All Souls' College upwards of 75 years! He was known to the public by the name of *Uncle White*.

## HANTS AND SUSSEX.

The Commissioners at Brighton have at length given notice that they are ready to receive plans for erecting a town-hall, assembly-rooms, and a new market.

The importation of cart horses has again commenced in Sussex and Kent, and 100 two and three year olds have been lately landed.

*Married.*] At North Stoneham, Captain St. Leger, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Dashwood King, bart., M.P.

*Died.*] At Southampton, 59, the Right Hon. Sholto Henry McClelland, Lord Kircudbright.—At Chichester, 98, Mrs. Lover.—At Brighton, the Right Hon. Lady Calthorpe.—At Hastings, Robert Earl Ferrers, Viscount Tamworth; his lordship was thirteenth in lineal descent from Prince Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III.—89, Mrs. Adams, relict of H. Adams, esq., of Bucklershard.

## NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

April 26.—The Old City Charity, the National, and Sunday Schools of Norwich, assembled at the cathedral of that city, to the number of 2,000, attended by their respective teachers, when a sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. Lord Bayning. It was a most delightful spectacle, rendered more gratifying by the reflection that the number had been nearly doubled since last year. After the service they returned in procession to St. Andrew's-hall: and as they left it, each boy and girl received a large plum-cake. The friends of the charities dined together, when the mayor presided.

*Married.*] The Rev. F. Calvert, rector of Whatfield, to Miss Sarah Hicks, of Chattisham-place.—At Wartham, J. C. Cobbold, esq., to Miss L. Patteson.

*Died.*] At Norwich, 82, Mr. D. Clark; he had been employed in the commercial establishment of Messrs. Ives and successors, for 70 years!—At Harleston, 66, Mr. R. Paul, late of Starston, well known to agriculturists for several ingenious inventions, and for his interesting inquiries into the natural history and habits of the turnip-fly and the wire-worm.—At Clenchwarton, 83, Sir Charles Brown; he was of high literary attainments, and many years physician to the king of Prussia, who conferred upon him the order of the Red Eagle.—T. B. Evans, esq., deputy lieutenant for Norfolk, and high sheriff in 1791.

## DORSET AND WILTS.

The corner stone of the new church at Fleet has recently been laid with the usual ceremonies on such occasions; and with the pleasing accompaniment of regaling not only the workmen with a dinner, but plentifully supplying all the poor of Fleet with beef, bread, and beer. The late old church was destroyed by the dreadful tempest of 1824.

*Died.*] At Poole, 102, Elizabeth Godwin; she retained her faculties till a few days before her death, and could see to read without glasses till within the last two years.—At Hefleton, Dr. Bain; he was for many years the tried friend of the brilliant but unhappy Sheridan, whose last hours were consoled by his attentions.

## SOMERSET AND DEVON.

In the summer of 1825, as some workmen were

quarrying stones in Uphill-hill, they crossed a fissure containing a quantity of bones. In the course of further search were discovered bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, ox, horse, bear, hog, hyæna, fox, pole-cat, water-rat, mouse, and birds. Nearly all the bones of the larger species were so gnawed and splintered, and evidently of such ancient fracture, that little doubt can exist that it was a hyæna's den, similar to Kirkdale and Kent's Hole. The bones and teeth of the extinct species of hyæna were very abundant. The more ancient bones were found in the upper region of the fissure, firmly imbedded; further down, in a wet loam, there was an innumerable quantity of birds' bones only, principally of the gull tribe. These Professor Buckland supposes to have been introduced by foxes. The cavern extends about 10 feet from north to south, varying from 14 to 6 feet east to west. At its entrance the floor was found covered with sheep bones, and on digging into the mud and sand of which it consisted, several bones of the cuttle-fish were found, and the pelvis and a few bones of the fox. The fissure is vertical, about 50 feet deep from the surface to the mouth of the cave, and is situated at the western extremity of Mendip, in a bold mural front of limestone strata. The greater part of the bones have been presented to the Bristol Institution; Mr. Buckland has a few specimens, and the Geological Society of London a few more. These relics possess a high degree of interest to the geologist, and they are indubitable evidences of a world long since past.

A meeting has been held at Newton Abbot of the subscribers to the Newton Canal, and a committee formed, in order to commence operations as soon as possible, as its completion will prove highly beneficial to the town of Newton Abbot, Newton Bushel, Ashburton, and vicinity. £5,000 are the estimated expenses; £4,000 have already been subscribed.

The first anniversary has lately been celebrated at Bath, of that munificent establishment for gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, Partis's College. The bishop of the diocese, with the trustees and the foundress, attended the chapel, with the thirty ladies who reside in the college. The trustees afterwards dined together at a splendid repast provided by the foundress, who has sustained all the expenses of the establishment without touching upon the ample fund designed for the purposes of this princely charity. Thursday, in Easter week, is fixed for the annual commemoration for ever.

*Married.*] At Salcombe, F. B. Beamish, esq., to Miss Catherine Savery de Lisle de Courcy.

*Died.*] At Polden-hill, 100, Joseph Sully; a fortnight previous to his death he walked 12 miles in one day.—At Bath, Rev. H. F. Mills, chancellor of York Cathedral.—At Exeter, the Hon. A. A. Preston, son of Lord Gormanston.—At Torquay, the Hon. A. E. Flower, daughter of Viscount Ashford.—At Stoke, 85, Mr. C. Foster.

## CORNWALL.

The improvement of the great road from Exeter to Falmouth is at length begun; by the cutting a new line on the moor at Temple, and the removal of some houses at Bodmin, the dangerous entrance to that town will be widened from 11 to 30 feet.



The number of blocks of tin coined at Penzance in the last quarter was 4,089; and the whole number in Cornwall during that period was 6,900.

#### WALES.

The Corporation of Pembroke having disposed of their right to the toll of the new market at Pembroke Dock to government for £3,000, it is expected that it will be immediately opened.

A respectable meeting has been held in the metropolis, composed chiefly of gentlemen resident in London, born in the principality, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of protecting the interests of the Welsh peasantry, who have been permitted to erect habitations on, and take into cultivation parts of, the common and waste lands of the principality, and who have been or might be ejected under the authority of bills of enclosure, without compensation for their tenements or their labour. The proceedings had reference to some bills of enclosure, by the operation of which serious disturbances were created amongst the Welsh peasantry a short time ago, and more particularly to a Bill brought into Parliament by some land owners in Carnarvonshire, for the enclosure of some common lands in the parishes of Llanwddda and Llandwrog. A petition to Parliament was ordered to be prepared, and a subscription was entered into for defraying the expences. Too much of what is now attempting to be done in Wales has been done in England. Our Enclosure Bills have converted all our hardy and industrious cottagers, with their one or two cows each on the commons, into squalid paupers. The landowners, either by purchase (for the poor are improvident) or by the original provisions of the Enclosure Bills, have swallowed up all the rights of their poor neighbours. These latter, once the pride and strength of England, are now come upon the parish, and the very possessors of their property complain at maintaining the late owners out of the rates. The land formerly maintained the little occupants of the cottages which were built upon it, in decency and comfort, without the intervention of the rates, or the necessity of applying to an overseer. We understand this attempt to injure the Welsh peasantry has been finally frustrated, owing to the firm opposition with which it has been assailed.

The expenditure for the county of Glamorgan, from Easter 1826 to Easter 1827, as published by Mr. E. P. Richards, treasurer, amounts to £5,258, 11s. 11d. One of the items is for building a new house of correction at Swansea, £1,500.

Progress is making to facilitate the communication through Herefordshire and the neighbouring counties in Wales. The hills which separate Kington from Hay having been long complained of by travellers, the commissioners have resolved upon making a new road.

The friends of Mr. Davies, of Rhyscog, Radnor, have presented him with a most elegant silver gilt vase, value 100 guineas, having a finely-modelled and executed ox on the cover, and a sheep engraved on one of the medallions on the body, with the following inscription on the reverse side:—"To Mr. John Davies, of Rhyscog, for his undeviating and honest conduct as a sheep and cattle-dealer for the space of 40 years, this token of respect is presented by the gentlemen and yeomanry of the counties of Radnor and Brecon."

M.M. New Series.—Vol. III. No. 18.

*Died.*] The Rev. Dr. Crawford, archdeacon of Carmarthen.—71, Mr. W. Brown, of Bryncoek, Montgomery.—At Holyhead, 100, Mrs. M. Williams, late of Tymawr-farm; she retained her faculties till the last.—At Aberdare, 78, Rev. T. Jones, perpetual curate incumbent for 40 years at Aberdare and Lanwonnus.—At Penegoes, Montgomery, Rev. H. Thomas; he had been chaplain on board the fleet at Lord Howe's victory, June 1794.—At Dolgelly, 75, Mr. D. Richards, generally known among the bards and the admirers of Welsh poetry by the assumed name of *Dafydd Jonawr*, and author of *Cywydd y Drindod*, and other pieces.

#### SCOTLAND.

The quantity of foreign grain which is daily pouring into the port of Leith is very great, and has not been equalled for these 16 years past; the east dock is quite crowded with Prussian, Swedish, and other foreign vessels.

At a meeting of the freeholders, &c. of the county of Fife, it was unanimously resolved to present a petition to Parliament in favour of the bill to increase the breed of salmon, and for regulating the salmon fisheries throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

At a dinner given in the Assembly-rooms at Glasgow, upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down to testify their esteem and admiration of the literary genius of the Lord Rector (Mr. Campbell). After a variety of toasts, Professor Sandford proposed "The brightest gem in England's crown, that would diffuse education to thousands yet unborn, The London University."—Mr. Campbell said, "When that brilliant gem in the University, which had now addressed them, was appointed Professor of the Greek Class, he clapped his hands, and said it was all over with Oxford now. He disregarded all the detractions of malice; but, before the company, he would invoke the lightnings of heaven to strike him dead, if the first idea of the London University did not proceed from himself. He, however, confessed that he could not have proceeded three steps without the aid of great and powerful friends; in particular, of his great, nay, he might almost call him his omnipotent friend Mr. Brougham, who had wielded the proud aristocracy of England to be favourable to the design. If he had committed an error in being intoxicated with their favour, he hoped they would at least acknowledge his claims as being the founder of the London University."

A great many muslin weavers at Glasgow have begun to weave silk, which is now a thriving trade there.

*Married.*] At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Erskine, to Miss Philadelphia Stuart Menteath, eldest daughter of C. G. S. Menteath, esq., of Closeburn-hall, Dumfriesshire.—George Dempster, esq., of Skibo, to Joanna Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. R. Dundas, of Arniston, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

*Died.*] At Grant's Braes, near Haddington, 67, Mr. Gilbert Burns, brother to the celebrated poet, and author of many celebrated works.—At Dundee, 104, Janet Findlay; she married at 88 a youth of 25, and the last 12 years she was supported by charity; her faculties were very little impaired, and her death was occasioned by a fall.

#### IRELAND.

Emigration to America, through Waterford, continues to an extent quite unprecedented. The *Bolivar*, of Waterford, of 385 tons register, burden about 800 tons, lately sailed for Halifax, with about 350 passengers.

**DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,**  
*From the 26th of April to the 25th of May 1827.*

April.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	203½	82½	83½	88½	88½	98½ 99½	19 1-16	247	67 68p	43 45p	83½
27	203½	82½	83½	88½	88½	99 ½	19 1-16	—	68 69p	44 45p	83½
28	203½	82½	83½	88½	88½	99 ½	19 1-16	—	70p	44 45p	82½ 83½
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	203½	81½	82½	82½ 83	88½	98½ 99½	19 1-16 18 15-16	—	70 71p	44 45p	82½ 83
May	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	203½	81½	81½ 82½	88½	87½ 88½	98 99	18 7 19	245 246	70 72p	45 46p	81½ 82½
3	202½ 203	81½	82½	87½ 88½	87½	98 99	18 15-16	244½ 245½	71 72p	46 48p	82½
4	202½ 203	81½	81½ 82½	87½	87½	98 99	18 13-16 15-16	—	73 75p	47 48p	81½ 82½
5	202½	81½	82½	87½	87½	98 99	18 13-16 15-16	244 ½	73 75p	47 48p	81½ 82½
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	202½	81½	82½	88½	87½	98 99	18 13-16	243½	74p	46 48p	81½ 82½
8	—	82½	82½ 83½	88½	88½	98 99½	18 7 19	246	75 76p	47 48p	82½ 83½
9	—	81½ 82½	82½	88½	88½	99 ½	18 7 19	244 245	—	47 49p	82½ 83½
10	202½ 203½	82	82½	88½	88½	99½	18 15-16	244 245	76p	48 49p	82½
11	202½ 203½	81½ 82½	82½ 83	88½	88½	98½ 99½	18 7 15-16	—	76p	47 49p	82½ 83½
12	—	82½	82½ 83½	88½	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	—	73 75p	46 48p	82½ 83½
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	203½	82½	83½	88½	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	—	76 77p	47 48p	83½ ½
15	203½	82½	83½	88½	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	245	76 77p	48 50p	83½
16	—	82½	83½	89½	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	244½	76 77p	49 50p	83½
17	203½	82½	83½	88½ 89½	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	245	76 77p	49 50p	83½
18	203	82½	82½ 83½	89	88½	99½	19	—	77p	49 50p	83
19	—	82	82½ 83	—	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	244	76 77p	49 50p	82½ 83
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	—	82½	82½ 83½	88½	88½	99½	18 15-16 19	245	76 77p	49 50p	83 ½
22	203½	82½	83½	89½	88½ 89	99½ 100	19	—	76p	49 50p	83 ½
23	—	82½	83½	89½	89½	99½ 100½	19½	—	78 80p	50 52p	83½ ½
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	203½	82½	83½	89½	89½	99½ 100	19½ 3-16	246	79 80p	52 55p	83½ ½

E. EYTON, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

**MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,**

*From April 20th to 19th May inclusive.*

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

April.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			44	50	44	29 53	29 47	96	90	ENE	E	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
21			45	49	41	29 39	29 49	98	98	ENE	ENE	Rain	—	—
22			43	45	37	29 56	29 66	88	82	NE	NNE	Clo.	—	—
23			42	45	36	29 61	29 53	77	81	N	S	—	—	Fair
24			45	47	34	29 40	29 52	87	80	SSW	SW	—	Sleet	—
25			47	50	36	29 63	29 84	74	75	SW	SW	Fair	Fair	—
26		●	44	53	38	30 00	30 15	77	70	W	SSW	—	—	—
27			53	57	42	30 18	30 10	68	80	SSE	E	—	Fine	—
28			54	64	46	29 98	29 91	85	80	E	E	—	—	—
29			58	71	52	29 90	29 93	81	76	E	E	—	—	—
30			61	74	57	29 93	29 91	79	72	WSW	W	—	—	—
May														
1			63	72	50	29 91	29 91	80	87	W	S	—	—	S. Rain
2			53	63	53	29 90	29 84	95	96	ESE	ESE	Clo.	—	Clo.
3			60	68	53	29 81	29 88	82	76	W	W	Fair	—	Fair
4		●	58	66	53	29 86	29 77	81	83	WSW	SW	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
5	65		58	58	52	29 53	29 37	90	95	SW	SSW	—	Rain	—
6			55	56	44	29 21	29 34	95	92	SSW	NNW	Rain	—	Rain
7			49	55	37	29 55	29 57	72	80	E	ENE	Clo.	Clo.	Fair
8			46	50	39	29 72	29 76	78	75	NE	E	—	—	Clo.
9			45	52	42	29 70	29 67	80	80	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
10			53	56	43	29 65	29 64	76	78	ENE	ESE	—	—	Fair
11		○	52	59	42	29 66	29 83	78	81	ENE	E	Fair	Fair	Clo.
12			50	57	40	29 96	29 97	75	81	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
13			50	58	45	29 84	29 75	79	77	NE	NNE	—	—	—
14	10		54	54	46	29 70	29 65	82	91	NE	NW	—	Clo.	Rain
15			50	57	46	29 64	29 61	88	85	WSW	SE	Clo.	Fair	Clo.
16	17		60	64	48	29 44	29 31	82	92	E	SE	Fair	Clo.	Rain
17	35	●	58	66	53	29 45	29 49	78	92	SSE	E	—	Rain	—
18			55	66	55	29 52	29 67	87	78	SW	W	—	Fair	Fair
19			65	67	55	29 80	29 90	75	71	NW	W	—	—	—

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